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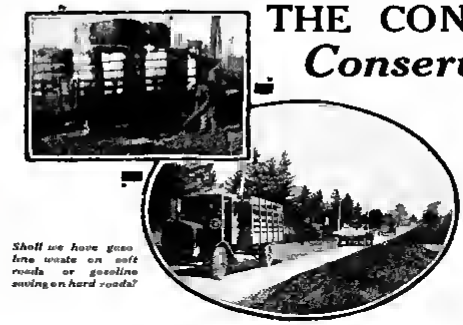
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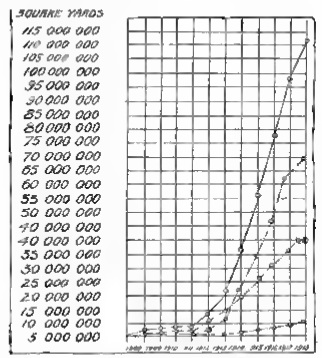
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to the February issue of MACLEAN'S and some of the good things that will be found in that number

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A wee poem by the writer of that magnificent and stirring war ballad on page 19 of this issue.

"The Outlaw"

By ROBERT W. SERVICE

A splendid poem by this famous Canadian poet.

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By E. WARD SMITH

Introducing some of the real characters of the Klondyke—the strange men who made up that wild and unparalleled camp.

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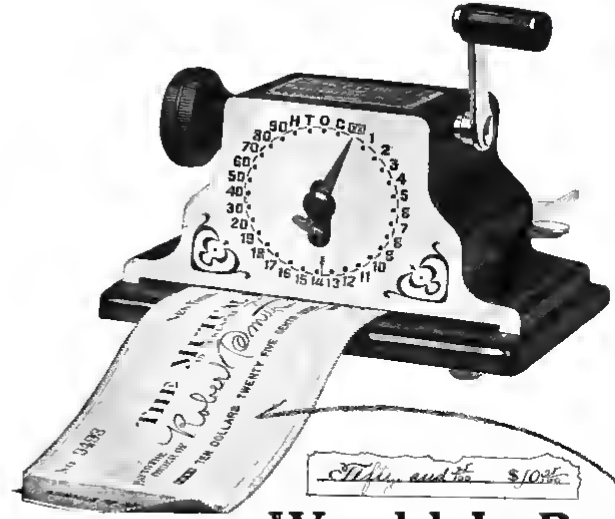
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The INVESTMENT SITUATION

By H. H. BLACK, Montreal Editor of The Financial Post

This is the idea of investment that MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE delivers to its readers: That sum and woman should scan carefully calling literature in the bank; should carry enlightenment and information should make a will, buy some good trust company insurance. When there really is more than token gain the surplus income should be invested in good Government and municipal bonds. To these might be added good real estate mortgages. But the average man should not be led to them much with ratings could be obtained to put money into our ogies at the present time except indirectly through investment in some of the good life insurance companies. Many men of moderate means could profitably pursue more wherever to our magazine, who are not dependent upon a sure income from their investments and who are willing to take risks to realize a larger return on their money than is obtainable in financial and industrial companies. MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE does not care to undertake any particular recruiting but with the assistance of The Financial Post will gladly give regular subscribers opinions on their holdings.—THE EDITORS.

Some Investments Discussed

SINCE the answer to a lady inquirer in reference to several risques of investments appeared in the last issue I have received a number of others, and this feature of the department promises thus to develop into a most interesting one. Now that the subject has come up I would like to open up for all readers of MACLEAN'S any information that is at my disposal in reference to the many securities that they may hold or consider investing in. Drop a card or a letter to the address given above and every effort will be made to secure the information that you may desire and to clear up investment difficulties. Always bear in mind that behind any reply that you will receive will be the firm conviction that the prophet of speculative advances in the stock market is a nuisance in theory and even if his prophecies do prove true, he is still unwise.

With space limited now or two brief references to inquiries received must suffice. One was in regard to a stock mentioned before the Bell Telephone Company. An inquirer who held several thousand dollars worth of the common stock was alarmed at the big increase in wages already granted, and apprehensive lest the company's application to the Railway Board for permission to increase rates might not be refused in the face of almost unanimous municipal opposition. Such a result might imperil the present dividend of 8 per cent., as the net earnings last year were below 11 per cent. on the common stock. While higher phone rates touch all our pockets yet the application for an advance must be regarded as a just one and in a similar position to that of street railway companies. I believe that sufficient revenue will be allowed to cover at least the advance in wages, and that the dividend on Bell Telephone is safe as at present paid for years to come. Now in there is certainly weighty demand for the nationalization of telephones in Canada that might lessen the returns to shareholders.

A reader has some hundreds of shares of Montreal Gold Fields, Limited. This mining stock (Rouyn, Que.) is at the wage of 1897, but age has flattened rather than mellowed it. The broker that was one of those chiefly instrumental in floating it says that he is "watching a chance to turn up in the shape of an adjoining company that may buy it. Meanwhile he himself is keeping it alive by his long-term loans." It would take $200,000 to continue the development and no one can be found to provide this. Meanwhile the early might as well be preserved. If not good it may be near good some time. It costs nothing to keep anyway.

Still another wanted to know whether he should sell out his shares of the Howard Smith Paper Mills Company (the common stock). This present list two dividends of 1½ per cent. after meeting three quarterly payments. This company was a little unfortunate in some industrial changes that took longer than was anticipated, and possibly over-optimistic in starting off with 8 per cent. in the second week. But it is doing much better has one of the ablest pre-eminent in Canada at its head. I should resume dividends some time prior. The writer can afford to hold stock and my advice would be for him to do so.

The inclination of the stock market since hostilities was signed have only served to strengthen the conviction that the outcome of this period last month so far as the common stocks were cited they were a good thing to hold. Not one was safe. The special race stocks that so responded in the flush-rearted violently in most cases by afterwards and the others had chance. In Canada the banks are big a tight string on their purse in the United States the situation far more complicated with government ownership of the railways in the background and the Democratic program and Wall Street and the Republicans (heartened by the Congress victory) endeavoring all appeared what they regard as a public-owning evil. Then there is that Irish unsolved Ireland and the "treasonable" and the "reconstruction," which one of these days the common sense of business life will shake soundly and eliminate as matter of doubt as was done to war-time part of 1915 in Canada. One can however be likely to act as far the next four months or so, such will Canada get in indeed. Our war expenditure now has it over $1,000,000,000. If all this refers to the burden of taxation be lessened immeasurably, and if values may be stimulated correspondingly.

Bread-and-butter period in the street should be a comparatively quiet one. A New York financier said market will accomplish more than it will take the business world time to get back.

Attention that Victory Bonds would bring at a premium very shortly has been verified, when the 5½ slightly over 100 the 5½ series one year ago is now listed at 98 in the 20-year bond due 1937. The value to this are the 6½ issued in connection with the Imperial Loan and the 10-year bonds, at 100½. The present yield on the long bond is 5.42 per cent. and the other two 5.47 and 5.49 per cent. respectively. The pendulum has now fairly swung to the long-term bonds as the more desirable offering when the war is bright. Conversely, the pendulum has swung the early bonds as the more advantageous for investors but to themselves. Here one of the best issues of United States investment houses state: "The passing of the Victory Loan overwhelmed by over dollars makes high world record financial achievement. The end of war and the decision of the will make this the last of these loans and a long term issue United States Government at par must in the course to a

limited on page 79

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

T. B. Costain, Editor.

Volume XXXII JANUARY, 1919 Number 1

PR 17 1920

JOCK *in a* JUGGERNAUT

An Article on Warfare in Tanks

By J. D. MARTINSON

ILLUSTRATED BY OFFICIAL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS

I VOLUNTEERED for the tank service while convalescing from a bullet that in the leg. Just why I did it has never been quite clear to me because the two best friends I had in the world were back with the old battalion. Perhaps it was the monotony of trench life, I had seen fourteen months all told and had been through every variety of experience from being buried by a trench mortar to sleeping in a foot of water. Perhaps it was the desire for change that has been a master impulse with me all my life. Anyway, I volunteered for the tanks.

I remember how one of the other fellows in the hospital who had been with the tanks and had been most painfully burned by falling against red hot gears, looked at me when I announced it. He took a cool survey of my six foot two of lean and unlovely anatomy and grinned broadly.

"You're a fine kind of a fellow to go in for the tanks," he scoffed. "Just you wait."

I didn't understand what he was driving at then. But knowledge came to me later.

WELL, I was accepted and as soon as my leg had healed up nicely I got marching orders for Tank Headquarters. I was there a long time several months altogether learning how to run a tank. It was exciting work at first.

Somehow the sight of a tank had always given me a thrill. The first time I had seen one was in the chill dullness of an early dawn when we were going over. We knew that a few of the Willies—tanks are always called "Willies"—were to go ahead of us, and for half an hour I had been straining my eyesight in an effort to pierce the gloom back of no man's land for the first sight of the monsters. Finally, one did appear, a mysterious, hulking Juggernaut that loomed up against the murky grey of the sky and sprawled itself across our trench. That it could get over the top seemed impossible but over it went nevertheless like a monster armadillo wheezing and straining and tearing a jagged groove out of the parapet. We followed in its wake and somehow the lack of confidence and even of security such as I had never experienced before.

Well, the same thrill came to me the day I first stepped into a tank back at headquarters. You enter a tank by side doors although there is a hole in the top. Barret which can be used for an emergency. The side doors are small slits through which an able-bodied man can barely wriggle. It was like stepping into a black pit—and a rising evil-smelling pit too. As soon as I got in I knew why my wounded tank friend had smiled. My head struck the top a terrific blow and I emitted a grunt of surprise and pain. A chuckle answered me from the darkness.

"Forgot to tell you, Strong Back," said a voice. "These comfortable little bonders are only five feet high. Never try to stand up straight."

I never tried it again. Always when in a tank I had to keep in a stooping position and I never failed to come out with a painful crick in the back. Men for this service should have been recruited by rights from the bantam class.

I had better give a description now of the inside of a tank. There are various kinds from the monsters which carry light field guns to the fast little whippets which are manned by two men only. It was always my desire to handle a whippet—they moved so rapidly and so nimblessly! It must be care sport to chase a flock of scared Heinies in a whippet tank. However, my experience was limited to the bigger and slower Willies—in fact to the female of the species which, if not more deadly than the male are at least more speedy and effective. The difference between a male and a female tank is that the former carries a field gun while the latter carries only machine guns.

I was the last man to enter the bloody maw of the monster on this first occasion and the door was swung to after me. "All in"—I heard the voice of the instructing officer call. Then he switched on the lights. I looked about me curiously,—and saw nothing! You see the huge engine occupies the centre of the space. It is heavily recurved and there is just enough space on either side for a man to squeeze through. At the front are seats for the officer in charge and the driver. They have narrow slits called "peepholes" in front of them with shutters to close when the bullets get too thick. There is no other means of outlook with the exception of pinholes—slits too small to admit a bullet and through which you can see only by fluttering your face against the slits. The officer in charge has a machine gun at his disposal and his map pinned up in front of him.

At the sides are turrets for machine guns and at the back are the secondary gears. Along the walls and above are all manner of racks and contrivances for the storing of ammunition and the almost endless supplies that a tank must carry. I did not observe all this at once for I was stationed in one of the side turrets and about all I could see was the hooded side of the engine.



A tank photograph on the British front.

Worse Than Jonah in the Whale

WELL, the officer gave the signal and with a roar like the rat-tat of a dozen hammers of Thor the engine came into action. The tank shook, heaved itself and moved forward.

The first sensation one experiences in a tank on the go is a terrible one. At least, it was with me. The noise is indescribable. It is a rending and roaring sound a fiendish pandemonium. Then the heat is stifling. The worst of it is that you can't see what is going on and the mental agony of the tank keeps you in constant fear that it will go over. One thought flashed through my mind. "This is how Jonah felt when he was in the belly of the whale! He couldn't have stuck it three days!"

It was hard work getting acclimatized to the service. At first the close atmosphere created a tendency to nausea and when the old grit started to navigate bumpy ground and her progress became a series of ups and downs—well it was not unlike the crossing of the English Channel. My companions and I were subject at first to severe headaches. But we got over it. We got so that we could move around inside the tank without damaging ourselves and to brace up against any unexpected change of direction or elevation. I could attend to whatever task I was on even if it were that of throwing pails of oil on the gears and engine, when the tank was practically on its beam ends. The fact of the matter is that the human body can adapt itself to almost any conditions. After several weeks of daily incarceration in the tanks I said to one of the other fellows: "Bring on your whale and I'll bet I can outlast old Jonah on the job."

I don't want to make this a technical article in any sense of the word but there is one more point in my line necessary to explain. The tanks are not steered by a wheel. They move on caterpillar treads and a change of direction is effected by either stopping or slowing the tread on any side thus causing the tank to slowly veer around. Necessarily the change cannot be made rapidly and the big tank is not able to manoeuvre very rapidly. In this respect the whippets had a great advantage over us.

The First Time Over the Top

TO attempt to give anything like a detailed story of my experiences would be an impossibility in an article, so I shall confine myself to a few of the "high lights." First there was my initiation into "No Man's Land," unquestionably the most poignant moment of my life.

We knew a week ahead of time that there was going to be a push of sorts and that the way was to be cleared by the Willies. I was attached to a scarred old warrior which had been over several times and which we by

affectionately dubbed 'Gertie.' All the tanks had names. There was 'Constance' and 'Blanche' and even 'Zantippe.' The latter name I learned later was frankly and horribly unsuitable for a machine of such manifold excellence. When the word came that we were to head a real procession at last, we groomed 'Gertie' up like a racehorse polishing her plates and seeing to it that the engine was fit and reeking with oil.

The night before the Show we moved up to the station that had been assigned to us immediately behind the front line trenches. The procedure was as follows: A shell hole had been enlarged sufficiently to provide a reasonable degree of cover and concealment, the earth thus carted off to such a site that the enemy would not see what we were up to from the growth of a pile behind the shell hole. It was ready for us when we lumbered up and we guided good old 'Gertie' in and left her there. Then two of the party went out on No Man's Land to set up marks for the tank to steer by. Finding your objective in a tank is a tremendous problem when all observations must be made through slits too small to permit, ordinarily of the enjoyment of a rifle bullet. Consequently well-defined marks are very necessary.

All five minutes to four we got instructions to take our places. As second in command I was the last man in. I took my stand in the right turret. It was pitch black inside as we did not dare show a light. I could distinctly hear the beating of my heart in the stillness. Not a man moved. It was a tense moment for us. The tank service has a higher percentage of casualties than any other branch and I expect that every man with me was more than half prepared for capture or a death of unknown horror like a trapped rat. You see, when a shell hits a tank squarely it sets the petrol on fire. It is not often that any of the crew manage to get out when that happens. Talking matters over back at mess it had always been agreed that death would be very quick under the circumstances, as the fumes from the petrol would be overpowering in the confined space. Still—that was a theory. No one had survived to give any concrete data on the subject. Crouching there in the dark, waiting for the signal to go out, a sure mark, within the range of the enemy guns, such questions could not be entirely banished from the mind.

"All steady, there," I heard my superior officer say. He had been through it before and was as cool as a cucumber.

Suddenly the space outside was filled with a mighty roar. I gripped the bar in front of me.

"It's our guns!" I rallied in exultation, for the wait was nearly over. My voice was drowned in the uproar.

A FEW minutes later we started to move. When our own engine started, it did not take long for the roar of the guns to "die down and drone and cease." Nothing could compete with the terrific upheaval of sound that now complicated machinery provided. What or how we crossed that front line trench I don't know. There was one dip and bump which brought us forward as one feels for a few moments after one has been sea-sick. Odyssey commenced and this I concluded must be the trench. Somehow or other we navigated it and a long bumpy period ensued as we crushed our way out on to pock-marked No Man's Land.

About this time, I began to see a little from the peephole in my turret. Dawn had come and as the wreaths of smoke lifted and shifted I could discern something of our progress. I saw when we passed in through a gap in the Hun's wire entanglements that our guns had made. I swung my "coffee-mill"—pet name for a machine gun—around a couple of times and crushed foe notions.

Thus I could feel the castle of hand bombs at our top and sides. Fritz was literally showering us with grenades. A well constructed British Tank is quite impervious to bombing however, and we came through without a dent.

"Gertie" went over the enemy parapet and down with a dip that brought us up sharply on the bottom. And there we stuck. The trench was narrow at this spot and we got ourselves wedged in so securely that not even the lifting strength of our four hundred horse-power engine could get us out.

However, we were in a commanding position for we could sweep the enemy trench in both directions. Forgetful of everything else I swung my gun into action and sent a steady stream of bullets into the semi-darkness.

We were told afterwards that the Germans holding that portion of the line of the trench were either wiped out or caught in a hasty retreat in dug-outs from which they were afterwards extracted like winkles at the point of the bayonet. Our infantry had no difficulty in taking possession after my coffee mill ceased to play. But "Gertie" was stuck for the day and we did not gain our objective, which was a point in the rear of the German lines. Had the Huns been able to counter-attack successfully they would have taken us bottled up there in the trench as she was with her rear dug into the far wall. We left her and carried on with the infantry. Two of our fellows were killed before the attack slowed up.

Back at Headquarters we acquired eagerly about the rest of the tanks. All it appeared had gained their objectives safely but ours and "Zantippe." The Huns had registered a direct hit on the latter and she lay out there somewhere, a smoking shapeless mass of riddled wreck. There had been no survivor, a young fellow named Forsythe I saw him later in the day. He had escaped unhurt but was in a state of mental fog.

"How did you manage it, Forsythe?" I asked.

"I don't know" he mumbled "I am hardly remembering. The whole earth fell in on us. I tried to run, to get away—and suddenly found myself out—must have bumped against the door."

He was dazed for days after and never was able to give us any more information about his fortunate escape, or the fate of his comrades.

Under Water in a Tank

THEN there was the time that we were nearly all drowned. This occurred well back of the line where we were practising some manoeuvres. And, it was strictly my fault.

It was a rainy day, one of those mean Flanders drizzles which every Canadian soldier had learned to dread. I was soaked through and through when I stepped out from my subject. Crouching there in the dark, waiting for the signal to go out, a sure mark, within the range of the enemy guns, such questions could not be entirely banished from the mind.

"All steady, there," I heard my superior officer say. He had been through it before and was as cool as a cucumber.

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A landship out of its element

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thing that is usually fatal. I changed my mind and decided to go around.

Slowly the tank swung to the left. With a sense of alarm that quickly ripened into absolute funk I saw that we were too close to the edge to make a clear pivot. The caterpillar treads on the left side swung over the edge and the progress of the tank slowed up immediately. I felt the car tip over.

"Throw in your brake," I called to the driver, a staid big fellow named James.

He immediately obeyed. But it was too late. The pivoting motion could not be arrested soon enough to draw us away from the edge. We tipped—and tipped more—and then went right over.

What happened immediately after I do not know. The shock or concussion of the fall must have rendered me unconscious for a few moments. I was revived by sudden contact with icy water. The tank had fallen flat on its side in the water at the bottom of the crater. Afterwards we measured it and found that there was nearly four feet.

I had been thrown from my seat in the fall and James had come tumbling over on top of me. My first impression after the feeling of strangulation that awakened me when the water poured in, was of his heavy body sprawling over me and seeming almost malignantly to hold me down. Struggle as I would his inert body pinned me under. Finally I did wriggle clear.

We were completely immersed and in an intuitive way I knew in what part of the tank we lay. To get out it would be necessary to climb around the engine and up to the hole opening out from the top turret. I battled my head strongly against a gun rack in negotiating the narrow aisle and gave myself a rather nasty cut above the eye. This I did and know until later.

On clambering up to the other side of the engine, I won free of the water which was now deep enough to completely fill the tank. After a rest to catch my breath I went down again after poor James who was certainly in a fair way to drown. I found him without difficulty although he had rolled a little farther down the narrow aisle. He was still unconscious and for an agonized moment or two it seemed to me that I would never be able to drag his heavy body out of the water-filled passage and up to the air again.

But we finally won clear and after another rest, I dragged him up through the opening. His head had been badly cut by the fall and he was in a state of unconsciousness for several hours. I was delighted to learn that all the others in the party had escaped more or less without harm.

Five Times And Out

IN all I went over the top in a tank five times. We were singularly lucky right along. "Gertie" seemed to bear a charmed life. Shells fell all around her but never near enough to do more than scratch her much scarred surface. I began to think that nothing could touch us and that the shell had not been made that could stop the relentless march of our Juggernaut car. But on the fifth trip things began to happen.

A friend of mine, Captain B——, was in charge that day. We made a bad start, 'Gertie,' in fact, refused to budge at first.

"Don't like the looks of it," said B——, shaking his head. "Something's going to happen to us to-day. The old girl doesn't want to get out there."

"Shall I keep turning old woman all of a sudden?" I asked.

Nevertheless I did not feel comfortable about it myself. It required a lot of tinkering with the engines before "Gertie" would even shift her position. We were behind schedule in starting which made us all ugly tempered and, in my case at least, apprehensive.

We had just nicely crossed our first line trench when the rear of the tank suddenly lifted and then settled down with a jolt that strained every plate in her. A shell had landed close enough to actually lift us up. It was a narrow squeak.

It was strangely and oppressively hot in the tank. We had become pretty well acclimatized to the usual atmosphere inside by that time, but this day it seemed different. The stake hole in the ocean liner could have squalled this. I rubbed my face with an oily sleeve repeatedly until the oil trickled down into my eyes. I would have given years of my life for a glass of water.

"If a lil' op with as this time," I kept saying to my self. "The next shell that comes over will be for us. If we must go—I hope it blows us to a million pieces!"

I WAS worried also by the fact that I had made no provision for eventualities. For the first time I had neglected to put on a belt next my skin with a few pieces of gold to be used in the event of my being made a prisoner. My mind finally settled on this piece of thoughtlessness and I berated myself severely.

I was brought back to myself by a most sudden and disconcerting occurrence. A bullet found its way through the porthole in front of Captain B—— and hit him between the eyes. He dropped from his seat backwards. Death, I imagine was instantaneous. The man was unnecessary for me to climb forward into his place to assume charge.

His body was stretched over the seat when I got there. In order to operate the gears it was necessary to have the seat clear but we were so cramped for space that there was no place to dispose of the body unless it could be moved back to the spot I had vacated. In the position in which he had fallen it was impossible to raise his legs from within the seat so I took him around the waist and lifted him on gently as I could. His head fell over on my shoulder, so I had the experience a few hours later of scraping my friend's brains from my tunic. I do not think in all modern warfare, terrible as it is, can there any sadder or grimmer task than that.

But the next moment I was grimly thankful for the burden of the body as we propped poor B—— in a half standing, half squatting position between the next man and myself—and carried on. The tank plunged ahead. When it dipped down, the body fell over against me, when it tipped up, I was hugged against the other man. Thus it kept up until we were both of us covered with blood and our nerve nearly broken by the horror of the situation. Once the body fell on my shoulders, the dead arm one shoulder, an arm across the other. I was busy with my gun at the moment and had no opportunity to disengage myself. And so I sat there, dealing death to the Germans ahead with my machine gun, the body of the dead man clutching me the while.

Had anyone ever told me I would perhaps have appeared to them that the dead man was directing the use of the gun on the enemies who had shot him down.

A Tilt With an Enemy Tank

THE trip came to a sudden and dramatic finish. Our objective was a sharp bend in a road that ran across the German back of the line. Before I left I was clearly marked on the map tacked up in front of me and I was steering according to the route mapped out for us when a new element entered into the calculations. Off to the right I caught a glimpse of an enemy tank down in the side of a long line of the barbed wire entanglements. In this position it could enfilade the ground over which our men were advancing with machine gun fire and it thus became a real menace.

The Germans had made a serious effort to follow us in the matter of tanks but for sure their initiative genius had been at fault. These tanks were assembled to anything far offensive purposes. They were rumbesome monsters, slow in their movements and very prone to "stall." In the British tank service we and a wholesome contempt for them. For defensive purposes, however the Germans used their tanks to good purpose. When an attack in force was anticipated they would send the tanks out to block any holes in the wire which the preliminary bombardment had made and to play across No Man's Land on the attacking force with machine guns. They had learned this lesson from us for our tanks were often used for the same purpose. With us it was a distinctly hazardous duty. The German tanks, quite regardless of these own advancing infantry, would be directed on the tanks thus placed. I had several times seen one of our tanks beaten to pieces by enemy shells while their own infantry swarmed around it with the result that more Germans were killed than British.

Well, here was an enemy tank filling up a gap in their line and spreading death in all directions around it. There was no way of pulling it out of commission until our men came up and surrounded it. Hold—yes, there was. I rignolled back for a change of direction. We retreated head-on for the other tank.

We struck the German squarely and a little to the front. The shock nearly threw me backwards off my seat. Our tank quivered, paused and then started to move forward again. I could see nothing from out of the portholes in front of me, for we were lifted up and smoke-wreathed sky filled the range of vision. I judged from the movement that we had turned the German over on his side.

This was exactly what had happened. The German was standing still and we were moving as the chief force of the collision sent him over and the last round fired from his machine gun was spent on the air above. "Gertie" proceeded to climb over the body of her prostrate foe and for a moment or two, it seemed probable that we should get right over. "Good old girl!" I exulted. "Over you go!" Walk right ovrr them!"

Then we stuck. Fuel way over, with our nose elevated at a sharp angle, we suddenly stopped and no amount of urging or forcing could move us either forward or back. We had overthrown the enemy but in his fall he had blocked our further progress. As our own men were all ensured as by the time we and swarming into the German trench I reluctantly gave orders to leave the tank and carry on with the assaulting force.

My own share in subsequent events was very brief. I had barely put foot to ground when suddenly everything went black. It was four hours later and at a dressing station that I recovered consciousness. A bullet had struck me in the neck, glancing aside though and missing a fatal spot by the narrowest of margins.

So I was sent to "Blighty" and after passing the convalescent stage, they had me up before a medical board. Here it was decided that I was not fit for further active service. I have not been in a tank since.



Canadian soldiers cheering Mr Robert Borden on the occasion of a visit to their camp.

The End of a Tank

The other day, however, I was walking along a street in London when I saw into a familiar figure hobbling nimbly along with a cane. It was James, the driver that I had pulled out of the water that day.

We stopped to exchange news and I learned that the end of his active military career had coincided with the finish of our old "Gertie." She had fallen a victim to a clever Hun stratagem.

After the failure of their own efforts to organize an effective tank branch the Germans had contented themselves with schemes to hurt the effectiveness of ours. One plan that they adopted on several occasions resulted in the loss of a number of our tanks.

As James told it, an attack in force was on with half a dozen tanks in the lead. The German guns, oddly as it seemed first only a few rounds of shells which fell short. Then the tanks ran into a trench which had been dug perhaps fifty yards in advance of the German trenches, was immediately a terrific bombardment descended upon them. They were all stopped and three were smashed to pieces including "Gertie." James was the only member of the crew who escaped alive.

The German plan was a clever one. They dug the ditch and then had their guns registered directly on it. The first shells fired were filled with numerous pieces of a peculiarly deadly kind. Their idea was that these shells should explode in advance of the tanks and either kill the drivers or so fuddle them that they would be slow to extricate ing themselves from the ditch when they struck it. In either eventuality they would not get over before the gunners registering on the ditch had a chance to pound them to pieces.

The Function of the Tanks

A tank must be armored and heavily enough to demonstrate the importance of the part that they played in the struggle that is now ended. It is universally agreed, however that they constituted the outstanding development of the war. Every other feature of modern warfare had been known before and tried in some form or other. The airplane was an accepted fact and was in use right from the start. Poison gas had been meeted and it was generally understood that Dandenoit's Dealroyr — that mysterious weapon the secret of which was lorked away in London Tower —was nothing more than gas. Liquid fire was used away back in the wars of cavilrel history.

But the armored tank burst upon the world like Minerva who sprang full grown from the head of Jove. It was a total surprise, a new force that had not been reckoned with in the German plans. The first tanks had a staggering effect on the enemy about them and the Hun fought them screaming in terror. It was the most delirious touch of the war. The Hun who had turned war into a terrfirt of iron against iron a business of deadly machines had been outdone at his own game!

Of course, the tanks did not live up to their high promise. After that first surprise it was generally believed in the army that the war was won and that, as soon as enough of the machirre could be turned out we would all ride to Berlin, steving the frightened Berlies ahead of us, and parade our crew more dire up and down Urter den Linden. But it did not work out that wa. Modern warfare is too complicated for such primitive methods. Certainly, however, they played a big part in the ultimate victory and they kept down the casualty lists. No attack was ever easily when the Willies entered the way.

The function of the tanks in Foch's victorious offensive of 1918 was one of enhanced importance. That great genius realized the element of surprise in allied plans. Instead of a huge concentration of troops and on attack in force often sustained bombardment which advertised the intent and enabled the enemy to hurry up reserves, Foch planned a series of sudden sharp taps. His own troops seldom knew that they were "going over" until the night before. Mysteriously enough at the appointed moment, reserves appointed behind them out of nowhere. A short and sharp bombardment, a line of fast tanks to lead and then the attack.

The intensive bombardment of earlier offensives had leveled the enemy lines before the attack came. Foch's plan left a good part of the emplacements up to the tanks. After a short bombardment they were sent in to throw the enemy defense into confusion before our infantry attacked.

The Tanks Are British

But the fact that most enhances the tank in me is that it is British through and through. The British invented it and used it first. They developed it and brought it up to scratch. They used it in the best advantage at every stage of the fight. There was something of the bull dog in the machine itself—slow steady, a bit of a plodder even—a muddler, but grinding ahead, going over everything that came in its way, hanging on grimly and always getting there in the end!

THE MINX GOES *to* [*the* FRONT

BY C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON

Joint Authors of "The Lightning Conductor" "The Princess Passes" etc

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. WRENN



With her was a man—also in khaki.

Synopsis.—Mrs. Henry Wayne, noted English writer, goes to France to secure material for a new novel, taking her niece Kitty and her nephew Jack with her. Jack is anxious to enlist in the French army, but Kitty begs him to remain with her. Mrs. Wayne disapproves of the girl and dislikes the Minx but it is only through the good offices of the latter that a permit is secured to visit the front which they leave as a party in an automobile which the Minx has secured from an officer friend. The engaging personality of Miss Minx soon draws the attention of French generals and officers. Mrs. Wayne begins to suspect that she has designs on her son, Henry

THEN we reached the far corner of the rr hhle-brqn which was orr o towr ond ll was a rhock to the eyes suddenly to comr upon a dozen or two houses—a whole strast, le fact—spared from destrurtine

"Here is the Rospice," said Mcnsieur Dufoal "I seol ne word to Soeur Julie. Why lrouble her to prepare? If she wne ready to rerelve the Germons, ehe will nel be flutlered by an unexpecsed visil frnm us."

He knnsked al the door of o plain hause, lorge lul no mere pretentious than its neighbors. It opened at ence, as if someoee had been in the ect of coming out, ond lo—it wne Sister Julie herself! I recognized her at once from portraits I had seen in French and English papers. (for Soeur Julie, Melron of the Hospice and heroine of Gerbevillers in oen of the greol womne of the war) but in flesh rha pal oil her photogropbe to shame. They gave no idee of her really ler even the best represented e stout, honest, hard fored peasent woman in the garb of a nun. She did nol; le har pirture look remarkablin in ony way. One fait elmost surprised that she should have risen to surh heights ol magnifirence. But the instanl one mel the smile of her brilliont breok brown eyes and generous mouth, oee saw that here was a woman made of courage and superb self sacrifice. Her lere is not hard but strong. Into what rlass of life she chose to be born I don't know. I know only that every unself-consrious gesture is that of a eobleworan. Her Saxony white headdress fenered her face finely as the plain doorway with a dim hackground of corridor lromed her sqoable black-robed form.

IT was evidnlly an exritement to her this unexpected visit from the great man of the Department with his friends one of whom was a Gnneral. Eat as Dufoal had prophesied she welcomed us without fuss and I seen saw that her respert for him rame as much from

us your story of the night when the Germons ramel" ried Miss Mix. She said it in rulmulous French but she rhoped her hnnds, and made gloeier eyes and dimples than I had seen her lroubir to mske for ney man. At the semr time Sidi B escaped as he always does oe such occarionr and bounded to Sister Julir waving his white feolher tail like a flag of truce.

Perhaps Sieler Julie had never seen two such creatures as Nancy Mix of Kentucky and Sidi Bishr of Egypt. They fascinated her. She took them to her large heart and beamed al lhem. "But of caorse I will tell lhe story," she replied "though Monsaur Dufoel knows it too well. I le nel my story. Mode-moiselle. Il ie the story of the soldiers. Only they are ani here, and I are.

SO she began the history of whol happened on August 23rd 1914 al Gerbevilers on the river Mortagne began lasonically to chorlee the tole for those who had heard it before but oeen forgel her restorol. and forgel everything except the anger eyes of the Mlex She talked to them; and her own eyes turned to shining topas as she rolived the deanis of which she had been the heroine. Her prest part had not been in the first orl a stern sed terrible acl played by fifty young French Chasseurs à pied who "alevied the bridge and built barricades. Ab! on young Medemoiselle! They were but boys. Yet they kept the bridge for eleven hours leetead of the five they had been ordered lo hold It. At the end of that lime there were e one left standing. The defeee began bafore dawn. Before eveeing they were all wounded or dead. We had lhirlsen of them here to eare for, the sisters and I. Not one but was desperately hurt. We had not hede enough for them in this place which is oo more than an almshouse. They lay on the floar in this room where you ee, and we eared for them as fast we could in those terrible hours after the Boche e rorning an from Tamville had gel into the town to born the houses and murder the people

You have heard from Monsieur Dufoel of the fifty-r hostages they shot a d the women ord rhildren they hulrd." Ah, yes, it wne a massacre, and all day oe we worked never came to us of what was going on. We heard shots—red rries ird smelt the smoke of the horning. They sel fire to the houses and shops with petrol ord pastilles their learned chemists have invented for lhir ludustry. We rould not tell when lhey would merch rp the hill, ord our lurn to suffer would rome. But there was ro end to lhis ol thet. We thought only of our wounded. Then, al last, our moment was rpse ur. There was a noise al shorting ord horses' hoofs and the tramping of meo e feat. We knew they were in the street—they would be at our door! We could not wolt ler tl at. We went to meet them. I at the head of lhe stairs. It was evening. The light from the burning t wn was redder than nay sreast, with black, low-hung rlouds of smoke, and in thol light, Mademoiselle I saw four officers on horseback heading a troop of soldiers—oh, hal all our street full of soldier soldiers on ler ee or could reach! They were big men lir gres, and the officers, they were giants. I rtand before them in the doorway, and I felt a small thing. Yel they would have to stop and kill me, and the other sisters, be lore they could pass.

"You are hiding Frerchmen here—French soldiers, I am told" the Captain said. The two tallest gneets were a rapitain and a first lieutenant. They had their swords drawn. I thought they would run me through the body, but they did not. "We have thirteen soldiers here wounded," I answered. "You are lying!" said the Captain. "Come in and see that I am telling the lrath!" And, oh, Mademoiselle, what it was for a woman of Lorraine to bid a Grrman enter her door you others cannot rnderstand.

THEY tried to push past us, but we would not lrt them. We backed away from the door and down the hall to lhe rear. "You see all the men we are sheltering!" I pointed to our brave wounded, and eot one of lhem, hoys farrhed me uttered a cry. Non commrrioned officers led o band through the Hospice to ossemine every room—but I had no lear of what they might find. Only the two giant officers romr in where the wounded lay. You might have thought their hearts would soften at the sight, but rol. The Captoe drew out from his belt a qrrer krif lIke a dagger, and he rushed at one of our soldier boys who lay on a cot we had brought in. 'Coward of a notlor of cowards!' he cried. 'You have tore out nhe eyes and out off the nore of our Germans. I'll olll your throal to pay for some of that work!"

"Think of it Mademoiselle this to a man who could scarcely move who had no longer a rigbl arm to move.

"'No' I said. And I put my two hands between the knifs and the boy's nere throat. Ah, I was proud of that boy! He did not wink. He looked straight into the Germon e fnce."

As she spoke Sister Julie looked lute the face of Nancy Mix with thal same heave look. It did eot occur to her to be prono because she had offered her hande to the Gormon knifs blade. In describing the scene she had made a beoulifol gesture, and we could all see the beauty of these wnite worn hands. They were large like the hande given by Old Masters to their Madonnas, noby shaped, angularly aspolie and expressive of the wo nee herself. I thought that they had about them o epiritual motherliness and instantly I underrtood how that "No!" and that gesture of protection had stopped the Bavarian captain. Even, long olterwards, in the bare room lit from one high window, the black-robed figur seemed suddenly to he wrestled to holy fire and her "No" rang out like a deep-toned bell. I saw how the wounded soldier on his cot must have been as safe behind those two hands as if a thick glass wall had been raised round him by magr

"They touched me not of our men." Sister Julie beautiful voice went on, after a olight pause "and they promised to spare the Hospice if we would nurse their wounded with rare. I gave that promise and kept it. Mademoiselle, our sisters had to sweep the blood out into the street—French and German blood together—before that night w e al an end. And with these Germon men among ours, I was easier to win favor for the whole ouertee. Il the houses round as had been fired ur should have burned too. So they spared us. And rhel is all my story."

She did rot add the sequel how she had here made a Chevalier of the Legion of Hrror lr rhol night e week; but Madrmoiselle" and the rest of us knew already

ON this way back to Nancy we heard exriting news. Big German guns were ngoir bombarding The towns and Monsieur Drfoil thought was to gel home as soon as possible. For a moment after the rows was given him by a military motorcyclist, he forgot rven Mademoiselle Mix to say nothing of the other ladies. Both rore hed stopped rrd suddenly Dufoal remembered that the ladies might be frightened. There was indeed some exrese for thr shortest hrarts to beat thr faster. Those gloni guns did for rore damage than the aeroplanes. Whereas the latter rould demolish a rool or ed an rpper story the eavy guns could knock any house, or any hotal, ato e rocked hot and you never knew where the bourha ought ael fall.

"What will you do Mesdemoiselles" he orked the three ladies ord looked at Miss Mix. "It is not necessary for you lo go to Nancy at all. If you wish you ran turn ood motor back to Luneville. You can rprnd the night there. We will have all your belongrs packed and sent to you from your hotrl. I do not disguise from you that there is no safety enywhere in Nancy during a bombrrdmerl except in a cellar and only remparative safety there."

"But you are not afraid orr you?" said the Minx. "And the Gerrnl; he won't give up thr rest of his leave and go away from Nancy because it is being bombarded! I guess?"

Both mrr emiled. "Grreral Raybrrn is so used to bombardments he sleeps best while thry're going on," replied Dufoel. "Even I have rraned to have what you call the jumps."

"I don't call them the jumps" said Miss Mix "But I rspert I shall have them. I want to feel what they're like. I need to, for my paper you know. Besides, I haven't face powder enough left to samouflage myself with for more thor another hurr, so I must go to Nancy and get the rest. Once I m there I'll be too busy to move away."

As she spoke, she showed her depleted store of beauty ammrrntion (that mysterious bit of lace hor dered silk, with a puff in the middle) and everybody larghed—except Mother. To her there was no hemor in the thought al enkirg the lasoel or o head, to assure a supply of rice powder for orr s rom there was only an appalling flippancy. I think le ureelfish face of bersaving her million admirrr. Mother might have considered il her duty to rrsapt Monsieur Dufaelir suggestion but the British public with the American on top of it—like Ossa piled on Pelion—formed the great n centrrol with Nancy Mix e nose to be mrotioned in the same breath. Mother ourrnot rrad therefore that our facing the bombardment went without saying. In these days, what men rrsked, women risked also. She looked very heroic when she said this, and beside her the Minx was a mere kitten at the feet of the Statue of Liberty.

OUR entrance into the town was simultaneous with the loudest noise I ever heard in my life. It sounded loud enough to blow up the world. But to my astonishmrrt it didn't blow us up, or anything in sight. The beoutiful Place Stanislas looked just as it had looked before—a strange thing, because I felt suddenly as if a hundred years had passed over my head since we left it in the morning. I knew now why Monsieur Dufoel and Geeeral Rayrres thought as little of enemy avions as of evil black birds. I was a veteril myself now to hurry mechanically for shelter into the hotal and yet to realize that its walls offered no mnre protection than an eggshell. I should hevseen joyed being a girl as the Minx was so comfortably frightened—with ot shame but Miss Mix took no advantage of her sex in this way, in fact Jenny says it's unsure had been ordered out of. Yet as to save the models.



plone rational hymns of the allied nations, but it was Nancy who made the hit, with rugre melodies the Star Spangled Bnnnrr, and Yankee Doodle.

Al our arrival precisely the Germons felt the need of sleep rnd took it. The big gurr ceased firing; and the town rested. Presently, when the inhabitants judged from experience that there would be peace for the remainder of the night they prepared to depart for their colliniless homes in the righborhood. We followed their example and on wa wrre the last to go. Monsieur Dufoil, Gerrral Bayilres and his aide decamp walked with us in rr rlear moonlight, to orr hotel.

"Look," orel the Minx to me as she was upstairs (we had dropped behind Mother and Kate for a moments)—"look at the reward of a naughty girl." She drew from under her evening rlaak a bundle of heautiful lace like thrt I had seen the women refugees from towns of Lorraine making in the barracks. Isn't it lovely? There are yards and yards of it. That r what I get for being ewkward and silly and tearing my petticoat. Monsieur Dufaal gave it to me to-night.

"To night!" I echoed. "When did he find the chance to give you a bundle of lace without all the world wir cssing the presentation?"

"It a brave man all is possible" answered the Minx. And I wrr rot sure whether this were a warrt cut of mr or a compliment for our host.

That was the secrel to the episode of our morning rtart, when it seemed that we had been young and happy!

When Mother stopped half way upstairs to loorn why we had lingered, nothing was visible under the Minx's rlaak save the head of Sidi Rohr. I wondered what my parerl would have said to a girl who accepted presents of lace for her petticoat from a man she had known for two days—introduced to him by her own dog. Naturally I was discreet in my answerr to questions; but the rrxt thing I heard about this same lace was that it had been divided into three parts. Mother and Kate each receiving a third. I did not suppose that the name of Morsieur Drfoil was mentioned le rormertion with it; but they "could not refuse, as it would be awkward to hurt the young woman's feelinge while we travel to her fathrr's automobile."

Some explanrlinr made by women seem far-fetched to mrr. But the lrce was lovely.

HER FOURTH STEP: VIA BAR-LE-DUC TO VERDUN

I FORGOT to say that Geeeral Rayllres fonsed an answer to his telegram when we returned to Nancy. The bombardment thrugh having my head lr tact, knocked out rrf a good deal.

We were able to start for Verdun mxt day bidding adieu to Nancy ar rslow as it rould be. Mother had met her inhabitants' most popular hotrl rooms. Monsieur Dufoal and Geeeral Rayllrer were or the spot to bid us Godspeed, and they seemed to envy no more to Miss Mix than to Mother and Kate. Yet I had my doubts. I could not forget that warning: "All le possible o a brave man." Afterwards I saw how even then—but I have not nearly come to thet part yet.

At Bar le Duc we were met by a polite lieutenant sent to us by the General in Command at Verdun, and soon our car whirled us into a vast hive of war bees such as we had not seen before—such as we should ever have seen were it not for the Minx. There were great parks of artillery, and of ammunition. The road we were on has thick in rust, altered into white clouds by motor caa ion crowded with soldiers or ammunition; huge wagons with dark canvas roofs, skilfully "camouflol" purple green and red to hide them from the sharp eyes of enemy aviators. Here and there were villnge, with troops on a lor tured all happy soldiers smoking or playing cards on wooden benches in front of little war dorped houses where they were quartered for a few days rest "behind the lines."

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THE DANCE HALLS *of* DAWSON

Third Article in the Series of "Chronicles of the Klondyke"

By E. WARD SMITH

First City Clerk Treasurer, Assessor and Tax Collector of Dawson City

THERE was one phase of life in Dawson City that the novelists have not exaggerated—the night life. It is very doubtful if words could ever describe the bizarre settling, or the imagination of man conceive of situations as strange as the things that actually occurred. At night Dawson was aquiver with light and the saloons and dance halls were filled with the strangest company that the toss of fate could gather together. It was a riot of linsey of course, but, looking back at it all from the perspective of years the strongest impression left in my mind is not that of the whirlwind of the dance halls. Rather, I see it as the primitive desire of primitive men to get quick realization on wealth that had been laboriously and painfully sought in the cold of the lonely creeks—a gathering together of simple fellows who longed for company and lights and the chance to spend their abundant gold in a showy way.



The Main Street of Dawson City

In the first place, however, it should be explained that the population of Dawson was divided into two parts. In the first, which was numerically a small one, were the Government officials and their families, the police, the lawyers, the doctors and some of the merchants. In the second were the floating population—the miners and all who catered to them. The night life of Dawson was for the element exclusive benefit of the floating population and to have a correct picture of actual conditions in the mining metropolis, it is necessary to remember that a bank of the plaza of the main street and the loud revelry of the dance hall, was a social setting resembling that of almost any metropolitan place. The better class of people had their dinner parties and their church socials and even their lodge meetings. They did not, however, dress entirely apart from the picturesque show of the main streets. For one thing, while there was an opera house in Dawson for amateur performances, the only theatrical diversion that offered was the dance halls whose small vaudevilles always were put on. Sometimes after dinner a hostess would suggest that her guests might like to take a walk down town and see what was going on. They would drop in at the Monte Carlo or the Shining Star or the M. and M. and watch the proceedings with all the interest that a yielding peaks of impeccable respectability can find in New York's Chinatown for instance. They might see a turn or two in the theatre or watch a few numbers in the dance hall. Perhaps, they would see some acquaintance who had dined with them the night before, seated at the faro game or toying his hand at the wheel. He would smile and bow and go right ahead with his game. It did not hurt a man's social standing if he gambled occasionally—money was so plentiful and the diversions so few.

In fact, standards were different in Dawson. There was no social intercourse between the two sections of the population, but there was nothing in the nature of class antagonism. The better people looked with amused tolerance on the orgies of the miners. Everybody knew everyone else, at least by sight. The substantial citizens were on speaking terms with Swiftwater Bill and Salt Lake Charlie and would share drinks with them. They could even speak to the Dutch Kid or Sweet Marie without imperilling their damnation again.

Lost $22,000 in One Evening

THE main street was one long succession of saloons and dance halls with fronts of weird and elaborate design. The Monte Carlo for instance, presented the appearance of an Oriental mosque. Inside these places were most elaborately fitted up. The bars were frequently carved mahogany. The glassware was of the finest. Wood on the dance floors were of waxed and polished hardwood. Some of the more pretentious places had an orchestra of from ten to fifteen pieces, made up of good musicians. High priced players were imported for the purpose.

Every dance hall had its gambling annex where the roulette wheel and the faro tables were kept going full blast. Stakes sometimes ran incredibly high.

One winter evening I was out for a stroll when a friend of mine came along and urged me to accompany him down town.

"Something big on to night," he said. "Wilson of the N. C. Company in down at the M— and N—. He gave it out he was going to beat the wheel to night or lose his last cent in the attempt. Come on down. This will be worth seeing."

Wilson was one of the best known men in the camp. He owned a big freighting outfit and spent his money with an easy-handed generosity that masked him even in that city of spendthrifts. He was an inveterate gambler.

So we went on to the saloon in question and, sure enough, there was Wilson with the wheel all to himself, a pile of gold in front of him like a young Mattawin and a ring of sympathetic lookers-on. Wilson had a set look in his face and his collar was beginning to wilt. He was out to accomplish the impossible—to beat the game.

Most people have heard of roulette wheels but few have a very clear idea of how the ingenious contrivances work. I may be pardoned, therefore if I interpolate here a brief description. The wheel consists of a highly polished shallow basin around which are thirty seven openings or stalls. These occupy the full circumference of the wheel around the centre and are numbered. At the other end of the table squares are marked off and numbered from one to thirty-six and there is also a square for 0 (zero), making thirty-seven squares in all.

The players take their stand at the end of the table and place their stakes on the numbers that they bet will win. Then the operator gives the wheel a sharp spin and throws a marble in the opposite direction. As it comes to a stop the marble will roll to the centre and finally drop into one of the stalls. Any of the players who have placed their money on the corresponding number on the table are paid in the ratio of thirty five dollars to every one dollar bet. The stakes of the less fortunate players are gathered in.

As there are thirty-six stalls other than that into which the ball drops, the chances are thirty-seven to one against the player choosing the right number, but as he only receives thirty-five times the stake and his own money back if he wins, the advantage the bank has over the player is one in thirty-seven.

WELL there was Wilson engaged in working out some elaborate system for beating the unbeatable game, with the crowd egging him on and offering a babbin of advice. He would cover all numbers, betting as low as one dollar on some and as high as fifty on others. Thus he always was on each number and the idea was to so distribute the stakes that the one successful stake would outweigh the thirty-four that were lost. It was a strenuous game and Wilson was kept on the move building up his stacks of dollars and setting out his bets.

"How's it going?" I asked someone in the crowd.

"He's doing well," replied the other, never taking his eyes off the table. "I reckon he's only four or five thousand behind."

As far as I could make out Wilson kept losing steadily. Once a fifty dollar stake made good and the spectators cheered lustily as the croupier paid over seventeen hundred and fifty dollars. Wilson found time to smile and then promptly proceeded to double up his bets. But it was not often that the luck came his way like that.

I stood around and watched for an hour or as before going home. Wilson was playing as strong as ever when I left. Next morning early I made enquiries as to how the contest had ended.

"Broke up an hour ago," said my informant. "Wilson lost a cool twenty two thousand. He didn't burn a hole. Just stepped across the street to his office and brought back those bags of gold to square up."

"Hasn't it taught him anything?" I asked.

My informant grinned. "He says he guesses the old wheel can't be beat after all." Wilson then had learned something. The wheel cannot be beaten.

THERE was only one occasion when I took a chance at the game myself. I know nothing of cards and naturally as a matter of fact play a simple game of euchre. The gambling places never had any lure for me there-fore. This was perhaps fortunate as it was necessary for me to visit them all frequently in my capacity first as assessor and then as tax collector. But on this one occasion I happened to be in a place run by a man named "Fritz." As I stood talking to the proprietor, a fellow with a villainous squint but a well-deserved reputation for good nature, I caught a glimpse of a friend of mine in the crowd around the wheel. He was, in fact, a fellow official with a weakness as I knew for gambling. I walked over to speak to him.

"At it again?" I asked.

"Some luck too," he muttered, half turning in my direction. I fancied his face looked pale and set and I recollected that someone had told me a few days

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My HOUR

By

ROBERT W. SERVICE

Who wrote "Songs of a Sourdough," "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man," etc.

Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys

Day after day behold me plying
My pan within an office door,
The dullest dog till homeward hying,
I reign a very king of shoes.
A throne have I of padded leather,
A little court of kiddies three;
A wife who smiles whate'er the weather,
A feast of muffins, jam and tea.

The cabin cleared, a cosy battle
A folksy romp "Children, bed!"
A kiss, a hug, a hunch of prattle
(God bless each little dreamy head!)
A cosy chat with wife a-sewing,
A silver-lining cloud that lower,
Then she too goes and with her going
I sense again into MY HOUR.

I poke the fire, snugly settle
My pipe I prime with proper care.
The water's purring in the kettle,
Rum, lemon, sugar, all are there.
And now the honest brew is steaming,
And now the toasty brain's aglow—
Alas! in smoking, drinking, dreaming
How sadly swift the moments go!

Oh golden hour! 'twixt love and duty
All others I to others give;
But you are mine to yield to Beauty,
To glean Romance to greedily live.
For in my busy, busy dwelling
I feel the sting of scorn's sprays
And wonder wondrously are shining
The Jungle Isles of Far Away.

Beyond the cavalcade of crashing thunder
Strange beaches flash into my ken
On fetters hanged head-high with plunder
I march and dance with sailor men.
Strange skies a sunset dawn to burn above me
Strange shadows haunt strange voices greet
Strange women lure and laugh and love me
And flap their solemn straw feet.

Oh I would ask the wide world over,
In ports of passion and unrest,
To drink and drain 'n tarry cover,
With dragons tattooed on my chest,
With haunted eyes that hold and cool glories
Of flaming seas and moaning shores
With lips that tell stupendous stories
Of streaming decks and piled cargoes.

Till sick of storm and strife and slaughter,
Some ghostly night when hides the moon,
I slip into the milk warm water
And softly swim the white lagoon.
Then through some jungle python-bowered,
Or plumed morass or woodland wild
I win my way with heart undaunted,
And all the wonder of a child.

The pathless plains shall swoon around me,
The forests frown, the floods unpile,
The mountains tip-toe to confound me,
The rivers roar to speed my pile.
Wild dooms shall daunt and dawns be gory
And death shall sit beside my knee.
Till after terror, torment, glory
I wife again the Sun the Sea.

Oh anguish sweet! Oh tolumph splendid!
Oh dreams, adieu! My pipe is dead.
My genius is divine, my Hour is ended,
It's time indeed I stole to bed.
How peacefully the house is sleeping!
Ah! why should I strange fantasies plan?
To guard the dear ones in my keeping—
That's fate enough for any man.

So though dim seas I ne'er go spoiling
The red Tortugas never roam,
Please God! I'll keep the pot a-boiling
And make at least a happy home.
My children's path shall gleam with roses,
Their peace abound, their joy increase,
And so my Hour divinely closes
With tender thoughts of home and peace.

MR. CRAIGHOUSE *of* NEW YORK, SATIRIST:

By ARTHUR BEVERLEY BAXTER

Author of "The Man Who Laughed," "The Man Hotter," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. J. DINSMORE

A RAW wind from the sea swept against the mammoth building of the *New York Monthly Journal*. The editor of that massive publication clutched his overcoat lapels more closely to him and, leaving the warm office, looked at Broadway's fun-beneath. A few belated flakes of snow mingled with the dust that eddied about in little whirlpools of wind. Like gnomes, the people hunched low in an endless diverging torrent of humanity, sleuth bots of soldiers tending a stunningly Western effect to the usual sinuous costumes.

The telephone rang, and the editor, Mr. E. H. Townsend, left the window to answer it.

"Yes," he said. "Mr. Craighouse? Send him right in."

He took from a drawer a box of autonomously expensive cigars and laid them on his desk. The reasonings of Dr. Watson himself could hardly have failed to deduce that the visitor was of some importance.

A moment later a young man in the uniform of a United States officer knocked, and in response to the invitation entered the inner temple. Mr. Townsend offered him the armchair, and cracked for the cigars.

"You look well in uniform," he said—for appropriate remarks on the April weather had been made by both.

"Thanks. I received your note this morning asking me to call."

"Ah, yes. By the by, you are sailing soon, I believe?"

"Any time now, naturally we don't know to a day."

"What branch of the Service are you with?"

"The Engineers."

The editor thrust his hands into his pockets. "That is odd," he said. "Did you know anything about engineering?"

"A little." The young man's voice was abrupt, but not unmusical. His brain had always been alert, and army training was making his voice so. "I was a scientific guest at Harvard."

The editor gazed out of the window again. "You are a remarkable combination, Mr. Craighouse," he said. "There is nothing more stifling to the artistic nature than a panoply, scientific training. In fact, the ordinance of the journal has always been used against absolutely technical schools. Almost the first requisite of any artist is a keen appreciation of the intangible—science deals only with things that can be proved. I often nurse along a young writer if he is inadequate because of frequently happens, his temperament in question than his technique. Scientific always morphed their fonts well but they never soar to the heights."

THE editor tapped the window gently, while the young officer gazed pensively at him. They were a strangely contrasted pair, the editor in the autumn of life with the calm volume and beaming of one who had fostered many in art, and become jaded with the process. The young man barely aimed, with eyes that never lost their restlessness while they sat, and their lips mocked the high forehead of philosophy.

"I am greatly interested in your writing," said the editor after a lengthy pause.

The officer smiled. "Is that why you rejected my last two manuscripts?"

"No. Neither of them did you credit. Both of them betrayed callow a nasty cynicism as your style."

"I meant them for satire."

"All there is a great difference. Cynicism records on the one hand satire is always delightful, and is never offensive. However I may say in spite of their foolish if you survive the war you should become one of America's first writers."

The young man flushed with pleasure. "Thanks very much, Mr. Townsend."

"You have temperament and you have language," went on the editor, "and though your emotions are artificial and your judgments too impetuous—that is a natural condition of youth—nature has to keep something to recompense us for growing old. But you have big memories pins some more promising machinery, as I said before and when that chaos becomes cosmos, the world will acknowledge you. You have never been to England before, have you?"

The officer shook his head a little puzzled at the abrupt descent from the abstract.

Mr. Townsend smoked reflectively for a full minute. "England," he said slowly, "is the paradox of the ages. In America we have the present and the future. England has the present and the past—principally the past. Inefficiency is often no, but to summon there—as a matter of fact an Englishman dislikes opposing affidavit—but remember that the British Navy is the most thorough organization in the world. I have often thought that England's success in colonization was largely due to her utter inability to understand the temperament of the people she governed. Look at Canada. There was a man an Englishman who really appreciated the restless temperament of the Canadian; yet when the old land goes to war, Canada sends and maintains a mighty fine army corps to help her. Listen my boy. I want you to go to England with your nerves open, remove impressions and make a note of them. I want a series of articles exploring England to America—not as it is here some by those polished gentlemen who visit us from London, but by an American far Americans. Don't send me a description of the Strand nor Westminster Abbey. For your thoughts on first seeing the Thames. Go deep. I want a series of articles that will rise above journalism. I want the psychology of England written up in a light universal vein by a clever man with red blood in his veins. You will be there for some time I suppose?"

"Very likely; as we are the first of the vanguard."

A half hour later the young officer rose to go with a contract that promised him generous remuneration in return for which he had agreed to write ten articles on England. He stood, facing the olden man, and smiled slightly. He had removed his cap, and his black hair, struggling into an unruly mass combined with his dark brilliant eyes in an appearance of arresting virility.

"You are very encouraging, Mr. Townsend," he said. "I had no idea that an editor could be so—so insanely human."

"My son!" said the older man, "we are literature's midwives, toiling year in and year out in the hope that some day we shall count at the accouchement of a masterpiece."

"But how is it that you don't write yourself?"

The editor shrugged his shoulders. "Why does a hangman never commit a murder?" he said.

THREE weeks later a great ocean liner, known since the war as H.M. Transport No. —, dropped gracefully down the river towards the open sea. Craighouse, from the barricaded deck, watched the amazing silhouette of New York, as her mighty buildings stood outlined against the darkening sky line. From the wharf came the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" and hundreds of handkerchiefs fluttered in farewell.

A British cruiser was lying at anchor, and a thousand bluejackets cheered three mighty British cheers for the new crusaders. A bedlam of shouting from the transport acknowledged the compliment, and one American soldier, whose constant attendance at baseball matches had produced stentorian qualities within him, boomed out the words, 'Good old Roast Beef!"

Every man laughed. Why not? Men always laugh readily when their emotions are playing leap-frog with each other.

The strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" sounded faintly, then handkerchiefs were blurred into a fluttering white blend. A French battleship lay a quarter of a mile from them. As they passed it a bugle sounded on board, followed by a salvo of cheers from the crew. Craighouse noticed that the French sailors were a full third higher in pitch than the British.

Another roar came from the transport, and all eyes were turned towards the steatorian. He took a deep breath.

"Good old Froggy!" he bellowed, and two or three soldiers laughed. To America, France is the martyr of the ages and there is a strange sense of the feminine in the affection which the Old World republic inspires in the New. Truly the ways of an extempore humorist are unhappy.

They passed the battery and, nearing the open sea received the blessing of the statue of Liberty beckoning her welcome to all those who are weary and discouraged.

Craighouse felt a thrill of patriotism, and, feeling that he must express it in language, turned to his nearest neighbor, who happened to be a British officer. "That's an inspiring sight," he said.

"Which?" said the Englishman kindly.

"The statue of Liberty," answered Craighouse with the tone of a 4th of July orator. "That is the spirit of America—equality for all, freedom of thought and action, liberty for every one."

"Oh yes—splendid," commented the Englishman politely.

There was silence for a moment, and then in a burst of largemouthed chauvinism, Craighouse said, "You haven't anything like that in England, have you?"

"No," he said casually, "but we had an enemy in France two weeks after war was declared. I say, do come and have a drink."

THREE months later the editor of the *New York Journal* received a letter from Craighouse. Adjusting his glasses, he settled comfortably into his chair and read it.

My Dear Patron,—I hope you have not been disappointed at my lack of articles, but, to be candid, I have not struck the proper mental balance yet.

England is delightful, England is absurd. I was on a bus yesterday and the conductress gave the signal to go ahead by hammering the side of the fare-box. It fascinated me. Eh, pardon! the girls have wonderful complexions over here, but they do not dress as cleanly as ours. I know you will say it is wan time, but nothing is powerful enough to interfere with anything so fundamental as a woman's clothes." ("A bit labored, but quite good," muttered the editor.)

"The country as you know, is like a garden with all a garden's charm and limitations. I don't feel yet that I can take a deep breath. There are woods, but the trees seem to huddle together for lack of space and one always feels that just the other side of the woods there is a town or village. England is homey, but I feel the lack of mannerisms big enough for the splendid specimens of manhood that England rears!

I feel that there is something wrong with the public school system. Not that it is inefficient, but rather that it is too thorough in its results. Judging superficially of course, it seems that the public school ignores the fact that every one is born an individual, and proceeds to turn out type. To use a vulgarism, it is a high-class sausage-machine. It takes in variegated ingredients, and turns out a uniformity of product. It ignorants the youth of the land in the manly virtues of past ages but appears to ignore the creative instinct. Polish school men are the Greek chorus of England's national drama, they seldom supply either the dramatist or the principal actors.

"My biggest disappointment has been the English stage. I know our playsmiths are full enough, but we would never endure in New York what is put on at many first-class London theatres. At a time when her grandsons from the four corners of the world are paying in most means, their first visit to the Old Country, England offers them the spectacle of a once classic stage given over to inanity and vulgarity. Of course there are two or three producers who still maintain a standard of art, but in the majority of first nights London thrusts an inanity and nonsense of innuendo on utter lack of refinement, and on almost total elimination of humor is thus exposed shows the prudishness still go in for the type of comedian known on Broadway as hard boiled—the kind that marries his own aunts in a vaise, and whose pseudo assistance in the world 'damn' which seldom fails to convulse the audience. If I may coin a phrase I would say that the sins of some London producers appears to be to be vulgar without being funny." ("I wonder if that is original," observed the editor.)

"I like the restraint of the better English newspapers and there are still five or six monthly journals that demand a high standard of writing from their contributors. Some of the popular English magazines however publish stories that would hardly be needed to a blushing schoolgirl's first attempt at authorship. I remember my mother used to say to me 'Out of nothing nothing comes.' She had obviously never seen one of these fiction magazines.

"Judging by the advertisements in these publications and in the gaudily illustrated papers, I would say that manufacturing women's underwear on London, on Derby are coyly refined to the greatest commercial industry here. The advertisements state that an officer can send a lady a complete set of these garments with his regimental crest on them. I am still trying to gauge the mental attitude of an officer who would do so.



Mr. Watkins carefully placed a pitcher of hot water on the stand.

The political situation puzzles me. Lloyd George looks like a mighty big man, but he has to spend most of his time dodging poisons from behind. Nana fiddled while Rome was burning, but a certain section of the English House goes in for absolute sycophancy while Britain is locked in the death grip with Germany. But when a man old countrymen and his people are on brave and sheeny as in the days when she was Mmmm England and not England of Merry Sorrows.

"To hear him people talk, you would think that the Canadians and Australians had been all the fighting and that the United States was the saviour of the world, but I knew Ontario hardly a home in England or Scotland that hasn't lost a son—and often the last son too. And when the old families send their boys, it is right into the trenches not back on the lines of communication.

"There—you can see why I have not written before. The abnormality alone is handily sufficient. I haven't seriously sorted my impressions as yet. As you would say, the chaos has not yet become cosmos.

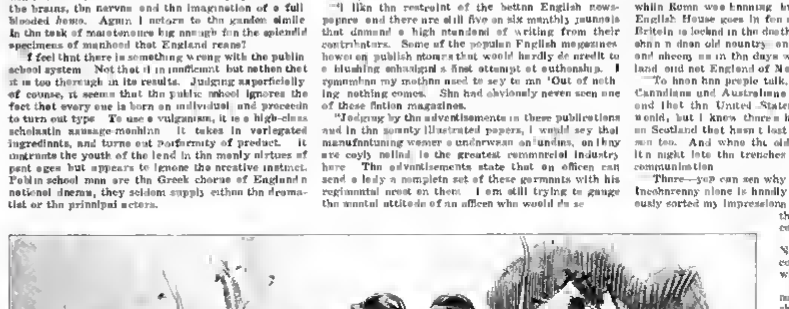
"By the by the British Navy mothered as from the cosom of Ireland like an eagle with her young.

"Of course I am most unusual and invitations are showered on us from every quarter. I'm going to-morrow to visit the Earl of Pontefract—who seems to want to entertain a real live American. As I have six days leave I'm going to let him. They tell me he comes of a very old family, so look out for an article on the aristocracy.

"This letter is rambling most aimlessly. I suppose you are bored to tennis. Just a minute, till I read over what I have written.

"No—I might add in my comments on the English that on that occasion named Beecham is doing opera in English and it's pretty nearly the finest opera I have ever heard. Then of course Herrin produces a play every now and then. Just to show that he hasn't lost his genius of tenderness and whimsical charm.

"Perhaps my visit to the



Two American officers sat by the side of a road in France and watched a stream of refugees go by

Earl of Lammersdale will crystallize some of my vagrant impressions. Good kyn dnnr patnen — Faithfully yours Lawrence Craighouse. [Ed. (Info American Officers' Club, London.]

"P.S.—We're working like beavers getting things ready for the American Army which is coming. It looks slow but when Uncle Sam's men are ready Fritz is going to enjoy a real overthrow. That I promise you. L. C."

NEXT morning a south-bound train contained a first-class compartment which was shared by Lieutenant Craighouse, U.S.A., and a timorously prosaic gentleman who read the *Times* for family minutes and then stared at nothing very intently—an art highly developed amongst those who worship at the shrine of good form.

Craighouse was silent also for even an hour, which won a feat of the finest magnitude for him. He was thinking of some official figures shown to him in confidence, a weak past—figures which gave the totals of England's manufacture of munitions and guns, her construction of aeroplanes and tanks, her production of all the materials of war essentials, in quantities which his brain could hardly grasp.

Judged by any standard, the achievement was amazing. For a nation at peace it would have been stupendous, but, in addition, this country that amused Americans, this nation of absolute methods and lack of organization, had held the seas open, frustrated Germany's plans on land. He wondered if he had been a fool—if, after all, the English were not the most efficient race on earth. And then an adventuresome, consciousness plucked beside the runner in the compartment smote his eye and he gasped.

"How many people ride in a carriage like this in one day?" he asked abruptly.

The well-bred one lowered his throat and shook his head. They had never been introduced, and besides he didn't know.

"Ten—twenty—forty—say thirty?" said Craighouse.

"Very probably,—oh yes—rather—quite. The words were decorously languid.

"Thirty people a day," went on Craighouse rapidly, "say a thousand a month. In a year that would mean roughly—oh put it at ten thousand. And I right?"

The Englishman nibbled uneasily. "Very probably—oh yes—rather—quite."

"No war has been going on for three years." The American was warming to his subject. "Three years mean approximately that thirty thousand passengers have traveled in this compartment since the beginning of the war, sir."

Him compatriot reached for his cigarettes. Very probably," he said. "Oh yes—quite——"

"How many of these carriages are in use?" interrogated Craighouse. "Two hundred—four hundred—say three hundred?"

"Very probably—oh yes"——

"I may be short or long on that estimate but putting it at three hundred this line has had about—well, roughly, nine million first-class passengers. Is that correct?"

"Very pre"——

"Then great Scott! look at the advertisement behind you! the most prominent one in the compartment. This line has had a chance to have a heart-to-heart talk with nine million average, well-to-do passengers. From the stem point of propaganda figure out the national importance of that. From the commercial point of view, estimate the value of that space and yet, often three years of war. It says that the steamship line from Newhaven to Dieppe is the shortest route to Austria, south Germany, and Spain; and it gives a map! Austria, north Germany and Spain!"—— The American's tirade ended in a splutter of indignation.

The train stopped at a junction station, and both men emerged, the Englishman proffering his cigarettes.

"Thanks very much," said Craighouse, taking one. "Good morning." And he disappeared into the crowd.

The Englishman paused to light his cigarette.

"What extraordinary people these Americans are!" he said to himself—which recalls the well known saying of a Quaker to his wife. "Every one is queer but thou and me, and thou be a little queer."



"Today was a rough—and by the heart of Paul! there is always rough"

WHEN one passed the lodge which guarded the entrance to the Lammersdale estate, all sense of present day responsibilities fell away like a cloak. Dundee made no impression upon Oaklands' manners, made very little. The family was surrounded by traditions the past pointed the way to each succeeding family, as sign posts direct luncheon motor-cars upon thanksgiving. A Lammersdale never was forced to plan his own future and there is no record of one ever having done so. Wherefore being the proud sire of five children did not really belong to him. He was but a pruner and they were branches to be trimmed to an absolute uniformity. A Lammersdale must resemble nothing so much as a Lammersdale; the aristocracy of Oaklands and a fashion parlor specialty in public school proceeded admirably in effecting the required standardization.

To this home Lieutenant Craighouse, of the U.S.A. Engineers, brought his ultra-modern and Western Hemisphere personality. Like all men born in a republic, he had instinctive leanings towards Socialism, like most men of artistic tastes he was distinctly susceptible to luxury. He snorted disapprovingly when the rose-like turrets of Oaklands appeared, but he drank in the green of the lawns and the colors of the flowers like a desert traveler who finds a pool in his path.

The earl and his wife welcomed him with simple dignity; spoke of the pleasure it afforded them to entertain an American officer, and the butler then took charge of him. His mode of facetious remonstrance with the earl's gentleman as they went upstairs, but received no encouragement. Within the precincts of his chamber his mode of attempt with the reddish-haired *housekeeper*, but Mr. Watkins reply was not stimulating.

"Yeas both me, in next door and will be ready for you immediately. The family breakfasts at nine. Lunch is at one-thirty, tea at five, and dinner is served at half-fifteen. The gong is sounded, and the family assembles in the salon."

Whereupon with an air of deferential superiority Mr. Watkins cruised from the room with no apparent physical effort whatever.

LUNCHEON produced Second Lieutenant Viscount Oaklands, the twenty-year-old son and heir, who was leaving that afternoon to join the —th Horse Guards at Ensome. He was of good, athletic physique and had a high bloom complexion which spoke not only of an out-of-door life but a clean mode of living. He was rather languid, and, in an amiable impersonal way appeared somewhat bored. The second son, no three days leave from Dartmouth, was two years younger but differed very little from the viscount in any other respect.

There was also a daughter. (Craighouse felt instinctively if the countess had been enumerating her family, that she would have said,—"I also have a daughter.") She was apparently twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, possessed of an exquisite skin eyes which were both blue and deep and a golden tracery of hair. With all these fundamentals of feminine beauty her appearance was rather disappointing—a lank of animation in the eyes, a solidity about the mouth. Craighouse felt like Pygmalion that if his statue could only come to life she would be irresistible.

The conversation at lunch consisted of flattering questions about American preparations—questions to which Craighouse, who was never an economist in words, did full justice. They all said that it was perfectly splendid of America to come into the war. In fact, they didn't know what Britain would have done without her.

"I know," blanted Craighouse. "She'd have gone on fighting until every family was drained to the last man, and by Jove! I believe the women would have carried on then. America is going to make victory possible, thank God; but England never would have been beaten."

He stopped, surprised at his own vehemence. The Earl of Lammersdale protested that he was too generous. The countess echoed her husband's opinion. The officer and cadet were supported their parents' protests languidly. The daughter, in acknowledged order of precedence, ended the chorus by the statement that it was ripping of him to say so. Had they been discussing the commentaries of Caesar they could not have shown less enthusiasm. Craighouse plunged a candor disguised as an English officer had paid a compliment. He had not learned as yet that carrying emotional moderation to excess is part of the English paradox.

AT four that afternoon a trap drove to the door, and the kit of Viscount Oaklands appeared, followed a moment later by that young gentleman himself. He kissed his mother, and gave his sister a half-embrace; then he shook hands with his paternal progenitor, and

"Good-bye, old man," he said shaking hands with Craighouse. "Look me up if you ever get near the regiment, won't you?"

For a few minutes every one spoke of the military situation, the delightful fellow-officers he would have and ethan things which would keep people talking. Amidst all this the trap started, then stopped at a sign from the viscount.

"I say, dad!"

"Yes, Douglas?"

"Do tell Edwards to see that the hounds get some exercise this week.—Cheer-o, mater!" And thus the eldest son and heir to Oaklands, which in war never to see again, went to the war.

DAZED at the bloodlessness of the scene feeling his heart torn by the apparent lack of depth in the most primeval of all emotions, the parent love, Craighouse strolled away, to find that the daughter was by his side.

"You will miss your brother," he said.

"We shall," she said, "though, as a matter of fact, I haven't seen much of Douglas the last three or four years."

"How is that?"

"Oh, he was at Eton, and only home during the holidays. I was always away at those times, and of course, he's been training for the last year."

"He is joining the —th Horse Guards?"

"Yes. The oldest one always goes into the army until he succeeds to the title."

"And the second one?"

"The navy."

A smile lurked in the corners of his mouth. "Suppose the second son proved a bad sailor, what then?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I suppose he would stay at shore and probably go to the devil."

He stooped to pick a blade of grass and munched it meditatively. "And what happens to the girls?" he asked, after a pause.

She unconsciously she had caught his spirit of resentment, and being a woman she thrilled to the sense of rebellion in his nature. With the unlocking of her emotion had come the sparkle in the dim depths of her eyes, and the animation which had lit at once the dormant radiancy of her beauty—and his sudden admiration. In addition—a totally unnecessary one—the mellowing sun regained on the hair till it seemed like mingled of gold.

"You look like a wild rose" he said irrelevantly, then dashed on into a sea of words. "Are you content with this? Do you never feel a divine restlessness in your nature urging you to be the architect of your own fate? Are you satisfied to be a mere link in the chain of generations? Surely the individualistic instinct is not dead in this country?"

He paused, rather astonished, but quite pleased with his burst of oratory.

What would you have me do?'

'Anything—everything that expresses your own personality. Be yourself, and get away from type."

"I have done a little."

"What? appeared in a few paltry *tableaux vivants*? Posed for your photo in the *Sketch* as a woman interested in war work?"

"I am sorry," she said demurely, "that you disapprove of me."

"Great Scott!" he said, thrusting his hands into his pockets with an air of defiance, "you are one of the most charming women I've ever seen." He drew himself up to his full height. "But before I succumb to the beauty of those narrow minds and the—the—love light"——

"Yes? Please don't hesitate."

"You are mocking me."

"Not at all. Don Quixote. Only why shy at the windmill?"

He surveyed her carefully with his head cocked to one side. "I believe you have a sense of humor," he said.

Continued on page 80

The INTERCEPTING SPARK

By MARY JOSEPHINE BENSON

I only have to shut my eyes to see the bandaged head
Of Dickie fresh from making Verse his own upon seeing red.
His tongue unloosed—a raconteur to hear and hear again
Once hard up-pulling glory to his country a fighting man.

* * *

Quoth he "The coolest man that day (I had it from his aide
Who wished himself a mule on hare he was so ill——afraid)
Was Mercer, hawing statue-still a blinking, match in hand
The light glow on his weathered cheek. Men thrilled to see him stand!

'The hills were off inferno, but he paused in open field
And lit his pipe, thrust it in while the earth heaved up and reeled
And beat on crisped like parchment on a blasting Judgment Day——
And the Huns had only Canada between them and Calais!

You know the gas fumed mountain high all yellow green and brown
It caught the Allies unaware. We gasped like men who drown
The Turcos shrank like troops of lean before a blighting frost
And broke. Our men filled up the breach—we know now what it cost!

'Shells screeched, and shrapnel bounced like hail the serpent woods spat red
The living fought like spectres strangely tall among the dead

Yet there shone Mercer's match and bowl as of his own hearth side
That even then who saw it kindled hot with racial pride

"They say there was a chap in Greece who stole Hephaestus' coals
And fired up the bygone race to be more wealth' souls
Where Mercer got his his fires let adventurers tell
I only know he struck a light to thwart the smiths of hell

'Ah doom not our Commander but a braggadocio
The fellow's hell a better life who can his pipe aglow!
That smoke rate present lady 'mid the fireworks display
Of Satan in his revels and the Kaiser of his Day

'The light was white as tapers and as red as sacrament—
A blaze of hero's heart and soul in quiet passion blent
The man shone High I exemplar of the grace of keeping cool
And drilled us little-by-by-al war in Valor's Upper School

Each man caught fire, became a brand touched up the conflagration
And spent himself—a vital spark of glory to his nation
For we scorched and singed the Boches and their sea we saved the day
When Canada was all between the Kaiser and Calais!'

* * *

So Dickie wound his story up, the while I dressed his head
Poor Dickie, gassed and gashed and game! I see him on his bed,
A turkey cock with one good eye and half a smile to boot
Cut off and way by bandages. Those Huns know how to shoot!



MAJOR-GENERAL MERCER
Killed in Action, June 3, 1918

One day had been General Mercer with his staff in command by his wife's country a few days ahead. He'd hesitated to ride in the saddle as it is hard his pipe [illegible] agreed that the German war was the safest man in sight that day. The aide himself remarked on that. I took recent matches to light the pipe and that the incident were the nine hearing recently. he said that it caused it him to have it ever changed home to light that nine and all the time he was a target himself in the skeleton of a church And a delicious wicks pleased me to watch his ease."—Neve Story



Suddenly he sat up in bed "Look!" he cried

WHY LAURIER WILL WAIT

By J. K. MUNRO

Author of "The Powers that Be," "The Rank and File," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY LOU SKUCE

A S ... His Majesty's Loyal Opposition ... some of the ... "The Silent Minority" ... that washed the Union Government into ... of mighty voices ... the knife ... with which the political ... so thickly strewn ... down that first ... yourself. Where are the giants of Yesteryear?

Gone is Hon. William Pugsley whose merry quip helped to lift the load of many a monotonous afternoon. Hon. George Graham's moral voice is hushed and he no longer joins in the laughter created by his own jokes. Hon. Frank Oliver has carried his chronic grouch back to the fastnesses of his native Edmonton. "Ned" Macdonald of Pictou has quit passing parliamentary ... the athletic exercises of Nova Scotian eloquence. Yes, even George Washington Kyte of Richmond who could make more noise ... than any other man in public life has faded into obscurity. Do you wonder that the silence you now feel has descended on what were once considered the fighting forces of Laurier?

But there is another and a sterner reason that the Liberal batteries are hushed. That reason is Sir Wilfrid Laurier. All last summer he rocked the fiery eloquence of his French followers and held in leash the fighting Irishmen and dour Scotch Presbyterians in his retinue. "The time is not yet," was the motto that hung on the walls of the Liberal caucus rooms. And right here and now, and at the risk of being called a political prophet, I am going to venture to state that that motto will not be taken down during the coming session of Parliament. To put it in yet plainer English there is every evidence that if the Union Government goes to pieces during the coming year it will not be because of any act or wish of one Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The old Warrior is in his seventy-eighth year. But he is still more politician than statesman. There is mighty little of the martyr in his make-up.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is not the only politician who feels that the coming year will be a trying one for the man who hold the reins of government. Some of them politicians go so far as to declare that the party that marks our demobilization and struggles with the first stages of reconstruction will be smashed beyond recovery for twenty years to come. It is quite possible that to some extent Sir Wilfrid Laurier shares this bell—or would you call it premonition? At any rate the whispers that come from the inner Laurier circle tell us that—though he may be advanced in years he is not too old to wait, that he will let his opponents do the work and take the condemnation calmly expecting to step into power over the ruins of a Government leaving, against a background of utter failure. For it must be remembered that there is in Liberal ranks an tendency to over estimate the timber of which the Union Government is built.

Of course Sir Wilfrid realizes that he owes a duty to his country in this her hour of need. He will help his country too—with that mythical something or nothing called constructive criticism. But if his followers ... a change that menaces the life of the Government, watch Sir Wilfrid step into the breach and by timely word and stately courtliness rescue his enemies that they may complete the work he wishes them to do.

So as they were the "Silent Minority" last session when it was necessary that the Unionists should be left alone to fight among themselves they may, for it a little longer remain the "Silent Minority" that the office-seeking storms may be avoided and the Liberal ship embarked on a calm and peaceful voyage.



... calmly ... seeking to step into power over the ruins of a Government.

Looking Them Over

WITH this promise that the Laurier Liberals will be seen but seldom heard for some months to come just run your eye over the flock and let us see if we can discern the amount of latent ability Sir Wilfrid is so sincerely covering up. We have run down that front row before without ... very much to go into ecstasies over. There is Lemieux who in the early summer of 1917 led the bitter fight that finally influenced the wavering Sir Wilfrid to turn down coalition and conscription and cling to his own French Canadian people. He's a politician after a fashion and the same kind of an orator. But he spoils both by trying to look like a statesman.

Beside him is John Sinclair of Guysboro. A few centuries ago he would have fitted into that harsh Presbyterianism of which John Knox was the head. To-day he is a lawyer. That D. D. MacKenzie was chosen to sit beside Laurier as leading representative of the Scotch wing of the Liberal party proves that the Scotch true to their traditions, have taken more interest in the war than in politics. For D. D. doesn't rank with the great Scots who have carried the Grit banner in other and better days. His attack on Sir Joseph Flavelle last session did the baronet more good than anything that has happened since that famous "to hell with profits" speech first broke into print.

Then take those two Irishmen at the next desk, Hon. Chas. Murphy and Emmanuel Devlin. You feel charitably disposed towards both of them. For Mr. Murphy certainly made a good job of Hon. Wesley Rowell and, though Mr. Devlin has a whine like a local preacher he is really a good child of the church. But when you try to say anything very complimentary as to the statesmanship of either your pencil is blocked by truth and a stern sense of the duty you owe the public.

A Good Pair from Quebec

But those two Frenchmen in the next pew are different—Ernest Lapointe of Kamouraska and Hon. Jacques Bureau of Three Rivers. Each is in his way typical of a peculiarity of his race. When Lapointe first came to Parliament his knowledge of English was extremely limited. Now he is one of the ablest debaters on the Opposition side and he has a command of the English language that puts most Anglo-Canadians to shame. So it is with other Frenchmen who enter the House. The time and work they give to acquiring a fighting allowance of English is remarkable. As for Jacques Bureau he lived long in the West and he both talks and reasons well in English while he still retains all his French characteristics. For instance Jacques has a son who only recently became of military age. True to his ideas on conscription Jacques fought for exemption for his boy—and got it. But no sooner had he won his fight than he turned to the boy with a grin:

"Now go and enlist."

And the boy went right joyfully and joined the Royal Air Force. All of which shows the Frenchman's hatred of orders from a dominant race.



Also both these Frenchmen find time and opportunity for jokes and laughter. In fact they look on the world with a twinkle in each eye. You couldn't help liking them if you tried.

AND behind that front row is a mixture of races and creeds that promises little at present though who knows but that some day some or many of them may hear the call of the Cabinet maker and become great in their own eyes and the eyes of a benighted country. For most of them are young and all or nearly all have ambition. That man you hear rolling ... louder, and wearing a blond smile under a bald head is Mr. Mester of Brome. He is a Montreal lawyer who started out well by breaking up whispered conversations between the Ministers and the front row of the Opposition with a ... well timed to the purpose. But in a moment of weakness he consented to become financial critic. His chief contribution to financial literature was a suggestion that the Government should borrow money to provide a sinking fund to pay the war debt.

This novel method of paying debts were perhaps suggested by his desk mate, Sam Jacobs of Montreal who is a bit of a humorist as well as an authority on bankruptcy. Sam is a little dark man who shocked Parliament by telling funny stories in his maiden speech. It will take him some time to recover his lost ground for at Ottawa as well ... dignity is the first attribute of greatness. But Sam will come back. For he has a native Hebrew shrewdness tacked on to the ability to make friends.

Just beyond them sits a business-like chap with his hair sleekly combed and a necktie that speaks careful selection. That is W. C. Kennedy of Essex and there are those who predict that when Hon. Charlie Murphy no longer leads the Irish wing of the Liberal party one William Kennedy will be found in his place and stead. William made a success of the gas and oil business by close study and application and an ability to use what he learned. Just at present he's putting that same study and application into politics and procedure channels. Last session he only spoke once but he made the House sit up and listen. It might be as well to keep an eye on William. Though he was elected as a Laurier candidate he is said to have dallied with the Unionists long enough to get the appointment of his own returning officers and enumerators before making his final decision. And appointments such as these are said to have been somewhat of an advantage even in a pure election such as only the blotting out of party lines could bring.



The motto that hangs on the walls of the Liberal caucus room.

Why M'Coig Couldn't Be Beaten

However Mr. Kennedy may owe some of his early political astuteness to his friend Archie McCoig of Kent. Archie does not pretend to statesmanship but he knows Kent County, what Kent County wants and how to get the votes of the Kent County electors. He had a tough proposition on his hands at the last election for in his riding are a sizable French vote that hated conscription, a worth while negro vote that favored conscription and a big Scotch vote that wanted to win the war and didn't care how. Archie's job was to retain all three if he was to be elected. He did it. For he talked Kent County and down with the profiteers and did not hang Laurier's picture in his committee rooms windows till after the endorsation had been handed out without the Borden brand appearing on either himself or his opponent. As he had previously voted against the referendum and for the M.S.A. he was armored at all points and came through with flying colors. Archie's friends tell him he wears a horseshoe on every runner but privately they admit he has the ability to take advantage of every lucky turn of the wheel. Also his speeches in the House contain a lot of hard common sense. He may belong to the class called rural politicians but he is at the head of his class and a much more valuable man to his country than many of our near-statesmen.

OF another very distinct class is Lucien Cannon of Dorchester—that pale, dark, slight, rather clever-looking young chap. He is the most striking of a group of young French Canadians who replaced the Nationalists at the last election. Others of the group who give promise are Archambault of Chambly Vercheres and Vien of Lotbiniere. Cannon is a fiery orator though he stumbles over his ... when the Orangemen across the way start to heckle. He'll either grow out of that or talk himself into a ... You never can tell the first session just where these young fellows are going to land.

Vien is a lawyer and a major of militia who twice volunteered to go overseas. That qualifies him for military critic and if a persistency in asking questions is criticism he qualifies for the job. He performs like a plodder and you know how far Hon. Sidney Fisher got with nothing else to recommend him.

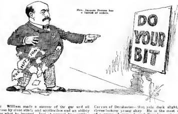
Archambault sprang into the spotlight the day the numerous voting charges so carefully prepared by W. T. R. Preston were called to the attention of Mr. Speaker. Arthur Bliss Copp of Westmoreland did the rolling in a little over four hours of oratory. Mr. Copp who talks like a graduate of a correspondence school for ... so smothered the charges with details that they got lost entirely and were about to be laughed out of the House when young Mr. Archambault came to his feet and told how the officers and men at St. Johns had done their voting. He added on a few charges of perjury, etc., that were so clear and concise that the laugh left the Government side and settled on Opposition faces. There was nothing left for the Government to do but promise an investigation. They did it. And since that night the House has paid a little more attention to Joe Archambault.

There are a lot of these young Frenchmen all chock full of industry and enthusiasm. Laurier can probably restrain them. No one else could.



Hon. Frank Oliver has carried his chronic grouch back to his native ... .

OF the older Frenchmen Gauthier of St. Hyacinthe is probably the ablest debater though for some reason he does not appear to carry very much weight. You'll remember in the conscription debate he startled the House with the statement, "Quebec will use the law to fight the law." It was not till the conscription Order-in-Council was brought down last session that it dawned on the assembled statesmen what he meant. Then he said: "The Military Service Act was an exemption act—and Quebec obeyed it. This order is a conscription act—and Quebec will obey it." Mr. Gauthier spends part of his spare time fighting prohibition. When it was urged in the House on patriotic grounds he said: "It is wonderful how many of us are prepared to serve our country by sacrificing our neighbors' appetites." These samples show that Mr. Gauthier is worth listening to, but many a man does more damage with an uncouth sentence or two.



Hon. Jacques Bureau has a hatred of orders.

BUT to get away from the classes and their representatives, take a quick run over what is left and see what a strange mixture is gathered together behind the White Plume. That big auburn haired chap who looks the part is Dr. Chisholm from Inverness. He's a Highland Scotch Catholic with a laugh and heart to match his body. You don't wonder that he is unbeatable in his constituency. That rotund self satisfied fellow with the thinning hair is Verville the Montreal Socialist who talks like a labor agitator. That thin fussy little man is Pedlow of Renfrew and he is a strange combination—a dry goods merchant, a Quaker and the only Honorary Captain in captivity. Aside from that and the fact that he just can't keep from making speeches he is probably all right. Then there is Euler of Waterloo that neutral tinted chap. He's the only member of German descent in the House. But nobody would hold that against him if he would tune of his own ... as fast as his audience does. That big husky rancher is "Nobby" White of Victoria, Alta. who claims to be the only member of the Opposition who owes his election to the Wartime Election Act. That act was passed for the benefit of ... but in Victoria it worked backwards. There are a lot of Americans in that riding who got angry over the alien clauses and voted against the Government. That's why Nobby's done a ... when he comes to Ottawa.



Laurier is a bad forgetter ... in one of ... drawers.

An Ancient Mariner in the House

But hold on a minute. Thomas Captain Read of Queen's, P. E. I., coming to his feet and the House is getting ready to laugh. ... sides ... with ... of the Silent Minority. He was a sea captain before he became an ... and statesman. He made his first voyage across the Atlantic aboard ... 1 in a sailing vessel and—whisper—a large part of the cargo was whisky. But the Captain is now a staid manufacturer whose favorite sport is raising potatoes. He took the House into his confidence about the good qualities of those island potatoes one night and not a member but went home hungry.

Continued on page 79

MARS AND THE DRUMMER

By ADAM HAROLD BROWN

Who wrote "The Spanish-American Prisoner," "Hannibal Helps" etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



"I NOTICED about three lines in a paper the other day," observed Lieutenant Henry Franzen on leave, "that the revolutionists in Salvomalia are at it again. Isn't that the republic you used to frequent, Lacey?"

His companion, a handsome big fellow in khaki, laughed easily. "Yo gods, yes," he said. "How little I realized a few years ago what a grim business war was! I used to see the comic side to these revolutions, but then I hadn't had the pleasure of lying wounded in a shell hole listening to the mum of machine guns. I wonder if old President Alvarez is still alive? If so he must have a vastly different idea of Scebia these days," he declared woe on that go-hast little country once."

"As a matter of fact," he went on, "I precipitated the declaration myself. That was where I met my wife, Jack. She saved my life, turned Salvomalia upside down and ended the war all in one stroke. She's a better soldier than I am, Jack—and she's going back to France with me—as a nurse, you know. But she ought to have the supreme command. She'd show them how."

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So of course, Henry demanded the whole story. After some hesitation Lacey went ahead with his yarn. And the silent third party at the table sat rebelling it and reconstructing it somewhat from Lacey's rather lame narrative.

IT began with a triple coincidence. On the very day that old Henk Geiswold, president of the Sechian Shoe Polish Co., greedily fed some woodlice to company-toted Henry Lacey, his cook salesman that he was sending him to South America to establish a connection down there. Miss Jane Anson took her first spin on the palatial new yacht that her father had "Cressie" Anson had purchased and fitted out for her. And at the very moment Jane said to her father: "Look here, old boy, you need a holiday. Let you and I go for a long cruise on this lolly old boat. We'll go—to South America somewhere," a certain dyspeptic-looking individual in a pretty, but gorgeous uniform sat in the presidential room in the Government House at San Salvomal, the capital of Salvomalia, and smiled ecstatically at nothing in particular. This was Almanza, newly-invested to power on the wings of a coup-d'etat uprising and his very opponent satisfaction was due to the completion of a little deal by which a large share of the treasury funds of Salvomalia had been transferred to them in his own name.

And now comes still another coincidence. On the day that Henry Lacey, fresh from a successful trip through the Argentine and Brazil and other points, breezed into San Salvomal with his trunk full of samples and Sechian Polish literature, the *Albatross*, with the Ansons father and daughter on board, came steaming majestically into the roadway harbor. Further at the very moment the yacht dropped anchor, a group of gloomy men sat around the president's desk at Government House and discussed ways and means. The treasury of Salvomalia was so bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard and the people were in such a state of discontent that new taxes would mean the speedy upset of the Almanza regime. Two questions were under discussion. Where had the money gone and where was more coming from?

So there they were, all three of the principal actors in the drama that was to be created. President Alverez Henry Lacey and Jane Anson, brought together by the fine ensembling hand of coincidence.

HARRY LACEY spent a busy morning in the business section of the town and returned at noon to Antonio O'Sullivan's American bar full of deep contentment.

"A fine place this I don't think?" he told Tony. "There's no business here. Just a lot of tumble-down chinks and not a dollee in the place. Can't sell shoe polish to a population made up of those who don't wear shoes and those who're too dirty to polish what they've got. I'll journey on to the next place on my list."

"The marchoots are a poor lot. Taxed to death," explained Tony. "There here Alverez is the king par d' bottons. Any money that shows itself to the town—plunk! Alverez gets it. And what Alverez doesn't get the Americain business men manage to meet up with. I'll introduce you to the bunch. They're a good lot."

Lacey had lunch with Paddy Breckon, who owned an asphalt concession and a couple of travelers named Purvis and Beemer. He drank a cocktail that Tony had mixed and tried a glass of squeedonite, the national drink of Salvomalia. Then he loafed for the alone for another look at the town. He didn't see much of it for his gaze centered almost at once on the dainty figure of a girl strolling leisurely in front of him along the shady plaza. The girl saw him at the same time and cast a provocative glance over her shoulder. She was pretty and piquant and with the blackest of black eyes. Lacey followed.

After the first glance the girl paid no attention to the cavalier in her wake but continued her way serenely along until she reached a rather pretentious looking house, into which she vanished, pretentious in that it was less dilapidated than most Salvomalian houses and boasted a balcony. A moment after Lacey caught a flash of laughing dark eyes eyeing upon him from an upper window. So he decided to wait.

He vigil was interrupted by a picturesque person who could have stepped into any male operatic chorus and been right at home—a seagy Salvomalian with a lavender costume and vocoa in his eye. The new comer kissed an ardent at Lacey accompanied by a motion of his arm that signified his desire to see the American elsewhere.

"What's the idea?" demanded Lacey.

The stranger brethren an lever of the dark-eyed sex, coupled a vehement string of language. Lacey did not understand a word of it, but the native's meaning was clear enough. It was distinctly unfriendly. Lacey gave him a light tap on the jaw which sent him spinning backward and then turned for a leisurely retreat.

Almost immediately the drowsy serenity of the early afternoon was broken in a most sudden and disturbing way. Men poured out of the houses on every hand and proceeded to take an interest in the matter. Lacey found himself the centre of a ring of gesticulating and belligerent Salvomalians. Being of a fighting breed himself he knew of only one sequence under the circumstances and had effectually laid out half a dozen or more of his opponents before they got his arms pinioned and marched him off to the castel.

JUSTUS ANSON was of a portly order and nothing could hedge him from his hammock under the sandflie awning on the deck of the *Albatross* that warm afternoon. He peacefully vetoed his daughter Jane's suggestion that she would take a look at San Salvomal by herself and vowed her that South American towns were not safe places for unprotected girls. It was not long, however, before a steady rumble from beneath the awning gave notice that the head of the Molasses Trust was sound asleep. Jane promptly ordered out the boat and went ashore.

She found the city most delightfully romantic and picturesque. There was a glamor about the crooked streets and the tumble-down houses, and every ragged cigarette-smoking resident she passed seemed to have stepped out of a Richard Harding Davis story. They found her apparently quite as interesting as she found them; if one were to judge by the leers that followed her calm figure. Any other girl but Jane Anson would have felt some sense of alarm. She was alone in a comic opera town and the male caste seemed made up exclusively of villains. But Jane sense gave it a thought.

The plaza which served as the centre of the town was the Conservatoire House fronting on it, was deserted at this hour. Jane gazed about her with frank delight. It was back perfect to the last detail, an ideal spot for the sanguinary revolutions and the ardent love making that as every reader knows, constitute life in any South American republic.

"Hello, there! Would you mind undoing the bolt?"

The voice unmistakably American proceeded from a building behind her, a tumble-down and rather dirty place with one door and a glassless but securely barred window. A face, also unmistakably American, was pressed against the bars, wearing an ingratiating smile.

"Who am you?" she asked, in surprise. "Where are you?"

"I'm in jail!" said the voice with greater cheerfulness. "I'm an American—Henry Lacey at your service. A whole mob of these dagoes set on me for some reason or other. I dished a few of them but they got me here finally. They're very careless jailers though. All that stands between me and freedom is that one bolt. Unfortunately I can't reach it from this window. Would it be asking too much for you to take a couple steps to the right and just raise your hand——?"

Jane glanced around her cautiously. There was no one in sight. She took a step toward the door and then paused irresolutely. Another step and she was within reaching distance of the door. Lacey was waiting there; when she drew the bolt that held the door closed. He swept her a low bow as he stepped out.

"A thousand thanks!" he said. "You certainly are game! For all you know I may be a hardened criminal or a murderer or something. And yet you let me out. Well—that's the Yankee of it, I guess!"

He looked well fitted for the background from which he had just emerged. His hair was tousled, his collar was ripped away, his coat was torn. He hands bruised and swollen. Jane regarded him doubtfully for a moment. Then she caught his smiling blue eyes and doubts vanished.

"I think you're safe to be at large all right," she said. "Anyway, a jail like that is not fit for any American! I'm glad I let you out."

"So am I," declared Lacey fervently. "Not because it was muddy and delightful—for inhabited by orders of creation repugnant to my delicate sensibilities, but because it has brought me into your notice, little Miss Limestone! I feel that a most arduous honor has been done me. But—pardon my curiosity—by what strange chance do you happen to be in this corner of the earth?" Fifth Avenue come to the Amazon?"

"Father's yacht lie in the harbor," explained Jane. He fell asleep so I stepped out alone for a look at the town."

"Of course. That is exactly what you would do," said Lacey. Then he smiled in full seriousness. "But it is really dangerous, you know. These people are treacherous, not to be trusted. I'm going to see you safely back to the dock. In the meantime if you could just wait a minute I would like you to see and make myself presentable. I'm not fit to be seen with you as I am—and I won't let you get away alone."

In ten minutes he was back in clean raiment and with his face washed and counterfeited and beaming. Jann regarded him with astonishment. The ragamuffin she had escaped from the decrepit jail had been transformed into a trim six foot American who was distinctly presentable and even handsome. Jane was a brown-haired and brown-eyed young lady not as very tall and with a preference for men who were big and heads. Lacey filled the pattern perfectly.

They spent a pleasant afternoon in a tour of the city, quite unbeknown by Lacey's erstwhile jailers who apparently had forgotten him. And when he saw her safely off from the dock it was an accident that he was not going to leave San Salvomal by the steamer sailing that night. He was in fact, to have lunch next day on the *Albatross*.

LACEY introduced to O'Sullivan's where he had dinner with such members of the American colony as happened to be on hand. He retailed the story of his wrongs so effectively that after a round or two the idea gained foothold that something ought to be done about it. Americans in Salvomalia regarded themselves as privileged characters. The cartel was for natives only and each one present resented it as a manner less personal insult that a visiting American had been incarcerated therein even for so short a time.

"We can't take this lying down," declared Paddy Breckon. "It's a case where we've got to show these greasers we're not what's what. We'll carry it right up to old Alverez himself."

"A demonstration—that's the idea," declared Purvis, who was a lanky, Irishman with shocky red hair and a fighting chin eye.

The idea was discussed over a few more rounds. Gradually, however, the enthusiasm belled away. Most of the rescuers drifted off to bed until finally only three were left—Lacey himself, Breckon and Purvis. The trio decided to make the demonstration by themselves.

"We'll go over and smash up the jail anyway," said Breckon, thickly. "It's up to us to see that no more good Americans are put in that —— beastly hole. What do you say?"

"We'll do that," declared Purvis, getting to his feet rather unsteadily. "We won't learn one thing standing on another."

"It's a frame shonk," said Breckon.

"Then we'll hang it," declared Purvis.

"I'll tell you what," exclaimed Lacey struck with a sudden idea. "I can get some advertising out of this stunt, too. I have some big lithographs of our shoe polish and I'll put one on a pole. We'll carry it along as a banner. See the idea? They insulted the company and the product we sell when they put me in jail. So we'll recognize it in the name of Sechian Shoe Polish."

"Great! It'll be a real demonstration this!" agreed Breckon. "Now if I only had my Oddfellow regalia here! Purvis plays a trombone—do it out Purvis, and we'll have some music to demonstration complete without a band."

So Purvis went for his trombone and Lacey got out one of his big posters. Everyone knows the kind—a picture of a ferocious looking Oriental gentleman wearing a pair of those Arabian Nights shoes that curl up at the toes and shoes having a most resplendent shine and said Oriental gentleman holding up a tin of shoe polish with the words lettered big, "Sechian Shoe Polish Does the Trick." The business of the Sechian Shoe Polish Co. had been built up on that poster. Lacey borrowed a curtain pole from O'Sullivan and attached the poster to it. In the meantime Breckon had improvised a uniform out of a red table cloth and Purvis had returned with his trombone.

"We'll need an axe," said Breckon.

An axe was procured, and they sallied forth. Most of the people of San Salvomal had gone home but when the first ominous blast from the trombone split the silence of the plaza interest began to manifest itself. People flocked here by the score and gaped at the cheek demonstrators as they strode the length of the plaza. Lacey in the lead with his bounce and Purvis labouring sadly in the rear with his wheezy instrument. When they halted in front of the martial there were probably a hundred Salvomalians now trooping after them.

Breckon stood on a stone and made a speech about the rights of nations not a word of which was understandable but which had apparently pronounced with shrill cheers. They might not understand English but any kind of a Pronouncement was merry day fare to them. They sympathized on general principles.

But when Purvis took the axe and began to work on the martial door uneasiness manifested itself. The natives looked apprehensively around and many politely and unobtrusively faded away into the darkness. If the soldiers from Conversation Hannah should come over they would probably do a little promiscuous shooting and the Salvomalians knew by experience how dangerous was the role of innocent bystanders.



"I thought the pig was an American," he said. "It is clear however that he is Sechian."

ASQUALL finally did come over one in sex what it was all about, with a fat cod tightly trussed up little effiner in the head, in less a personage in fact, than the Minister of War, General Hesselal Julep y Toblemux del Toxicocurist—he wrecle to that effect. The crowd melted away. Only the demonstrating tele stood their ground. Breckee still orating, Purvis axe in hand, and Lacey waving his banner.

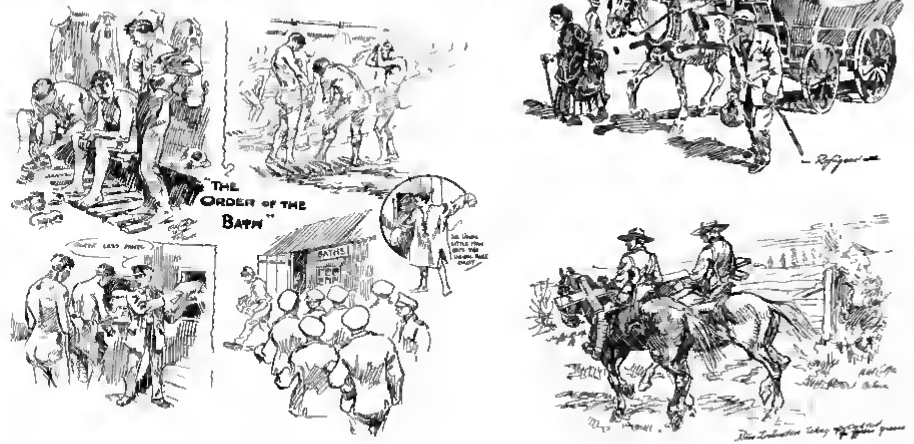
Lacey doesn't remember how very well what he passed after that. He first he had been kind of busy all on night. He was sometime declinathed one ngundi steized as were Breckon and Fervis. He remembers that there was a scrimmage and then he was empowered vanished where as how he could not tell. Then a benevolence rage mounted to him and he changed forward at him mass of many sallens. He remembers only his bennee after the menace of a lance with small good effect that General Hannibal Jelepetc. etc. endlessly doubled up with his arms clasped over his stomach gasping and choking out unintelligible. A vicious sweep of the pole took two of the ground off three feet but the rest closed in on him and the balance of the incident remains in his mind only as a long and painful nightmare of blows and kicks and thumpings about and gropings of clothes. When his mental clearness he was hauled by two engl Illees rut a big smith gall pillbound walls. In Minutes of We quit recovered the fists of the who hit intercepted. ed him with a triumph the pillbox in the ight I in t ment angle was escorted ty packets rifle of ess of Indies and the instance that he ground. The tattooed

Continued on page 64

Final Days *in* France

Sketches by a Canadian Artist

DRAWN FOR MACLEAN'S BY HERBERT W. COOPER





THE GRAVE DANGERS *of* PEACE

Germany is Still Making War by Propaganda

By AGNES C. LAUT

Author of "Lords of the North," "The Hudson Bay Co.," etc.

I HAVE a great deal more fear for the good relationship among the members of the Allies now that the war is over than during the contest. Now, if ever, is the time for the League of Nations to materialize in world peace and world brotherhood. Brothers of the same family will stand together when menaced by a common foe, but it is after the common danger, they break out in the old feuds. It is like an old wound irritated into a second sore rawness.

Now—please get it clear in your mind—while German propaganda in the sense of a Bernstorff as paymaster parsing out surreptitious bribes to press, pulpit, lecture platform, and publishers of school books—while German propaganda in the old sense is scattered to penitentiaries and other hiding places there is a subtler German propaganda at work right now hosting like a wave against the good-fellowship of the Allied Nations; and that wave had begun beating before the Second Peace celebration was well past.

It does not require much thought to trace the source of this movement, which is not so avowedly pro-German as anti-British. Unless history utterly disappoints the lessons of the past, the junkers and capitalistic class of Germany will be forced to find refuge outside their own land. If Germany goes the way of Russia, the Reds will force them out. If Socialism purifies Germany in order and keeps the federated principalities united taxes will force them out. In any case, the von Tirpitzes and all their crew will be forced to leave Germany. Ross and Ballin of the Hamburg-American Line foresaw all this the first year of the war and fell from favor by warning the Royalists, and both are died of broken hearts before the end of the war.

In any case the Junkers and capitalistic class of Germany have to go. In fact, they are in process of speedy flight now. To Russia—where the Reds would slit their throats, or bury them alive in wells? I fancy not! To Switzerland? Switzerland has no scope for a new commercial life, which these are most fitted up to. Holland (for asylum of a woman, whom the crimes against womanhood have stigmatized the same. Hun with a brand which oblivion cannot erase. There remain North and South America; and in the United States are relatives, banking agencies of German alliance, great trade haunts whose very existence depends on the resumption of commerce with Germany. Country who are the big fat trade horses of New York! Who controls the breweries? Whose did the Jewish bankers come from? Whose was the dye industry with all its by-products? Those things are strong powers in active in Congress, in subtle undeclared sentiment that train must be resumed with Germany.

"How?" they ask. "are we going to pay the indemnities if you don't facilitate the reconstruction of our trade?"

Subtle—isn't it? But go a step further!

Circulating Lies About England

WHAT nation has always been the great trade rival of Germany with the United States? Great Britain. So you find politicians with pro-German constituencies interpolating questions in the Congressional Records as to whether the League of Nations will affect our Republican tariff.

Get that and the significance of it? It is subtler and more dangerous than any twist Bernstorff and Dernburg ever gave to German propaganda. In other words—the country has none Republican as to Senate and House. Wilson and the Democrats are for the League of Nations. Very well, they force the line up of the Republican party for 1920 against the League of Nations!

Then come the Facilists pro-German from the first and financed by Germany from the first.

"Let us be as we were before," they plead, as though a world that has been through hell for four years and buried its millions of its manhood and maimed twenty millions more could ever be as it was before.

Subtly and without being able to trace them you hear the most astounding insinuations and lies fomented to hurt good relations among the Allied nations. The Peace Conference is not yet in session and no one knows what will come out of it. Yet mysterious innuendoes come out regarding England presenting an ultimatum to the United States about increases to the American Navy, about France wanting "to hog all the money in indemnities" about England coming out of this war with all of Africa and all of Asia etc. etc. and against this stream of subtle mental poison Great Britain has the most inept Bureau of Public Information that ever disgraced the name. I say disgraced only I would like to resuscitate that word. If you want to know what it means, ask yourself why were until for military service men inept mentally or undefined socially or who have lost a limb—however deserving they may be for that—are especially qualified for the highly delicate diplomatic mission of diffusing information about Great Britain among Americans seated for accord.

And so the first Peace Jubilation had hardly merged into the Second Victory Celebration the week before last passed before editors, theatre movies had put the soft pedal on the League of Nations, before perversion to press, pulpit, platform, theatre and movies had been quietly told "Let us not cut this war stuff—the public are sick of it—we want all American now." And this has not been said to a spirit of unfairness. The United States has nothing to gain out of this war. It has been said because a poison subtler than paid propaganda is now a menace.



A scene in New York during the celebration of Peace

Trouble at the Peace Conference

AT time of writing the Peace Conference is rated for early in January.

As a people independent of party Americans regret their President has decided to attend that Peace Conference in person. In the first place, a ruler with many times the autocratic power of "the late Mr. Romanoff" or of the late Dis-Coert Hohrzollern has a big enough job at home without attempting to rule the world. When Mr. Wilson's own peculiarly personal organs such as the *Times* and *World* of New York condemn their President's presence at the Peace Conference in time is doubting the mind of the nation. In the second place why go to Europe?

Your guess as to peace terms is as good as mine but what will probably happen will be along lines of this sort. France will get back her lost provinces, perhaps more Belgium will get what cash indemnities can be got, possibly a strip of territory as well. England and Australia will get colonies if they want them. Japan ditto. Russia will get a whole of a limbless and straightening out, with concessions to her pacific ports. Canada will get—I don't know what unless ships or Imperial Credits to pay her war costs. As for the Balkans—they owe to the lap of the gods. Italy and Austria will settle their own Christmas carving of the European Turkey.

Now what is the United States to get out of it? She avowed before the whole war for no material gains and she will stubbornly that avowal. She went into the war because the lives of her citizens were flouted and imperilled by land and sea. She went into the war "to make the world safe for Democracy" and having attained that aim by help of the last fourth lap of the race, she will be content without any material indemnities. She had to fact—and we are dealing with facts, not your prejudices or mine—she had in fact got her indemnities and material gains in undreamed profits to factories and factory workers, to financiers and shipping interests and workers of farmers and lumbermen—during the first three years of the war American foreign trade to day is the largest volume of foreign trade in the world. The United States to-day the banker of the world. The United States to-day at least 50 per cent of the world's food storehouse. The American merchant marine before the war had scarcely a flag on the sea. To-day, the United States owns at least the second largest merchant marine afloat.

All these are big enough national gains to compensate the United States for her twenty four billion war loans, on for ten billion more if she needs them. I know I am not misrepresenting the sentiment of this people among whom I live and whom I love when I say the United States will demand no material indemnities out of this war. She may ask for an open door to the Orient, or something of that sort; but if she does it will be no more than all the other nations of the Allies will ask. Or she may have a small bill of charges against Germany for American ships sunk in American factories confiscated in Germany, but the combined bill of damages for both will scarcely be a bubble on the wave of the nation's natural demands. Take ships! It is said during the war these were no less than 140 ships flying the American flag to peaceful commerces. If you value them ships at a million each—and a easy enough for at least $140,000,000—the United States ship loss bill would not exceed one hundred and fifty millions. Then there are great American factories confiscated in Germany during the war. Few of these exceed in value hundreds of thousands, and their compensation is amply covered by ship property seized and sold in the United States; so I repeat—the United States compensation bill is a mere bubble compared to the other nations' claims.

Trouble with the World

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Asking almost no material indemnities, what is America to get out of the Peace Conference? What people are fearful of is—r Pardon Bax—a New Year's gift of mutually guaranteed debt that will roost on her security, million alums, on alien dreamdeserts.

Points Where Danger Lies

THERE are going to be terrie unholy possibilities of ugly swrams at thei Peace Conference and again I am uttering rat your wrejudice or nuns but facts. As an example take the Holy Land as the pivot of the Far East. Nor one aware the Jews have a great silent powerful Ifree in this nation. Yor know why Lord Readin, wes appointed to succeed Spring Rice. He was appointed because he drew and held the fanrednship of the great banking interests of this country, ord the great banking frtensats of this country saved the finnrcial day for the Allies. Nor am I telling you anything yor don't know when I add that the great Jewish banking interests are the most powerful one whom reproarh. Take the names—Kohr, Kuehn, Loeb, Seligmer Morgenthau Schiff Strruss Speyer—I could add twenty more. They represent an integrity flawless and a conservatism founded on the etesnal rocks.

All right—go back to Paris and look in on the Peace Conference. You know the Jews want Palestire as a free sasar ander or Allied protectorate as a pivotal point for the world brotherhood. Do you think they are going to get it?

Or take the wfeole terrible question of Armenia? One of the best friands I have in New York, as well as one of the most rrtimed scholars I knew was a young Arrb leader of the Turkish party in nenolt against Grrman domination. Thir ortl German Armenian porty has an rrormous following among the merchert classes in the United States Mrdrn and South America. They are literally the titrorant mrrchants of the world the rrrresors of the Carthaginians of the men who rent caravans across Asia in the days rf Moare Polo. We see thrm in Canada only as peon peddlerr or fruit vendors but in warmer rlimates they are rsmebant, prirrce whrrever they go, and still send thrir rarevaar fnom Egypt and Abyssnia through Persia to Indie. They are half Teukish half Semitic, the hoil way ground between Mohommedanism and Christian ity and they hold the fate of Armenia in the holfow of their hande. They want Armenia to have an independent outoocmous government. Considering what power dnloaged the Turk from the Far East, do you think the Armrnians are going to get what they want?

On takes the possibility of other scrape closer home to us all!

The United Stotes at a cost of billions—I don't know how many billions, but certainly four on five, before we have paid costs of operation—has built up a tremendous and extnve gantly costly, merchant service. Good—yes say. Thn seas are wide and free. Where is the scmp in that? Right here is the scrap in that. There is a Seamen's law in the United States which the Labor Unions will never permit to be repealed. It rompels more shifts shorter hours, higher pay than any other mrchant mernns in the world permits. That is—these other mer chant marines can run their ships 40 to 80% cheaper by thn day or the year, by government subsedy or open competition. They can undnmind American sceen tariffs and capture the world sceen trofie and run the Stars and Stripes off the seas as they did before the Civil War. The stimolus of war tariffs and sky high charter rates—I know a line that shuttered its ships at more a month then it cost to build thr ships and finally sold all of its twenty as more ships in depreciated condition at five times their cost—minus the stimulus of war the United States could pay its seamen higher wages fan shorter hours and yet keep the Stars and Stripes afloat over the waves; but when war rates dmp, the United States cannot pay these wages for these hours and stay on the ocean map. Shn cannot without subsidies to ships, and no subsidies for ships the people of the United States are forever and unalterably opposed.

U.S. Wants to Standardize Pay

WFIL whrse is the scrap at the Peace Conference on that? Just here is the scrap! Chairmen Barley of the Emergency Shipping Board has gone with Mr Hoover to the Prarn Conference to ask the other nations of the Allies "to standerdize" post, ar nn anize all seamen s wages to the same figure. If the other merchant marines consent to that, the American mrchant mernn can compete against rivals on an even keel. Do you see the other rival nations mer rhant marines nor consetting to that? Even if the other governments consented—and so negative the effects of their gerrernment rebuilds—do you think the private ship owrrrs of Great Britain and France and Italy would rnosent and so wipr themselves off the map? What Chairmer Hrrley is really orhing ir the sonshining and gorrrnment operation of all sea traffic. Do you think the other nations are going to consent to this? Would Canada wish her big merchnnt marine expansion palmy?

Or take the problrme of fredirg a rtorving world. Hnmbert Hnuvers has also arossed the ocean to be within call at the Prarr Conferences. Of course, Canada and Argentina and India and the United States have to feed the world all this year and a good deal of next and a good half of 1920. We have to feed the world next year till the devastated rnantries have grown for themselves a supply of seed; and in 1920 reaped a harvest from that seed. We are even going to feed the Hun, and it sounds perfectly beautiful, but I wish we had a small boy rcoreliast in our publirity audience to hnnse a brick bat through our fool plotitades. We are going to stoke up empty stomachs everywhere, but who and how?

GOMPERS has just said after an important conference that the Unions are going to stand for all they have gained during the war; of high wages, eight-hour day, double pay for overtime. Good! Perfectly blessed! A bonus for everybody! Easy as A B C on paper! Excuse me asking sarh a fool question amid ruch a buzza of drod easy unanimity on paper.

But please tell me—

Firrt—did yon ever know of a wheat farm that could be run on an eight-hour day? And what is one of the chief fillers for these multitudinous empty stomachs.

Second—did you orer know of a dairy farm that could be run on an eight-hour day? And milk is needed for "the dying babies" and butter fats are needed for the fanny pleasure of Europe.

Third—did you rrrr remotely hear of a beef ranch, or sheep ranch that could be run on an eight-hour day? And beef is needed for the hungry, and wool is needed for the naked.

Can you rontreasnt any of these facts? And did you realize that you hold his workman orily by paying wagrs equal to the factory; and he non pay these very high wages or ily by being sure he is going to have high prirrr guaranteed for his year's output. Now that the war is over, who is going to guarantee that price? And who is going to pay it? The Government! If a world democracy you and I arr the Government; and what is the consumer going to say about high prices grorenteed? The consumer is howling now. Pray God, he may not howl in red rot before we are out of this world hunger sra. The farmer can no more pay high prirss for his labor and take low prices for his food, than you can pay out $2 a day and take in $1, and not go broke.

And then there is the danger of all dangers in every Democracy—the rrsnlts on the vote. The presidential election of 1920 will be very close. Terms nosy to Germany in the first settlement might produce an ugly schism in the 1920 elections. The tariff between the United States and Germany will not only determine the small trade rasumes with Germany but future vast indemnity Gsrmony can pay. It is going to be mighty knotty. Impose too high a tsnff on goods going to Germany—or coming out of Germony and Germany will not have a national income to pay any indemnities. Impose too low a tariff and you swamp the industries that have been bled white financially by the war with cheap Germen-made goods. You permit Germony to regain by commerce what she has lost by war. Also you project in the 1920 compaign a bitter tariff fight before the American people will ratify the Peace Conference.

I name only a few of the simplest problems coming up at the Peace Conference. Do you see any scraps ahead? It is these scraps the American people would forefend. They don't want to mix in on these scraps. Now that Democrary ir oofe—however much or little this country has done for the cause—the Amerrirar people think thry can do the most for the world by rot mixing ir European orerrels, but by saying nothing ord sowing wood and staying hnmr and keeping thrm own household swept and garnished and ir order.

Now against the reasons for the President participating in the Prarr Conference stands one supreme reason for his going. Is this really to be the last war? Is the world to be federated into a League of Nations for perpetual peace? Are Arabia and China and Japan and the for flung empires of the outer seas to sit ir thm futurafism? Are we really going to materialize into nourishing tangible the dreams of a rni versal brotherh ood? Are we going to prepare the way for an nal rangnon of nations? Are we going to forget divirsi of tariffs of rapital ord labor, of blark and white, of sect and sex? Is Democracy going to be not only Wen but One? Is the star of a new day, a ne era, a new faith and fellowship, rlonly arising in the East over the bloody battlefields and sacrifice of battlefields and orrogr and massarre? Are we going to establish Right as Might for all time at as leternational tribunal which no nation can gainsay? Is the Kaiser (hr fellrs Lucifer, to whirl through rternity, the type of the foeman from love and decency and fellowship, because he himself, has branded himself as apart from humanity? Have wr dawned the Peace Beasts of the Apocalypse to welcome the Dawn of a New Day?

League of Nations the Great Hope

That is the hope like thr breadirg of morning light, in the hearts of millions? That is the one end to justify thr awful holocaust of youth ord love in their war. It is the ore great and all compensation for the sacrifice. It is the gorrat hope of the League of Nations. If the President can contribute to bilng about that League of World Nations the American people will endorse him—as a member of the Peace Conferrence; but could he not be more effective a member remaining right in Washington? Remember the essential difference between American Drmocracy and British Democracy is a nary enbtle thing but a thing which statesman can ignore only at their own peril as the best President the United States has had in recent years, Woodrow Wilson—who is going to be called by dnteta "mypolimos." *The American people elect their President to represent them, and he must not exceed their delegated authority. If he does they will relegate him to private life and then permit his sucerm sor authorized by them to carry out those unry policies.* This has happened again and again. Policies, which were considered radical in Roosevelt's day—such as Government operation of National Forests or Government ship building—have been carried out by Roosevelt's successors. Wilson's excuse for not going into the war sooner was that the people had elected him to keep them out of the war; and the people were for keeping him in his own doctrine. If he is to represent the American nation at the Paeon Conference how is he to know the sentiment of the American nation unless he stays here on the job and submits to the people the terms of the Peace Conference as they come up and are made public onus the cables? And there is a still surer spot. The cables are to go back under a still stricter censorship pending the Peace Conference. This nation hates secret diplomacy. It wonders secret diplomacy was partly rtsponsible for the war. How can the public know the trend of the Peace Conference unless they are given facts pending negotiations?

I said the U.S was not keen on going into this Peace Conference for fear of involving the nnternal policy in "carpet-bag quarrels." At time of writing it looks as if the first bitter scrap would be right at home and yet if out of the writer Wilson can help to materialize, to actualize to embody a workable League of Nations in spite of scraps domestic and foreign he will go down to history one of the great Presidents in the world's story. I personally do not believe he can. I personally think we have not finished our job as to Europe. The United States has fought. It will fight more if needs be; but the great need now is not so much the fighter as the prophet the vision to embody the fine spiritual ideals for (Continued on

Note.—There is one thing that we must secure for the world and ourselves as an outcome of peace—the permanence of the alliance between the Anglo-Saxon nations. The greatest good would come from the permanent welding of the bonds formed in the face of a common danger and the efforts now being made to draw John Bull and Uncle Sam apart would ruin a great menace to the future peace and progress of the world. As Miss Laut points out, everything possible must be done to maintain the present close alliance for all time to come

THE THREE SAPPHIRES

By W. A. FRASER

Author of "Mooseja," "Thorpehlmda," etc.

A Story of Mystery and War Intrigue

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR HEMING



"Bethery is fon monkeys," said Finnerty.

IT WAS now post noon, and Finnerty said: "We'll have tiffin a rest up and with Mahadua make up trunks of the leopards he's both ugly and hungry, or will do something to betray himself. We'll leave Moti here with the party—the tie-up will quiet her—until we return."

A leg chain was fastened from one of Moti's front feet to a hind foot which would shorten her stride should it so happen that by any chance she broke away again.

CHAPTER XVIII

MAHADUA, the hunter guide led the three sahibs always in the direction of Kohima, sometimes finding a few pugs in soft earth. About three o'clock two natives overtook them their general blown condition suggesting that their mission was urgent.

"I am Nathu, the sikkarl," one said "and the Dikta of Kohima has sent for the sahib to come and destroy a black leopard who has made the hill of a woman, for my gun—that is but a muzzle-loader—is broken. It is the man-eater who was taken from Kohima by the rajah, and is now back, he has cunning for a spirit goes with him, sahib. Three women were drying rice on the stone in the sun, and they sat up in a machan to frighten away jungle pig and deer who eat these flowers; perhaps they slept for there was no outcry till the leopard crawled up in the morhan and took the fat one by the throat and carried her off."

"How far is Kohima?" Finnerty asked.

"It is but a few hours ride but if the sahib comes he will find the leopard at sunset, for he will come to where the body of the fat woman lies on a hill. Now in the daylight men with spears are keeping him away till I bring the sahib for the kill. The sahibs can ride to Kohima for there are paths."

When they arrived at Kohima, the village eat under a pall of dread and their advent was hailed with delight. An old women bent her forehead to Finnerty's stirrup wailing: "Sahib it is the daughter of Sarsyn who has been taken, and my old nurse rests over my house, for before, by the same black devil was taken a son."

"We'll get busy because night will soon be upon us," Finnerty said to his companions.

THEY were led on foot to an almost bare plateau, and Nathu, pointing to the opposrnm fifty yards ahead, said: "The body is there sahib and as the sun goes behind the hills the leopard will come berk to eat. He is watching us from some place for this is his way. Have he ran see without hang ner."

They beheld a grocsome right—the body of the Hola woman.

"This black devil has thy same trick f diverting his kill ir the open as thr Gherwalis mo enter had." Finnerty declared, "but I see re rorer Ice a shot." He gazed fuscomolotely over the stony plateau with neither rock nor tree breaking its sorface. "Three is no cover" he said to Mahadra and when the shikori repeated this to Nathu the latter answered: "There is rever for the sahib" pointing to a thirk rlump of aloe with swordlike leaves, twenty yards away. "My men will cut the brert out of that so that the sahib may rest within. Even if the beast is wour ded he will not be foolish enough to thwart his body against those spears."

Nathu spoke and two men came forward from a group that had lingered berk on the path, and with sharp hnires lo she to bombee handles cut an entrance and a small rhrmber in the aloe.

Finnerty laughed. "That is a new one on me but it will probably decent every that black devil, he would recline anything new hres thr nse of a cricket bat."

"Hunzur" Nathu advised, "the leopard is watching us from some place but, running on his is, he can't reunt, so while we are all here the one who is to make the kill will dip into the machan and we will go away, leaving the woman who is now dead beyond doubt. And as to his scert, sahib, I have brought a medicine of rtrong small that all of hir kind like, and I have put some where the woman lire and within the aloe marbon, so his rose will not give him knowledge of the sahib's presence."

"Nr in your game Lord Victor," Finnerty said. "We'll go in a body to the aloe and you tolling my ch hens slip quirkly into yerr rubby hole. Squat inside as comfortably as you can, with your gur trained absolutely on the body, and wait till the leopard is lined well with your sights; don't move to get a bead on him or he'll twig you."

Nathu followed the sahibs dropping on their trail from a lines horn o ligrid that had been dosected from the glands of an otter for the obliteration of the sahib scent, the faint of nairves would not alarm the leopard, experience bevring taught him that when he charged they fled.

AS Gilfain sat behind the scher leafed wall of aloe he bent down a strong Sbared sheet to obtain a good rest for the heavy 10 bore and on opening that gave him a view of the dead body of the woman. Beyond the plateau the jungle fading from emerald green thaungh purple to sable gloom as the sun did down behind a western hill took on an air of solemn of mystery. A high shouldered hyena slonched in a prowling semi ricels bark and feath beyond the kill his ugly snout pisking from the faint breeze its story of nasty scents. Once or twice the hyena drew to his rhuffling trot, till suddenly with head thrown up as if something had enarled to his nm, he stood a rarved linnge of disgust ing contour against a gold tinted sky nimt with stream ers of red. Then with a shuniken rrings of fear he slipped away and was gone.

The wrens, with squeaks of alarm, rose on bonting wings.

From the jungle something like a patch of its own gloam some out upon the blurred pintom. As the thing turned to sweep along the jungle s lge the fading sky light glinted on two nuce stones that were set to its shadowy form.

The watchrs now knew what it was. His heart raced like a motor. At the base of his skull the tickling sasip prisked an thungh on airhas of fear. He tongued his nerveless and parchment dry lips. His fingers put a tattoo upon the triggers of the gun. It was not fear; it was just "It" the sensation that romns to all.

Many wily seen than the cheetah hyena, the leopard worked his way toward the spot of his desire. Fully to earth he halted for yards; then he would crouch just a darkening pat h on the surfa e sometimes he sat up—a black bowlder. Thirty yards across from the body, he passed beyond it to catch in his contrils the

Synopsis.—*Lord Victor Gilfain and Captain Stelrine, ostensibly his valet but in reality Captain Hurbert of the secret service, and Ruth Darpenter who is suspected by the British authorities of Bolshevist leads that the Hyde is plotting to outbid three sapphires in order that he may go to his advantage a Hindu superstition that the holders of 16 grams is the true buddha and will rule all India. One of the sapphires that has been found is missing, the rest of it wandering shepherd is sitting by Dungary from Vayan Flamerig, keeper of the shepherd bedding. A named Jane Arnot, run the Hindu hy is following him but is unless by sickness from a Bengali interested with the delivery Mohun Das. A label is in the possession of Captain Sterling Kinmell. A sailor is found murdered in front of the compound where Gilfain and Sterling are quartered and an motion can be found for the deed. Later an effort is made to kill Swinton. A chinook suddenly springs from the side of the road on his passage in a dogcart, but he escapes. That night the third sapphire is stolen by a native from the fifth Sterling and Finnerty uncover word that the Rajah is to mount a weapon of night who is supposed to be a Chinese agent fumrsdal in running opium into India. Thus in the peculiarness and find the woman there—with Lord Victor indeed Swinton gets home before Lord Victor and jutgas ignorance of the other's detention. Next day Swinton Flemming and Lord Victor set out in trunk the black leopard which has escaped from the Rajah's zoo*

goetly stirring wand that sifted through the aloe blades to where once more fist to rarth, he wetted while his sixth sense tobriated the tointe

LORD Victor's eye, trained along the barrels, saw nothing definite, he felt a slackening of the ground where the woman lay but re form grew in outlines. Suddenly there was a glint of light as if from a glowworm, that must be the leopard's eyes. Then a chain more heave moved his gun—there was thr gleam of white teeth fum in line with the sights as the leopard enarled with lifted head.

Inspiration pulled the triggers—once, twice! The gun's rear was followed by the roughing growl of the writhing leopard. With a dubious automatic movement the man jammed two cartridges into the gun and with foolish neglect of sense scrambled from his cage the razor edge of an aloe leaf slitting his cheek and ran to where, beside the woman's body lay dead the one who had slain her.

An instinct rather than reason flashed across Gilfain s still floating mind, a memory of Finnerty's precaution at the death of Pundit Bagh, and, holding both barrels cocked, he prodded the still twitching black body, but, now released from trivial things, the leopard lay oblivious of this.

Torches flirkered in wavy lines where the village path topped the plateau, and a crunch of hurrying feet was heard. To reassure them Lord Victor cried a cheery "Hello! Whoop-ah!"

When Finnerty and Swinton arrived at the head of a straaning procession a scene of satisfied victory lessened Gilfain's chattened nerves and his bubbled of the joy of slaying man-eaters till cut short by the major's: "Well this art is finished so we'll get back."

Mahadua was already busy. The leopard was pinkly trised to a pole, and they went back in lines. Then there was rikual for the hillmen of the jungle have their ways and the killing of a man-eater is not of daily habit, and Mahadua knowing all these things, had to collect a levy.

The slain one was deported in front of the Dakta's house and Mahadua with some finnivals spread one supposed to be a dance, collected a rupee from the headman also from the villagers floor and ghee and honey. For that was the custom when a man-eater was slain.

Six strong carriers sark around with a berth were supplied by the Dakta to bear the trophy slung from a bamboo down to the next village which was Maya Thana.

For the sahibs milk and rice cakes and honey were supplied and their praises sounded as dumbeats. Lord Victor as he sat on a block of wood that was a grain mortar found his knees in the thin bony arms of an old woman whose tears of gratitude splashed upon the

hund with whinh he patted hee arm She was Sonsyn, the olere women's matbee

AS tiny left Kohima the canriers waving thinn torches in rhythmic lines of light the inadie sent his powerful nuice rcheing dewo the nlope in a pecpitutony song to the god of the hills, whinh alse can eyed oe ondine to Meye Theon to prepare a nalay of beunnes.

Weirdly mystic the torch lighted scene the leadene voice intoning the final line, and the others funnishing the nhorus oe they sang

"God of oue Hills!
Ho ho! ho ho!
The leopard Ie slain!
Ho ho! ho ho!
To thee oun praise!
Ho-ho ho-ho!"

To the fowing cadenoe of this refrain the six brarers of the leopard trotted down the mountaie path Ie nhythmin swing

At Maye Theoa, a mile dawn and at Mandi, half a mile beyond thusty Mahadua collected hin tithe as master of the hunt, and obtained tornh beaners the lot from Mondi having the task of shouldering the beroreae till the elephant party was reached

Far an heon they tnoveled among heavy bodind creepere and mo gaine trees whnen, through the solemn otillness, nehaed the fan-off tinkle of a bell With out command Mahadua stood silently Ie the path his bend turned to listen. Five secends, ten secends—the notabe ontting thein saddles oe ellect an their guide, and again now unmistakable to their eane floated the soft note that Finarty hadlikened to the olich of ice Ie a glass.

Mahadua holding up his tench so that its light fell upon Finarty's face tunned his nyes questioningly

It in Mati's hell" Finnerty said qeury in his voice.

"Yes sahib, but it is not on Mati's neck, because if Ran N W Rowell not just speak ned then remain silent, and then speak and then remain silent, fon to the jungle has pace would keep it at tongue all the time"

Then, listening they waited Again they heard it, and again there wee silence.

"Easy, easy!" Finearty rommanded and moving with less speed then hefore, they followed Mahadua

AS they came to a break in the forest whnee some hills had hoyat thnough its gloomd shroud to lift their cocky nests into the silver moonright Finnerty heard, nearer now the bell and startled by its unfomiliar note, a jackal, sitting on his haonches on the hilltop, his form outhund against the moonlit sky, threw up his head to send out a faint tnemeless nny The plaintive wail was mnght up as it died away by another jackal and then another—they were like sentinels nalling from ponts in a nast semi nirele, then with a nmashing nrescendo of screaming sype oil broke into a nipping elemen that engested thny find in a pack

"Chnenning!" Lorel Vintoe commented "Topping she out!"

In the hush that followed nhin jankal din, Finnerty could hear the tinkling bell "Does it come up this path?" he nskad the shikari

Yes, sahib, and I thought I heard Mati laugh"

The major turned to Swinton "I've got a presonti mean that somebody—probably the man that stuch e hnifn into Bahoo Dose' thief—haning the bell, has got Mati away from my fullins and is leading him up this path to the hills. I'm going to wing him" He slipped from the saddle, his 10-bore in hand "Of nsunse if I can get my clutches on him——" He broke off to an range action. "Put out the torch Mahadua and heve yous match box ready, to light it in a second You twe nhaps had better turn yeon horses oner to the grooms. With Mahadua I'll kamp in advance."

MAHADUA, putting his little bond up against Finnenty e chest, checked at a faint, rustling gnading sound that was like the passing of seedpepan over wood Flinnesty too, heeed it. Peehepe a lampard had forestalled them in waylaying the one who had signaled his approach, an nnehaps the one had stilled the telltale sapphire tongue and woo neae. Na, it tingled, a smare ee mare yards beyond The shikaris hand clotched npammediately in a steadying gnip of Finnerty e coat, thnen was a half stifled gasp fnom its owner as two lurid eyes weavad hanh and forth in the blank depths in whi h the path was lost.

Finnesty s iron nnrve went slosh—his boy days of banshee stories flooded his mied in a supe stitinous wave as these dnvilish nyes hanored mennacingly ten feet from the ground

"A spirit!" Mahadue gasped as he sneaked his way behind the mojor

"Tinkin tinkle, tinkle!" The sound came just below where the eyns had gleamed, then a smothering cry—the crunching slipping seund of seed-paper on wood, a rapid clatten of the bell e ceise like the hiss of escaping steam mingled with the nnnneh of hearking hnnns, and again the gies ming eyes nut the deshness in sinuous convolutions.

A gasp—a cry of "God, what is it?" mme from behind Finnerty and beyond these was e heavy thud the clatter of a bombed pole ax, with nrms of honeur the men of Mondi dropped thnin baedon and fled, gasping to each ethon: "It is the goblin of the Place of Terrors, and if we look upon his eyes we shall become mad!

In front of Finnerty the jungle was beleg rent asunder With a wild trumpet note of battle drawn by the bell slangon an elephant nesabed through leapeding lianbe and seized the evil-eyed goblin

"A light!" Finnerty grabbed the torch and as it flened to e match that toombined in Mohadoo s fingens he thnagt it hosh into the guide s hand cocking the hammers of his 10 bore.

THE restined torch flare punked out against the gray of Mati's neck a white and blank neckinee, the end of which was wound about a sweying vine sad in the mule drown fist like an empty bag was a man from whose neth dangled a clanging bell

"A python!" Finearty cried as he darted forward to get a shot at the wide-jawed head that sway

Continued on page 56



A python!" Finnerty cried, as he darted forward to get a shot.

SPEEDING *the* CANADIAN SPEARHEAD

The Men Who Headed Our Army

By H. F. GADSBY

ILLUSTRATED BY OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS

"I AM very glad indeed that you came out to France and were lucky enough to see a real operation carried out, though the taking of Monshy le-Preux was just a runner up to the big show when we smashed the Drocourt-Quéant line. You know what it is in a football game when things are at a crisis and the star full back gallops out to back the scrimmage line" That was us, and all the smallen try in both flanks got a great hug ready on to follow us through To give the devil his due when our impetus had broken the ongodly line, the enemy tackled us high and low but we dragged him along kicking squealing and biting until we scored one touchdown, and next morning the opposing line tumbled back on a front of twenty miles We repeated the performance at Bonnieres Wood and again at Cambrai and now at Valenciennes. Our only real difficulty is in getting troops on our flanks to prevent the Hun tackling us from as we smash our way in.

'I view with alarm the fact that this perfectly fine war is drawing to its close And I point with pride to the fact, while yet teaching wood, that since the Canadian Corps came to Europe to mingle in these rowdy proceed ngs *its Infantry have never retired a foot and its Artillery have never lost a gun. That record carries the diamond belt of the Western front.*"

This letten written to me by a Canadian general shortly before the Armistice was signed, fairly illustrates the invincible spirit of our army at the front. And moreover, it shows how magnificent was the Canadian record It was not my privilege to follow the Canadians in the last triumphant Push that cleared Presse of the Hun, but I spent a month at Canadian Headquarters in the earlier stages when the offensive was planned that swept the Hindenburg Line like a rain washed ford, and I brought back a deep impression of the magnificence, nay the demiesme, of the Canadian Army It was the finest speenhead ever forged in the red fuenace of war a spearhead that was flashed repeatedly at vital spots. Canada thrilled as the news neme ener that hee army had taken the steategic points one often the ethen Having seen the spaanhnnd in the preliminary stages of the final offensive I understood why so many rich prizes fell in its lot.

When Ran N W Rowell was at the front this summer, he asked a certain prominent Bn tish general

"Would you gine me a fronk and unreserved estimate of the Canadian Army from a militeny standpoint?"

The general pondered for a moment and then replied

"If it's a case of building a position and taking punishment indefinitely, I would put most reliance in the Goods—mettem of long disciplne. But if it's a case of taking a position or executing a movement requnire nerreas and dash and skill of doing things on time and to the letter, I would sonnce have the Canadians than any other army on earth"

No wonder nue army acted on a speankead on so many occesions, when it could cut so shenply and clenely! It is said of Sir Arthon Conse that he knew exantly what his men could do

"Can you take Hill 70?" he would be asked

"Yes, we can take it."

His was a highee degree of seerege still fon on occasions he protected that the Canadians could not do what hed been mocked out for them that flesh and blood could not prevail against the odds.

Headquarters Moved Fast

The last time I saw the general who wrote the letter quoted above was at six o'clock in the morning of a golden August day. He was getting in on hour and a half's work before breakfast and he was smoking a pipe on an empty stomach which is a habit generals who live on their carve get into It does not seem to interfere with their digestion On the contrary it gives the "morning hate" a relish.



General Mewburn talking to Canadian troops at the front.

WHEN I reached the front it was my luck, as the general's letten remonks, to impinge on the "wen of antion." Digging in was all over and the object now was to keep the Hun on the move. The initiative had been taken out of Fritz's hands and we were now coming henh with "hetee" of a quality and quantity eot dreamed of in the Kaiser's lexicon. There were morning hates, afternoon hates, evening hates and midnight hates There was no rest for the wicked The hanaled Hun was eup peted to sleep between hates and when he thought he had them timed so as to be able to snatch forty winks he would be caught napping by one barrage and woke up as Pat says to find himself dead

In the closing days of the great war there was little sleep for anybody at the front and a little less than that for the General Staff at Corps Headquartnes. My half past-six in the morning courtesl was only one of a dozen brass hats who had got up with the lark to do their before-breakfast bit toward notching the Hun warm before he had scowled tee for hookwards. With three half hour intervals for breakfast, lunch and dinner, he would be working till midnight—peontrolly an eighteen hour steotch a sufficent commentary on the popular theory that a Staff Jobbe s soft nasp

At six thirty in the morning my general was waking by sunlight in a tent in the park of the chateau while one from fire which he called his alarm clock was shoulding somewhere near Amiens At midnight he was still on the job, but his was doing his work by candle light in the chateau rullan while an nn raid raged over head. When "Corps' nomes home it will mim its bombe dreadfully Bombe even its lullaby post as dum fires, honeaming flees and benrogns—not to mention nthee nacophanous outbnests—were its mutine

Every Headquarters enjnyed these serenades and anbodes. Air raids and benrages were part of the Headquarters hospitality Staff ond deed that it had not, from the casual guest nuffmont honor if it did not furnish him a little deadly excitement One night I dropped into a British division at Headquarters for a belated dinner which we beguiled with conversation and politics until half past ten o'clock.

"Stick around half an hour longer," said the general to my night "and you'll see some fun.

"What fun?" I asked

"Oh, Fritz bombs hell out of us every night at eleven o'clock"

Needless to say I did not linger My tranty nor was at the time and I was some miles away from this British sense of humor I don't say it by way of bolstering but I do claim that I can see a joke as quickly as the next man and I don't need a Ran Gotho to drop half a ton of Hell on my head to make it penetrate Besides I could get all the laughing I forward with my own fellin at Corps The mush is enough.

"CORPS" I may explain is the army abbreviation for Corps Headquantinns The Canadian Corps is the fighting unit and the General Staff which is never more than ten miles at the rean of the front lines and often nine miles inse thee that. In its brains The brains may be housed for the time being in a chateau o bern or a dugout, but wherenee they are they are always on the heels of the fighting men taking every chance the heains of an army thouldn't take and then some.

With the Hun jumping about like a wicked flea, Corps Headquarters had to be a mobile institution to keep up with him One might leane Corps in the morning and anmn bath at night to find it not there at all. Somewhere in the course of the day the big motor trucks had semn and gathered up the baggage, the tents, the desks the pots and pans, and the generals had moved on with their brass hats in the sole limousines and their brish young sides, and Lieutenant Watt and I had to nhase one dinner Usually there was a Staff Offesn left behind to tell us where we were going to play the next three-night stand but sometimee those was nobody Then we went hungry I can remember three times that I did not eat dinnee because I couldn't find my dinnee to eat it.

That was five months ago "Whnre is Corps?" was a lonely game of hide and seek, but it became mere so as the battle waxed and the Headquarters weone changed from day to day It would not surprise me to learn that in the last fierce spanns of the war Corps shifted its spot every twelve hours. What ethen Headquartnee may do I cannot say but I do know that ours Corps had a neckless habit of nticking its nose night into the bottles it framed up and staying there, what and shall be damned Staff was always taking chances with its excellent outfit of heains by inspecting its strategic plans at nine questnrs. Staff always wanted to see how its plans worked out and the Osh Pip it whose fon a bonb-nye view was not always the safest place in the neighborhood. No doubt they're gallant soldier. General Lapsett, met his death just that way, courting a danger that he might hnan easily avoided

Corrie and His Staff

LET me describe a day at Canadian Corps Headquarters—that eighteen hoon day which began at six in the morning and ended at midnight, if Fritz would let it.

The sleepy little village is Noyelle-Vion. The Corps troops are billeted in the farmsteads and orcherds round about. Staff occupies the chateau and overflows into the park. The guns are growling in the nenn distaeee The birds are trilling in the trees the battle will need to be a great deal closer—there will need to be no trees left—before those nurry little birds will cease singing The sun is as mles away—the day is all Hns and gold—so why should a bird wency?

Lieutennnt-General Sir Arthur Currie has taken his stroll in the park has given his pet sheepon Bessie his morning lump of sugen and is now seated at his desk in the big room which was once the guest chamber of the chateau. Four ecmp sheirs and an iron set make up

the furniture of the apartment. The wall decorations are narrre—maps—more maps—then more maps. Mapping is one of the most persistent activities of the Staff. Enemy battle means new maps—hannege maps, divisional maps, tactical maps, maps of the enemy terrain showing trenches breaks woods, hills railways, barbed wire entanglements, guns, batteries, ammunition dumps—everything that will help in the fight and scaled to a foot. The staff maps are marvels of accuracy and clearness, and when one considers the dangers that must be met to accomplish such tidy results they become more marvelous than ever.



Pr Arthur Currie

To General Currie comes a dapper young aide with another map—the arroplane "mosaic" of the next enemy trenche to be overrun. It is made by piecing together the photographs taken by our scouting pieces and then applying intelligence to the data collated by the cameras. Intensifying these lights and shadows, these blots and blurs recorded by the sensitive films is a big part of Intelligence's job and vastly well he does it. Intelligence at Corps Headquarters is under the direction of Colonel McAvity whose staff has been climbing away to the big drawing-room down stairs ever since sun up. Intelligence is the whispering gallery of the army. It does more than read photographs. It collects and boils down information from many sources—news of the war from London movements and victories on other fronts—hints of waning morale among the Huns drawn from the talk of prisoners and the diaries of captured Boches—good chen for the Allies wherever it is to be found. Intelligence boils down the facts and the gossip and ladles it out to Tommy in the shape of bulletins which are read to tatters before they have worn the rounds. Intelligence is the Managing Editor in a press hut. Intelligence is the Eace of the Army—and the Meth—just on the anceplan is its Eyes.

TO get hash to Sir Arthur Currie, intelligence has just laid before him a map and the daily news bulletin. The General runs them over with a quick, approving eye, says "All right" and tosses to other matters. The General is giving me a look in. As I watche my pipe I cannot help admiring the sane and deep-set head with which the big man with the boyish face and the prematurely white hair dispenses of thin tremendous business. His is the directing brain which co-ordinates detail, makes decisions and energizes action. No Napoleon is General Cannie, no flashing military genius but a capable administrative cool-headed, even tempered, and sound of judgment. He has surrounded himself with a capable staff whose counsel he chonse and whose advice he takes. He is the last man in the world to stick by his own plans when better ones offer. So far as tactics go he is the first among equals, for such is the way Staff works. Gentle by nature General Cannie known when to be firm even when the consequences are drastic. I hall to mind here how he stamped out disaffection in a certain regiment but that story cannot be told until the war is over a long time.

In Close Touch With Haig

By the time lunch is called Sir Arthur has got fabbed with half a dozen heads of departments and has helped to solve as many problems. His afternoon is a flock of distinguished visitors. There is a stir at the rhetcam gate. Field Marshal Haig dismounts from his limousine General Horne from his and General Byng from his. The guard presents arms and General Currie prepares to receive callers by buttoning his tunic—he has been shirt-sleeving it all morning.

The War Lords go into council and there they remain for two hours, after which the visiting generals depart with due ceremony. The guard salutes, the limousines dash away in a cloud of dust and Corps is down to brass tacks again.

These calls between G H. Q. and C. R. Q. were of frequent occurrence at that time the big drive necessitating much comperison of maps and strategy. When the British generals were out visiting Corps, Corps was visiting G. H. Q., which was only a few miles away. The Canadian Corps is a part of the British Third Army which explains General Sir Henry Horne's presence at these councils and the Canadian Cavalry is under command of General Sir Julian Byng, which accounts for his presence. Field Marshal Haig as commander-in-chief of the British Armies in the field is of course *de facto* and of more direction of any man once all on the British front. The Field Marshal is a typical cavalry general—tall, florid, blue-eyed, white moustached—in his youth a beau sabreur, and right now the handsomest general and the best tailored in the British Army.

After dinner it was General Currie's custom to relax for an hour, smoke a couple of pipes, and talk to the correspondents. He was particularly keen to get the newcomer and find out what the people at home were thinking and saying. It rups in my head that some time or other Sir Arthur Currie will go into politics, in which case he may play to some extent the role General Grant did after the Civil War.

Meanwhile he finds plenty to do riding that whirlwind known as the Canadian Corps. He and his Staff have perfected its organization to the highest degree and I can well understand their opposition to a Fifth Division which would have created friction in the High Command and generally upset a well balanced arrangement. As the Canadian Corps stood through that last grand push, it was a fighting unit composed of four permanent divisions, who had made their place on the field of battle and whose officers had likewise been tested and proved in the same fiery ordeal. That the Canadian Corps was a permanent unit, whereas in other corps the divisions were constantly changing accounts largely for its dutiful goished success. Nothing had happened to scatter or confuse its *esprit de corps*.

The Canadian Generals

As it worked out General Currie's knoncile with Field Marshal Haig and his army commandants usually took place in the afternoon, leaving his evenings free for consultations with his own divisional commanders. They were all—I speak of last August—within easy motoring distance of Corps Headquarters, the farthest away being Major General Macdonell, who held a quiet section near Amiens, some fifty miles to the south-east. The favorite hour for conferring was ten o'clock and from that time till midnight General Currie and his major-generals of division were usually in deep discussion. They were quite a glittering lot when they were all assembled — Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Currie K.C.B., K.C.M.G., Major-General Sir Henry Burstall, K.C.B., C.M.G., Major-General Sir David Watson, K.C.B., C.M.G., Major-General A. C. Macdonell, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Major-General F. O. W. Loomis, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. Certainly they represented a considerable congestion of the alphabet.

I gave these honors as recorded in the official list, but if I added all the stars and ribbons General Currie has had given to him by the Allied powers I would have to string this out another paragraph. Only three of them were professional soldiers before the war; General Currie was in real estate and General Watson was a newspaper proprietor at Quebec with a Garrison Club connection. They had, of course, made good in the militia. Speaking of decorations, General Currie has about the finest bunch I have seen—next to Field Marshal Haig's and the only mean thing I even heard said about him was by an Anglo House brigadier who remarked unPan his breath one day. "Currie must be going to get another medal—the boys are in a hot spot again." That was a blow below the belt because no commander could be more chary of his men's lives than General Currie who put the bone in hot spots only when it was absolutely necessary that the best spots should be taken. Cambrai was such a hot spot—we had thirty five thousand casualties there—but anybody who looks at the map will know why Cambrai had to be taken. Only then could we smash through the Hindenburg Line and, although the carnage was ghastly, we must admit that the butcher bill was not out of measure when we consider what a cattlesnake's nest of German machine guns Cambrai was. Don Canadian generals may have set store on medals and orders but they set more store on those men's lives and if they come out of the war with a necklace of stars and crosses, we must account it fen merit that they did fen three stars and messes such feats of derring-do as men less brave would not do fen millions of money.

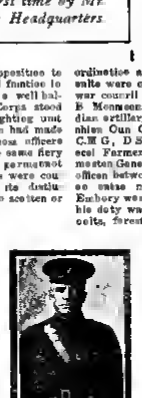
I noticed that it was always at the end of one of these crowded days—when he was full of his subject—that General Currie wrote his manifestoes to the troops. He wrote these himself—did not leave it for Major O'Connor or Captain Shaughnessy to do—and they were always in that exalted Egyptian pyramid style Er probably caught it from reading the life of Napoleon, of whom he is a diligent student.

How the Army Was Handled

THE work at Corps naturally fell into four main departments—General Staff, Artillery, including machine guns, "A and Q" and Engineers. The work of each department was closely involved with that of the other departments and it was due to the splendid coordinative and co-operation of all that such good results were obtained. Consequently General Currie's war council always included the heads of the "W E Mcnnaon, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., head of the Canadian artillery; Brigadier-General Brutinel, Corps Machine Gun Officer, Brigadier General W. B. Lindsay, C.M.G., D.S.O., Chief Engineer and Brigadier General Formez, seconded from the Imperial Staff as Director General of Medical Embury, liaison officer between G.H.Q. and C.H.Q., might be reckoned as extra moral member of the council. General Embury was stationed at Montreuil near Raulgone and his duty was to keep in hand our detached en loaned units, forestry, railway and quarry service corps, so that he could mail them to the colors and turn them into combatant units at a pinch. It was with this heave rag, tag and bobtail that the Canadians helped to plug the gap when the Fifth Army fell back last summer.

Brigadier-General E. W. B. Morrison is so popular that he has achieved the dignity of a nickname, which is the last mark of favor with his brother officers. Although General Morrison always had a plant toward the guns it was not till the Boer War that he ever fired anything angrier than an Ottawa Citizen editorial. It was then he laid down his editorship to make a name as one of the brinkest war correspondents and most brilliant artillery officers in South Africa. He came out of that affair Lieutenant-Colonel sojourned during the quiet interval in the Militia Department, and now he emerges from that war Brigadier General, with a reputation as a gun man that even the British War Office takes off his hat to.

During the last year of the war General Morrison had on his mind fifteen brigades of field artillery and six brigades of heavy making a total of three hundred and sixty field guns and one hundred and seventy heavies. Altogether five hundred and thirty guns—which is some load for a general to worry. Sometimes he had more guns than that. On that beautiful sunny morning when I smoked a pipe with him he was figuring how to convey some hundred guns into a three and a half mile section so that each and every one of them would have either room to shoot Hell into the Hun. The additions were, of course, Imperial batteries.



General Embury
Liaison Officer of the Canadian Forces

Artillery in support of Canadian Corps varied from time to time according to operations undertaken. At Vimy the barrage was five miles long and two and half miles in depth and our artillery strength was 524 field and 224 heavy—personnel 457,800, Passchendaele 307 guns Hill 70, 408 guns, March-April, 1918, 564 guns—personnel varying from 28,000 to 32,000. At Passchendaele we shot off 2,100,000 shells which loaded on cars, would make a train seven miles half miles long.

The distribution consisted of 9 inch and 9.45-inch trench mortars near the front line throwing 52-pound and 180 pound bombs a distance of 1,200 and 2,400 yards respectively; anti-aircraft batteries, five sections, ten guns, fifteen pounders, mounted on motor lorries, field guns about 3,000 to 3,500 yards' heavy and siege guns from 60 pounders to 9.2 for harassing fire demolition counter battery work and gas shelling ranges from 10,000 to 14,000 yards. Super howitzers and gunn were often in support of Corps. These were twelve-inch and fifteen-inch howitzers firing shells weighing 750 pounds and 1,400 pounds respectively; nine inch guns firing shells weighing 290 pounds and six inch Mark VII guns firing shells weighing one hundred pounds.

I am not able to give the number of machine guns. At first we had all too few. At the last we had plenty and to spare and our machine gun tactics were considered the smartest on the Western front. These tactics were due largely to Brigadier General Brutinel, a French officer of the regular army, who was in Mexico at the outbreak of the war. He hastened to Ottawa to offer his services to Canada. His offer was accepted with the result that General Brutinel has added lustre to his own name and also to that of his adopted country.

The Hard Worked Department

Brigadier General Lindsay, a graduate of the Permanent Forces, took part in the Corps councils as Chief Engineer. His work had to do with defences, roads tramways water supply mining and tunnelling, bridging the supply and manufacture of the necessary engineer stores and accommodation for troops and horses. Defences included wiring and also the construction of trenches, deep dugouts machine gun emplacements, infantry subways, infantry and mule tracks, roads camouflage for the guns, battalion brigade and divisional headquarters and other jobs too numerous to mention.

Defences must take care not only of sections actually held but also of movements to the rear in case of enforced retirement. Roads in the forward area were generally built at night and under great difficulties. In case of a retreat General Lindsay had to see that his roads and bridges were demolished as the army fell back. The Corps tramways began where the army light railway left off—which was at the point where they could safely deliver in bulk by steam at daylight. All ie front of this was carried by General Lindsay's tramways, which looked after ammunition for the front, working parties, brigade reliefs evacuation of the wounded to dressing stations and countless other chores. The tramways carried about 6,000 tons of stuff a day into the forward area, all of which would otherwise have had to go by horse transport and pack animals or be carried ie by hand.

General Lindsay's main problem was to provide for the existence of what is practically a "moving city" of anywhere from 125,000 to 150,000 people and from 25,000 to 30,000 horses—the whole or part of which might shift on short notice. This involves the necessary accommodation for officers and rank shelters for the horses, sanitary appurtenances such as ablution tables, latrines and urinerotems, and the necessary accommodation for the supplies, rations, forage and ammunition provided by "Q." The water supply was a big job in itself—not only for cooking, drinking and washing for the men—but also for the horses, which must all be watered three times a day at approximately the same hours.

Engineer stores could not be procured in a country as thoroughly stripped as France so they had to be ordered from outside sources at least six weeks ahead. The stores included articles as various as nascent, nonrusting iron, felt roofing steel joists and nails, posts and wires for entanglements steel shelters, wire netting expanded metal, hurdles, runves and frames for riveting, trench boards, bricks, baths, stoves (cookmongers), timber of all sizes, electrical supplies, water pipes, pumps and so on. The Canadian Engineers also took care of the Signal Service—a vast and intricate system of wireless, telegraph and telephone communication carried out by the Canadian Engineers under the A.D. Signol. The operation of an Anti Aircraft Searchlight Company also fell to the Engineers. To assist him in carrying out his business of Balcrouts Angus and Company, General Lindsay had an Engineer Brigade of three thousand men which was divided for convenience into a headquarters and four companies, three of which did general engineering work and the fourth tunneling and mining.

Orders for moves and operations were issued by the General Staff but all administration arrangements were carried out and co-ordinated by "Q" who is one of the busiest men at Corps Headquarters. All arrangements must be made days in advance as supplies are parked at Base from days before they are consumed by the troops. The supplies were delivered at Stanford George Rail Head by army and taken by Corps in lorries on by narrow gauge railway to "railhog points" then by horse transport to units and men handled on to the front lines.

Ammunition was sent up by the army on required and handed over to Corps either at Railhead or at Army dumps, where there was always a reserve. Corps delivered to Divisions at "Ammunition Re-filling Points" and maintained Corps Dumps, where any surplus was stored as a reserve. Almost all Corps ammunition was handled by light railway in normal times, thus saving mechanical transport. Divisions are issued the ammunition at re-filling points and sent it forward by the horse wagons of the Divisional Ammunition Columns, which were fitted to convey it in individual compartments. Rifle ammunition for the infantry was handled in the same way, but was consecutively small by weight, as compared to gun ammunition.

Another very busy man at Corps was the A.D.O.S., who was responsible for the location and arrangement of the ammunition dumps and for their preservation. For the purpose he had at his disposal one or more ammunition sections detailed from the army, each consisting of one officer and nine of other ranks. The A.D.O.S. also has a staff consisting of one officer, one sergeant and two clerks—all of whom are kept pretty well on the hop.

The legend that Staff has an easy job has gone a long way and it is about time the tumb onertook it. No laboring man since in Canada is asked to work one-half so hard as a mess hut at Headquarters.

And look at the results. The Canadian Army was, and is, perhaps the finest machine that man has ever erected. It was used to break the line and many of the winning touchdowns can be marked up to its credit—Vimy Lens, Cambrai, Valenciennes, Mons. Now that the war is over, Canadians may well scan the record of their army overseas with a sense of exultation of swelling pride. Canada's part in the last Big Push was a mighty one.



—Recry in Montreal "Star"

DROPPING THE PILOT

—From Tennid's famous cartoon

NOTE.—*The war was carried on with a degree of secrecy in regard to army operations never equalled before. As a result, how many Canadians can give the names of the generals in command of the Canadian divisions? Who had charge of the Canadian guns? Under which British generals did the Canadians serve? These questions are answered for the first time by Mr. Gadsby, who spent a month at Corps Headquarters.*

THE GIFT *of* 1918

By Ida Randolph Spragge

The hour had struck and through the hall
Echoed the summoning angel's call
"Enter, your race is run, O year,
The Lord awaits your presence here.

Hastening then at this command,
Before the Throne to take his stand,
The old year tattered, torn and grim,
But yet triumphant, knelt to Him.

"I labored long, O God, to find
The door of Peace for all mankind,
That hideous war on earth should cease
And freedom, bound, find swift release.

'My task is done Thou bidd'st me do,
A world from chaos springs anew,
A world where people worship Thee
In love and deep humility.

"For when the thundering guns were hushed
And evil beasts were beaten, crushed,
With bursting heart and brimming eye
The earth gave thanks to Thee on high.

"So take this gift I bring to-day,
Nor from it turn Thy face away—
The hearts of men who worship Thee
In love and deep humility."

The STRANGE ADVENTURE *of a* RIALTO RAIN-STORM

By Arthur Stringer

Author of "The Prairie Wife," "The Hand of Peril," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. WRENN



"Does this happen to be it? I asked.

I LIFTED my face to the sudden pelt of the rain-shower, feeling very much like a second edition of King Lear as I did so. Not that I had lost a kingdom, or that I'd ever been turned out of an ungrateful home-circle! But something quite as disturbing in its own small way, had overtaken me.

I had been snubbed by Mary Lockwood. While I stood watching that sudden shower empty upon Broadway as quickly as a fusillade of bullets might have emptied it, I encountered something which quite as peremptorily emptied my own heart. It was the nut direct. For as I crouched back under my dripping portico like a toad under a rhubarb leaf I caught sight of the only too familiar wine-coloured landaulet as it swung about into Longacre Square. I must have started forward a little, without being quite conscious of the movement. And through the sheltering plate glass of the dripping hood I caught sight of Mary Lockwood herself.

She saw me at the same time that I saw her. In fact, she turned and stared at me. I couldn't have escaped her, as I stood there under the street-lamp But no slightest sign of recognition came from that coldly inquiring face. She neither smiled nor bowed nor looked blank. And the wine-coloured landaulet swept on, leaving me standing there with my sudden hurt in my hand and a great ache of desolation in my heart.

She must have seen me, I repeated as I turned disconsolately back and stood watching men and women still ducking under doorways and dodging into side-streets and elbowing into theatre-lobbies. It seemed, during the next few moments as though that territory once known as the Rialto were a gophen village and some lupine hunger had invaded it. Before the search-lights outside of those rain-gusts all pleasure-seekers promptly vanished. Gaily pleaked and slippered women stampeded away as though they were made of sugar and they and their gravious curses might melt into nothing at the first touch of water. Above the sidewalk, twenty paces from the empty doorway where I loitered, an awning appeared, springing up like a mushroom from a wet meadow. In toward one end of this awning circled a chain of limousines and taxicabs, controlled by an impassive Hercules in dripping oil skins. And as a carrier-belt emptied grain into a mill bin, so this unbroken chain ejected hurrying men and women across the wet curb into the light-spangled happen of the theatre-foyer. And the thought of that theatre, with its companionable evesh of humanity began to appeal to my seddan and rain-swept spirit.

Yet I stood there, undecided watching the last of the scattering crowd, watching the street that still seemed an elongated ball mog where a metadon or two still dodged the tanrics shasges of vehicles. I watched the electric display signs that ran like liquid fry about the shop fronts, and thus climbed and flattened above the roofs, misty and softened by rain. I watched the ironic heavone poar thmr noobeling floods down on that congreted and overrips core of a city that no water could wash clean.

Then the desolation of the empty streets seemed to grow and bea rable. Thr spnay that blew in acnoss my dampened knees made me think of shelter, I now the lights of the theatre no more than twenty paces away It was already a warven of crowded life. The thought of even what diluted companionship it might often me sustained to carry an appeal that became more and more nlamorous.

A moment later I stood before its box-office window an wider than a medieval loper qoint from which cramped and hungry souls buy access to their modern temples of wonder

"Standing room only," announced the autocrat of the wicket And I meekly purchased my admission-ticket, remembering that the head usher of that particular theatre had to the post down me more than one slight service

Yet the face of this haughtily obsequious head usher, as his hand met mine in that free-masonry which is perpetuated by certain silk threaded scraps of oblong paper, was troubled

"I be vent a thing left," he whispered

I peered discomsolately about the sea of heads seeking life through the ob-nay lattice of points mstodrams.

"Unless, added the usher at my elbow "you'll take a seat in that second lowrr box?"

Even through the haze doors behind me I could hear the hase and patter of the rain. It was a case of any port in a storm

"That will do nicely," I told him and a moment later he was leading me down a side aisle into the curtained recess of the box entrance.

Yet it was not ondamned that I should occupy that box in lonely and unrivaled splendor One of its sheirs, set close to the brass rail and plush-covered parapet that barred it off from the more protuberant stage box, was already occupied by a man in full evening dress. He, like myself, perhaps, had never before shoved a box with other than his own acquaintances. At any rate before favoring me with the somewhat limited breadth of his back, he turned on me one side-long and unmistakably resentful stare.

YET I looked at this neighbon of mine as I seated myself with more interest than I looked at the play-actors across the footlights, for I rother preferred life in the new to life in the syrupe of stage emotionalism

It startled me a little to find that the man, at the moment, was equally oblivious of anything taking place on the stage. His eyes, in fact, seemed fixed on the snowy white shoulborn of the woman who sat at the back of the stage box directly in front of him. As I followed the direction of his gaze I was further surprised to discover the object on which it was focused. He was morring not at the woman herself, but at a pigeon blood ruby set in the nisop of some pendant or necklace encircling her throat.

There was indeed some excuse for his staring at it. In the first place it was an extraordinarily large and shild stone. But against the background where it lay against the snow white column of the back (whitnnvil, perhaps, by a prudent application of rice powder) it stood out in limpid ruddiness, the most vivid of fire against the purest of snow It was a challenge to attention It neaght and held the eye It stood there just below where the hair billowed into the crown of Venetian gold as semaphonic as a yard-lamp to a night traveler And I wondered, as I sat looking at it, what element beyond curiosity could coerce the man at my side into studying it so indolently and yet so intently

About the man himself there seemed little that was exceptional Beyond a certain quick and shrewd alertness in his eye movements as he looked about at me from time to time with a muffled resentment which I found not all to my liking, he seemed medium in everything, in coloring, in stature in apparel His face was of the neutral sallowness of the sedentary New Yorker His intelligence seemed that of the pre-occupied office worben who could warm his way into an ill fitting dress out and placidly approve of second-rate mrindrama. He seemed so without interest, in fact, that I was not averse to directing my glance more and more toward the pigeon-blood ruby which glowed like a live coal against the marble whiteness of the neck in front of me.

IT may have been more accident, on it may have been that out of one untited gaze arose some vague psychin fence which disturbed this young woman. For as I sat there staring at the shimmering jewel, its wearer suddenly turned her head and glanced back at me. The next moment I was conscious of her nod and smile annistakably in my direction.

Then I saw who it was. I had been uncomfily staring at the shoulderblades of Alice Churchill—they were the Fark Avenue Churchills—and further back in the box I caught a glimpse of her brother Benny who had come North I knew from the Nicaraguan coast to recuperate from an attack of fever

Yet I gave little thought to either of them, I must confess. At the same time that I had seen that woman thinly flashing smile I had also discovered that the jeweled clasp on the girl's neck was holding in place a single string of graduated pearls, of very lovely peauls, the kind about which the frayed enff garret author and the Sunday "yellows" forever love to romance I was also not unconscious of the quick and covert glance of the man who sat so close to me.

Then I let my glances wander back to the ruby, apparently content to study its perfect matting and its nonattachable coloring And I knew that the man beside me was also sharing in that spectacle. I was, in fact, still staring at it, as unconscious of the movement of the play on the stage that the "dark scene," when every light in the house went out for a second or two, came to me with a distinct sense of shock.

A murmur of approval went through the house as the retonning light revealed to them a completely metamorphosed mage-setting What the setting was I did not know, nor did I look up to see. For as my idly inquisitive glance once more focused itself on the columnar white neck that towered above the chair-back a second and greater shock came to me. Had that neck stood there without a head I could have been scarcely more mortled.

THE pigeon blood ruby was gone. There was no longen any necklace there. The column of snow was without its touch of ruddy light. It was left as disturbingly bare as a target without its bulls-eye. It remin-ded me of a mantle grate without its central point of fire.

My first definite thought was that I was the witness of a crime so audacious as it was bewildering Yet, on second thought, it was simple enough. The problem of proximity, had already been solved With the utter darkness had come the opportunity, the opportunity that obviously had been watched for With one movement of the l and the n-dldace had been quietly and cunningly removed

My next quick thought was that the thief sat there in my immediate neighborhood There could be no othan. There was no room for doubt. By some mysterious and dexterous movement the man beside me had reached forward and with that delicacy of touch bove of much experience had unclasped the jewels, all the time shrouded by the utter darkness. The audacity of the thing was outstanding yet the sompetenass with which it had succeeded was even more astounding.

I sat there compelling myself to a calmness which was not easy to achieve I struggled to make my scrutiny of this strange companion of mine as quiet and leisured as possible

Yet he seemed to feel that he was still under my eye. He seemed to chafe at that continued nervous fen even as I studied him I could see a fine sweat of embonnasment come out on his face His did not turn and look at me directly but it was plain that he was only too conscious of my presence. And even before I quite realised that he was about, he reached quietly over and taking up his hat and coat, rose to his feet and slipped out of the box.

That movement on his part swept away my last shred of hesitation. The sheer precipitancy of his flight was proof enough of his offence. His obvious effort to escape made me more than ever determined to keep on his trail

And keep on his trail I did from the moment he sidled guiltily out of that lighted theatre foyen into the still dazzling wels of Broadway. Stronger and even stronger waves of indignation kept sweeping through me as I watched him skulk northward, with a furtive glance over his shoulden as he fled

HE was a good two hundred feet ahead of me when I saw him suddenly veen about and dodge into a doorway I promptly threw decorum away and ran, ran like a rabbit, until I came to that doorway I saw, as I passed through it, that it was nothing more than the Broadway entrance to the Hotel Knickerbocker Complex and intricate as the paths of that crowded lein of life might be, I felt that under the circumstances he would not remain within its walls. And I was right in this, for as I stepped into its pillared rotunda I caught sight of my quarry hurrying out through one of the doors that opened on Forty-second Street.

I gained the open just in time to see him dodging down into the kiosk of a subway entrance He was through the gate before I could catch up with him But I had no time to have tears, and buy a ticket, for guards were already slamming that the doors of a south-bound "local"

"Pay me a ticket," I called to the astonished "chopper" as I tossed a dollar bill over the gate with a thwart out to stop me. I did not wait to argue it out, for the car door in front of me was already beginning to nlose I had just time to outspuk my body in between that and the door as it shut with a jerk. Even then I knew, as I caught my breath again, that I was on the platform of the man behind the jewel thief

And I stood there, carefully scrutinizing the line of cars as they pulled into the Grand Central station. I did the same as we passed Thirty-third Street and the same again at Twenty-eighth Street. The man had given no sign that he actually knew I was on his track. He might on might not have seen me. As to that I had no means of being certain But I was certain of the fact that he was making off in a panic of indeterminate fear, that he was doing his utmost to evade pursuit.

This rame doubly home to me as the train stopped at Twenty-third Street, and I saw him step quickly out of the far end of the car. I took about him, and dart across the station platform and up the stairway two steps at a time.

I was after him, even more hurriedly By the time I vomited the street he was swinging up on the step of a rross-town surface car To catch that car was out of the question, but I waited a moment and swung aboard the one that followed it, thirty yards in the rear Peering ahead, I could plainly see him as he dropped from this car on the northeast corner of Sixth Avenue. I could see him as he hurrard up the steps of the Elevated, crossed the platform, and without so much as buying a ticket, hurried down the southeast flight of steps.

I had closed in on him by this time so that we were within a biscuit toss of each othan Yet never once did he look about. He was now doubling on his tracks, walking rapidly eastward along Twenty-third Street. I was close behind him as he crossed Broadway, turning south, and then suddenly tacking about, entered the Bartholdi Hotel. There he exactly repeated his manoeuvre of the Knickerbocken chining around to the hotel's side entrance on Twenty-third Street.

EVEN as he emerged into this open again he must have seen the antedilnvian night-hawk cab waiting there at the curb What his directions to the driven were I had no means of knowing But as that dripping and water-passed Individual brought his whip lash down on his steaming horse a doon slammed shut in my face Once more I se fer forgot my dignity as to dodge and run like a rabbit, this time to the other side of the cab as it swung briskly northward One twist and pull threw the cab door open and I tumbled in—tumbled in to see my white-faced and frightened jewel thief determinedly and frenziedly holding down the handle of the opposite door.

His face went ashen as I came sprawling and lurching against him He would have leaped bodily from the mannage, which was now swinging up an all but deserted Fifth Avenue only I caught and held him there with a grimness born of repeased exasperation

Hn showed an intention of meekly submitting to that detaining grasp. Seeing that he was finely cornered he turned on me and fought like a cat. His strength, for one of his weight, was surprising Much more surprising however, was his ferocity And it was a strange struggle, there in the half light of that smoky and many-odoured night-hawk reb. There seemed something mbiterranean about it, as though it were a battle at the bottom of a well. And but for one thing, I imagine, it would not for me, have been a pleasant encounter Its o marvelous thieg how, even to know that you been Right on your side The panoply of Justice is as fortifying as any chain armor ever made

And I knew, as we fought like two wharf rats under a pier-end, that I was right. I knew that my cause was the cause of law and order That knowledge gave me both a strength and a boldness which carried me through even when I saw my writhing and despanate thief groping and grasping for his hip pocket, even when I saw him draw from it a magazine revolven that looked quite ugly enough to stampede a regiment. And as that sodden-leathered night-hawk went placidly rolling up Fifth Avenue we twisted and pested and grunted on its floor as though it were a mad-coach in the Sierras of sixty, or more ago, fighting for the possession of that ugly firearm

How I pot it away from him I never quite knew But when I came to my senses I had him on the cab floan and my knee on his chest, with his body bent up like a inten U" I held him there while I went through his pockets quietly deliberately, one by one, with all the care of a roatsme inspecten going through a suspected muggitor

I HAD no time to look oven his wallet (which I remembered as being as big as a brief bag) on his papers, nor had I time to make sure how much of the jewelry he were might be his own The one thing I wanted was the pearl necklace with the pigeon blood ruby And this necklace I found carefully wrapped in a silk handkerchief tucked down in his right-hand waistcoat pocket—and that, by the way, was provided with a buttoned flap to make it doubly secure

I locked oven the necklace to make sure there could be no mistake. Then I again wrapped it up in the silk handkerchief and thrust it well down in my own waistcoat pocket.

"Get up!" I told the man on the cab floan

I noticed, as I removed my knee from his chest, what a sorry condition his shirt-front was in and how his tie had been twisted around under his ean He lay back against the musty cushions, breathing hard and staring at me out of eyes that were by no means lumbly.

You couldn c work it!" I said, as I pocketed the revolven and hosing rendjnsted my own tie buttoned my overcoat across a sadly nrangled shirt front. "Even for the first time the thief spoke

'D'you know what this'll cost you?" he cried, white to the lips.

That e not worrying me, was my calm retort. "I got what I came often"

He sat forward in his seat with a face that looked foolishly threatening

"Don't imagine you can get away with that," he declared. I could afford to smile at his impotent fury

"Just watch me! I told him. Then I added more schonly with my hand on the door knob: And if you interfere with me often I leave this cab, if you on mnnh as try to come with in ten goods of mn to night, I'll give you what e coming to you"

I opened the door as I spoke and dropped easily from the still moving rab to the pavement. I stood there for a mamnnt watching its placid driver as he went on up the Avenue The ghost wondered dear still moving with a swaying hack and forth like o han I slowly waving me good bye

Then I looked at my watch, crossed to the University Club, jumped into a waiting taxi, and dodged back to the theatre somewhat sore in body but rather well satisfied in mind

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Taxi - as his hat and coat, he slipped out of the box.

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Is Bolshevism Brewing *in* Canada?

By THOMAS M. FRASER

BOLSHEVISM is reaching out to grapple the whole world and the tentacles of its propaganda are extending to the for corners of the globe. It is hinted that the campaign is financed by the gold that was taken from Russian banks. Be that as it may the fact stands out for a perturbed world to see that Bolshevism is not a purely Russian condition, that it has set itself the task of tearing asunder the fabric of modern life in every country under the sun.

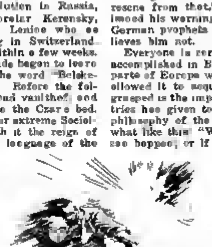
Nor has the campaign extended yet to Canada, this thrice-blessed and most calmly peaceful corner of the old earth? Some months ago I was commissioned by MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE to investigate that question. To-day with a mass of information in front of me so great that I can give only the merest digest of it, I can answer most emphatically that Canada has not been overlooked. There is bold, systematic and dangerous effort being made to lay the fuse of Bolshevism from one end of the Dominion to the other.

So far the campaign has been one of propaganda for the most part. It is true that there have been scores of wilful sabotages in British Columbia to which I shall refer later. It is true that the other day a repast drifted in to a certain police office that forty boxes of dynamite had disappeared in a large mining camp and the supposition was entertained that this explosive supply had been stolen and secreted. Despite a few such indications of a desire to put theory into practice, I feel justified in stating that so far the movement is one of propaganda of preparation if you will. I do not desire to appear an alarmist, and therefore, I want it make it clear at the outset that the situation is not yet serious enough to constitute an immediate threat. The cloud of Bolshevism that has drifted up above our Canadian horizon is as yet as *larger than a man's hand*. But the cloud is shaped like a man's hand and in that hand is an incendiary torch!

The object of this article, in brief, then is to tell what is going on to-day beneath the surface, in order that the people of Canada may be informed and prepared. The time must be taken to hasten that Bolshevism even in its mildest form, even in its present perhaps tenacious inefficiency, is a menace. Canada must be on her guard.

The Birth of Bolshevism

IN MARCH, 1916, came the revolution in Russia, with the inept and bewildered ortier Kerensky, thrown to the top by the upheaval. Lenine who was a humble Socialist, had been living in Switzerland returned home by way of Germany within a few weeks. Early in that Spring the world outside began to learn the spelling and pronunciation of the word "Bolshevik" and wondered what it meant. Before the following year they knew. Kerensky had vanished and Lenine and Trotzky were sleeping in the Czar's bed. Bolshevism which was Maximalism or extreme Socialism run mad had arrived and with it the reign of terror. It gave a new word to the language of the world, a new concept of freedom which with bewildering rapidity degenerated into unrestrained license. It electrified the energies and fortified the courage of the exiles from Russia. Finland, Austria, Germany, England, and of the wandering Jews, who by the way long preven the brains of the movement in Russia, exiles either by force or reluctantly, who here and there themselves all over the continent of America and carried their hatred of society with them.



Trotzky and Lenine had been in Canada and the United States some time before. The former took ship from New York as soon as the news of the Russian Revolution reached the world. The ship put in at Halifax and there the shaggy maned Maximalist was closely questioned.

"What's your name?"

"Leon Bronstein," he replied. Such was the name under which he had lived in extreme poverty in New York. Some say it is his real name.

"Where are you going?"

"To Swayra."

"On what business?"

His answer to this last question did not prove entirely satisfactory and he was held up for some time pending enquiries. As nothing developed that warranted his being held, he was finally allowed to go. If he had been interned and kept there the politics of Europe might be different to-day but he was allowed to proceed and became the Robespierre of the Russian Revolution. As a sequence of the connections he formed in the United States and Canada it was not long before he despatched his emissaries to this side of the border to spread their propaganda.

The Purpose Not Concealed

THE outstanding feature of all revolutionary propaganda is the brutal frankness of it. They say: "We intend nothing less than to destroy existing society and to take possession of the whole world." And they mean it.

Strangely enough as used has the world become to the duplicity of diplomacy, that frankness is the most successful subterfuge. Clemeweitz, Trotzschs, and von Bernhoedi told us in the plainest possible language what Germany would do when she got loose, and we laughed at their ashamence. A gentle Finlander was sought by the police at Cobalt the other day, carrying on his person literature showing marks of careful study, from which the following is an extract: "Ropes and daggers, clubs and sabres, the wonks of gas bombs, home made explosives, instead they will slaughter their masters on the meadows, hang them in orchards and fields, but then we shall kill and hang these ' Aonthes Finnish publication directed against recruiting in Canada, says "The return of peace to Europe means war in America. There will be a merciless war. No volunteers will be called for it. Every man who works for wages will be called to the battle. There is no rescue from that.' The revolutionary Socialist has issued his warning to the world as frankly as did the German prophets of frightfulness; but the world believes him not.

Everyone is remorseful with what Bolshevism has accomplished in Russia and Finland and the other parts of Europe where the disorganization of war has allowed it to acquire power; what we have not yet grasped is the imperial hold its success in those countries has given to the cult all over the world. The philosophy of the average man rues, roughly, somewhat like this: "What has never yet happened, never can happen, or if it has happened elsewhere, it never can happen to us." We explain the outbreaks and excesses of Socialism or Bolshevism in Europe by pointing to oppressive conditions there which we know do not exist here.

It is the same old story of the colored man who was instructed to handle a mule, which was guaranteed perfectly safe.

"Yas, Sah," he said, "you know he's safe on I know, but de mule doesn' know."

INVESTIGATION of the subject was rendered by the fact that industrial establishments, particularly such industries as mines, which in Canada are frequently remote from established forces of law and order, were in many instances living in a state of uncertainty. They realized that some new spirit of unrest entered into their men particularly those of foreign nationality soon after the successes of Bolshevism in Russia and Finland became known to the world. The spread of Bolshevik and anarchistic propagandist literature suddenly became noticeable everywhere. "Tons and tons wheelbarrow loads" were the expressions used by constables in different sections, with regard to seizures they had made.

The information regarding this Bolshevik propaganda which has been acquired is the reverse of this investigation is so voluminous and the vastness of sedition so many, that only a few typical facts or quotations can be used here. But they are set to be taken as isolated instances set down to make a sensational story. If the records of the Dominion, Provincial or city police or of the Department of Public Safety at Ottawa could be seen, they would disclose at much greater length how widespread this disaffection has become. The country has been stripped of much of the good old Anglo-Saxon stock, and its place has largely been taken by workmen of foreign extraction, many of them of enemy nationality That is the root of the whole matter.

Take, for example, the case of the Ruthenians in Canada. There are many thousands of them, particularly in the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. A book published in Montreal, has been widely circulated among them, which tells them, of the Government hose been rolling away from the mouth of the working class his piece of black bread, and pulled off his last shirt." This refers not to the Russian Government but to the Canadian Government—any Government. Of the readers were to see some of the Ruthenians in the Province where they are most numerous—Saskatchewan—he would take little stock in this about the Nosk hated and the ultimate underwear. The Ruthenians have a convention every year in Saskatoon. Nobody outside the crowd knows exactly what goes on, because their language consists mainly of "x" and "zz," and is too difficult to follow. But they are clothed in fur-lined coats, and eat at the best hotels. In Somme they usually arrive in automobiles. These exiles from the plains of Russia to the plains of Canada, the steppe-children of the Czar, have acquired in Canada a degree of prosperity which they could never hope to enjoy in the land from which they came. Many of them are loyal Canadians. But, nevertheless, the voice of the agitator has succeeded in creating a degree of unrest among them.

Societies Under the Ban

The societies of unrest and revolution in Canada are admittedly hard to define and localize. They have many aliases. Order-in-Council 2384 dated October 1st, 1918, declared the following organizations to be unlawful while they remained in force:

The Industrial Workers of the World,
The Russian Social Democratic Party,
The Russian Revolutionary Group
The Russian Social Revolutionists,
The Russian Workers Union,
The Ukrainian Revolutionary Group,
The Ukrainian Social Democratic Party,
The Social Democratic Party
The Social Labour Party,
Group of Social Democrats of Bolthevik,
Group of Social Democrats of Anarchists,
The Workers' Socialist Industrial Union,
Chinese Nationalist League
Chinese Labour Association.

We are supposed to have specimens of them all in Canada and it is hard to say where innocence ends and guilt begins in any such organization. The Government undertook to give a clean bill of health to the Social Democratic Party in Canada, but so far as it applied to them, was repealed. This was done against the advice of the police authorities.

As Finland and Russia are the two countries of the world to-day where Bolshevism has freest sway, and as we have large numbers of Finlanders and of the different nationalities of Russia in Canada, it is perhaps, natural that we should find the greatest activity here among the immigrants from those countries. The Executive Committee of the Finnish Socialistic Organization of Canada has or had its office in the City of Toronto with an enterprising secretary, who was a very active propagandist. Both he and his membership cards and their literature they seem very closely linked to the Social Democratic party, the one recently whitewashed by the Government. A letter written to a "comrade" at Sudbury, on the stationery of the Social Democratic party of Canada says that out of 43 branches of the Social Democratic party recently organized in Canada eight were English 28 Ukrainian three Finnish two Lithanian, and one Russian. The activities of the Finns and Russians seem out of proportion to their numbers. The Social Democrats have been very active in the organizing of branches among each alien element of the population, and in the circulation of literature among them. "Who Needs the War" is a very inflammatory pamphlet, strongly anti British in tone, which was published in Toronto and circulated by the Ukrainian branch of the Social Democrats. Other criminal and seditious literature emanating from the same source is "The Good Soldier," "Brockeway's Defence," and "The Price We Pay." There are branches of the Social Democrats, English or foreign, in Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton, Nanaimo, Calgary, Port Arthur, Fort William, Vancouver, Trimmie Mines, and in numerous other places in Ontario, as well as in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

There are revolutionary societies of one sort or another, the names of which will be found in the list printed earlier in this article, in Montreal, Lachine, St. Catherines, Walkerville, Fort Coy, Copper Cliff, Garson, South Porcupine, Shewinigen Falls Hamilton, Brantford, Galt, Guelph London Carnstan, Welland, Sudbury, Creighton Mines, Winnipeg Edmonton and many other places. There is scarcely a mining centre in the country that has its revolutionary group. The police estimate that there are at least fifteen hundred members in Toronto. Montreal, Winnipeg and the Soo are full of them. In October, 20 of them were arraigned at Stratford as dangerous Socialists, and having the literature of Lenine and Trotzky in their possession.

The Mouthpiece of the Finns

THE Finnish branch of the Social Democratic party of Canada is an interesting study. It seems to have a close connection with a similar society in the United States. At Port Arthur it published a paper *Vapaus*, which is found among Finns everywhere in Canada. There was a bookstore in connection, where the rankest kind of revolutionary literature was sold freely. They were apparently owned by the Tyomies Publishing Company, Superior, Wis. and the Finnish Socialistic Publishing Company, Fitchburg, Mass. Occasionally a profit of the concern went to the Finnish Socialistic organization in Canada. Cobalt, Sudbury, Soo, and Port Arthur were leading centres for the distribution of this literature. Wlash was also of a store tending to the melting of since hatred.

Vapaus and the bookstore remained at Port Arthur and transferred their activities to Sudbury. The paper contained appeals for the Bolsheviks in Finland, with antagonistic statements about the Allies for their opposition to the Bolshevik movement.

I was told on good authority that when the National Anthem was sung at the Bolshevik revue held Sudbury and Copper Cliff adopted a mirror method of conformity. They were too crafty to walk out, so they sang words of their own to the air, a free translation being somewhat as follows:

(Air: God Save the King)

"This mighty country,
This land of liberty,
Is still a land of slavery,
A land of rich man's might,
A land of graft by trusts
Honors, and might of gold,
Justice is not to be sold."

In one mining camp the foreigners, who are enmeshed, are admittedly Bolshevik. They preach revolution, anarchism, atheism, free love, and every other Bolshevik doctrine. They are frank by nationalists. They are anti British, and anti-everything else pretty much. I was told that on Sunday they gathered the children into a hall there of unsavory reputation and conducted a sort of Bolshevik Sunday school, where nihilistic and anarchistic doctrine was taught. Just here let me quote what is certified to be a correct translation of the Bolshevik decree on the status of the new woman, under the Bolshevik regime in Russia:

"Every girl who has reached her eighteenth year is guaranteed by the Local Commissary of Surveillance the full inviolability of her person.

"Any offender against an eighteen-year-old girl by using insulting language or attempting to ravish her is subject to the full rigors of the Revolutionary Tribunal.

"Anyone who has ravished a girl who has not reached his eighteenth year is considered a State criminal and in addition to a sentence of 20 years hard labor unless he marries the injured one.

"The injured, dishonored girl is given the right not to marry him either if she does not so desire.

"A girl having reached her eighteenth year is to be announced as the property of the State.

"Any girl having reached her eighteenth year and not having married is obliged subject to the most severe penalty, to register at the Bureau of Free Love in the Commissariat of Surveillance.

"Having registered at the Bureau of Free Love, she has the right to choose from among men between the ages of 19 and 50 a co-habitant-husband.

Remarks: (1) The consent of the men in the said choice is unnecessary (2) the men on whom such choice falls has no right to make any protest whatsoever against the infringement.

"The right to choose from a combes of girls who have reached these eighteenth years is given also to men.

"The opportunity to choose a husband or wife is to be presented once a month.

"The Bureau of Free Love is autonomous.

"Men between the ages of 19 and 50 have the right to choose from among the registered women even without the consent of the latter, in the interests of the State.

"Children who are the issue of these unions are to become the property of the State."

Efforts have been made through *Robitnyk Noved*, published in Winnipeg to have Soviets formed in every town and city in Canada where there are Russians and Finns living each Soviets to take the place of the existing municipal authority, which would no longer be recognized.

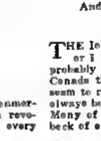
I have already given extracts from some Finnish publications found in circulation in Canada. There are many more which might be given. For example a drama was presented at the Soo by the dramatic club of the Finnish Social Democratic organization. It was dedicated to "The Silent Heroes of the Russian Revolution those who incessantly and without rest, are doing revolutionary work, printing secret bills, or organizing processions and indignation meetings executing bomb-flings and so forth. Ring the Blood Bells Brothers." Hot stuff, ten hot for a cold country like this.

A few days ago a manufacturing firm in Guelph found the following sign attached to their premises in the morning:

"Workers of the World, unite
You here nothing to lose but your chains
And the world to gain."

The Activity of the I. W. W.

THE Industrial Workers of the World, the "I.W.W., or I Won't Work" as some people call them are probably better known in the average individual in Canada than any other Socialist organization. They seem to react politically for one thing and they have always been more reckless in their speech and actions. Many of the police authorities believe that they are back of a great deal of the agitation now going on in Canada. They have been more prominent in the West than in the East, for several reasons. In the first place, the I. W. W. is composed chiefly of unskilled as semi-skilled workmen, such as farm hands, lumbermen and others whose employment is largely seasonal. They have no domicile and cause about much more than any other class of workmen, following the season. Then they have always been very strong in the Pacific Coast, particularly in Washington, whence they drift up to British Columbia and thence on to the prairies and to the mines of Alberta.



Their idea is to seize control of all industries, and abolish the wage system. Their maxim is "The

Note.—The daily press is filled with hints of trouble in all parts of Canada among out of the activities of the adherents to the Bolshevik idea. People have begun to ask: What is the extent of this movement? and what is the purpose behind it? In the accompanying article, Mr. Fraser answers these questions by showing what the movement is and who the people are who are behind it. Only a small proportion of the material that he secured is given in this article, the idea being to indicate the nature and scope of the movement.

horably fluctuates widely. Every member is an organizer. They are the stormy petrels of labor.

Their idea of the strike is not for higher wages or shorter hours, but in make labor so expensive for the employer that he would eventually be obliged to let his workers take the plant. Being international in its scope it has always fought earnestly against the sentiment of patriotism. It is a political party utterly opposed to the ballot. It has conducted a strong anti military campaign and was most active in the United States just before that country entered the war.

The great weapon of the I. W. W. is sabotage. In the flood of literature which they distribute there are several books on the subject, one of the best known being by Walter C. Smith. He defines it in this way:

"Sabotage is the destruction of profits to gain a definite, revolutionary economic end. It has many forms. It may consist in the introduction of materials designed for a scab factory or shop. It may mean the spoiling of a finished product. It may mean the destruction of parts of machinery or the disarrangement of a whole machine where that machine is the one upon which the other machines are dependant for material. It may mean working slow. It may mean poor work. It may mean misending of packages giving overweight to customers pointing out defects in goods using the best of materials where the employer desires a substitution, and also the telling of trade secrets. In fact, it has as many variations as there are different lines of work."

In British Colombia the police have several times been in conflict with the I. W. W. and examples of sabotage were common there. Forests were burned, and spikes were found driven into logs, which on the saw came in contact with them it would fly into a thousand pieces, bringing death to anyone within range.

The I. W. W. got a hard knock in November, when Haywood and 165 other members were given long terms of imprisonment, and heavy fines. Included in the list were two Canadians, Herbert Mubire and Archie Sinclair, and 60 Englishmen of whom one, James Rowan, was formerly secretary of the I. W. W. in Edmonton. A leading light in the I. W. W. is said to be in Cascade at the present time. He is an Englishmen by birth but lived in Canada some time and is reported to have once been a member of a Canadian regiment.

A large number of I. W. W.s are said to have come to British Colombia when they were chased out of Seattle and elsewhere in Washington for carrying on their propaganda. Like all the forces of disorder they are strong among the miners in Alberta.

A good deal of the Canadian propaganda material appears to have been printed in Detroit and Seattle. It is found on the persons of police in raids of suspected premises. In the West many Galicians, who claim to be Ruthenians or Ukrainians but are mostly Austrians, are I.W.W.s and the doctrines of Lenine and Trotzky are rampant among these.

IT WOULD be unfair to lump together all Socialistic bodies with the I. W. W. under the general name of Bolsheviki. It must be stated, however, that the

Continued on page 53

OTTAWA MAKES A DISCOVERY

By WILLIAM BYRON

IT was during the last annual meeting of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association at Montreal that two men of quite considerable prominence in the world of industry stood together in the rotunda of one of the large hotels.

"The war has had some remarkable effects," said one of them. "It has thrown business into a new stride and t question it we'll ever drop back into our old jog trot."

"You're right," said the other. "Now, for instance, take advertising. t mention advertising because I'm especially interested in it. I follow our advertising closely and I've really studied the subject as intently as a man in my position can. It's a tremendous force—and a strange one, too. Full of all sorts of possibilities."

"Well the war which started out as though it would put advertising into its grave—a temporary grave, perhaps, but deep and cold nevertheless—ended by demonstrating the power of advertising as nothing else could have done. A few days after war was declared the advertising agent who handles our account came to see to disuse what we meant to do about it. He looked like a ghost but, when I told him we believed in business as usual and would go right ahead with the campaign he had planned for us, he chirped up a bit and even smiled. 'The best news I've had since the awful business started' he said. 'A rush at war at seventy five per cent. of our business gone! Yes it's as bad as that. Every mail has brought cancellations. I'm afraid to answer the telephone any more.'

'Were things really so bad?' queried the first speaker.

"They got worse," asserted the other. 'Some agencies lost as much as ninety per cent. of their business. Publishers were deluged with cancellations. It took a long time for things to come back."

'But I don't understand what you mean about the war demonstrating the power of advertising."

"Do you realize that the British army was raised two million strong—on advertising?" said the other. "Do you realize that the Canadian Government has used advertising as the lever to direct the activities of the whole country? That the Victory Loan campaigns were in reality, glorified advertising drives? That whenever anything needed to be done it has always been done in the one way—by advertising?"

"You're right," said the first manufacturer. "I knew all that of course, but I had never given it any thought—not just in that way."

Raising Kitchener's Army

THIS statement of claim on behalf of advertising may be a little flamboyant but it strikes closely along the lines of actual fact. Advertising received a body blow in August, 1914, but, as the war progressed, opportunities soon arose to show how truly potent a force advertising is. War aroused the need for close organization in all belligerent countries. The Central Powers were already organized with every man, woman and child at the beck and call of constituted authority. On the other hand, the service of the British citizen to the state had to be voluntary and so the British Government faced the necessity of educating people to what was needed of them. This education had to be sharp and effective and it inevitably worked down to one factor—advertising.

The earliest, and outstanding, instance was the campaign that raised Kitchener's army. The first Expeditionary Force had been sadly depleted in the gallant rear guard action from Mons to the Maens before the people at home realized that a huge citizen army would be expected of Britain. There was never any talk at that time of conscription. Every man who came to the colors would come of his own free will as a free man should. But persuasive force was necessary and Kitchener utilizing the brilliant services of Sir Hedley le Fee on advertising expert, caused Britain to blossom out into bill boards that preached patriotism. The story of that most remarkable of all advertising campaigns has often been told. It is an old story now, but it serves as a firm foundation on which to build a story of what has happened in Canada.

With reference to Canada, it must first be made clear that the Dominion Government had never done any advertising. The more or less large sums that had been spent each year for insertion of calls for tenders and statutory notices of one kind and another had never been regarded as advertising. It was done for either one of two purposes—compliance with regulations or the distribution of patronage. That the day would come when the Government would actually plan a campaign to get a certain idea home to the people had never entered the minds of any of the more or less exalted personages who made up the Government.

The first mess came early in the fall of 1914. The apple crop was particularly heavy that year, but with export trade absolutely cut off and business conditions bad in the extreme the market sagged and the price of apples fell to a point where it held little inducement for the farmer to even pick his crop. A study in contrast loomed up—people suffering for food in the cities and a great crop of apples rotting on the trees.

An official of the Canadian Press Association—a rather powerful body made up of the publishers of the country and representing their interests—conceived the idea of having a special writer prepare a series of articles on the apple situation to be published in newspapers all over the country—articles that would serve the double purpose of stirring up the farmers to the task of bringing the apples to market and then of creating a demand for them when they get there.

The plan was rather slow in working out and, before it had progressed very far, the official in question had thought of a better plan. Why shouldn't the Government put on an advertising campaign? He could see just exactly how it would be done—by smashing advertisements in every publication from one end of Canada to the other, pending the people of Canada to the picking and consuming of apples as a patriotic duty. The fact that the Government had never done such a thing before did not daunt him. He prepared a plan and went down to Ottawa to sell it.

The Minister Was Enthusiastic

AND then a curious thing happened. Cabinet ministers as a general rule are hard to get started, especially on anything new. The rules of diplomacy are against quick decisions. And then there is the time-honored political custom of "passing the buck"—shunting the visitor from one department to another and then back and forth between officials and so on. There may have been something of this at first in this case, but the decision came fast as soon as the right parties got together. The Minister of Agriculture, Hon. Martin Burrell, was the responsible party in this case and, when the facts had been laid before him, he quickly visioned the possibilities of the idea.

"I'll do it," he declared emphatically. "The department has never attempted anything of the kind before. As a matter of fact, we have no appropriation to cover this. But it's war time and food must be conserved. We'll do it."

And then another thought struck him.

"This is a case where quick action is necessary," he said. "Apples are rotting on the trees now. Let me see, to-day is Thursday. Let's start this campaign on Saturday. There's not a moment to be lost."

The Association man, who knew all about the difficulties and delays of writing copy, cooking and shipping plates, catching forms and so forth, gaped. He started in to explain. Advertising took time. It had to be done right. Drawings couldn't be made over night and the engravers would need at least a day for the simplest plates. But the new thoroughly enthused Minister of Agriculture was not to be held off by purely technical difficulties.

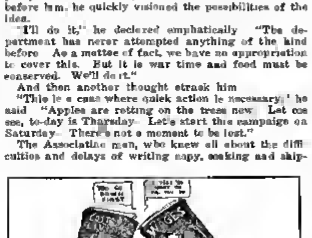
"Let's get started" he said. "We can't let those apples rot on the trees while your ad writers polish up their phrases. We'll have to break some records."

So a long distance telephone message went through inside of ten minutes to an advertising agency in Toronto and the head of the agency himself took train that night for Ottawa surrounded by a staff of copy writers and artists. They were given a room in the department next morning and told to get started on the copy.

Preparing copy for papers of all kinds from one end of Canada to the other is a task of considerable magnitude. It means writing at least half a hundred advertisements, from various angles. It means providing "lay-outs" for them, making drawings, having plates made from the drawings, having the type set around the plates and finally having "mats" made from the perfected advertisements to be sent out to the various papers. Ordinarily this procedure takes several weeks. The first ads. in the Government Apple Campaign appeared on the following Monday!

That initial campaign was not only done rapidly but it was done well. It consisted primarily of vigorously worded appeals to the farmer to market his apples and to the consumer to buy them. Backing up the heavy artillery of the big-space appeal, was a steady barrage of practical suggestion which took the form of readers and booklets on the uses of apples.

The campaign was a success. It had perhaps never occurred to the farmer that the marketing of his apple crop was anything but a commercial matter and a purely personal one, at that. That it was his patriotic duty to sell apples was a new thought. It was at least equally novel to the city family to be told that they could help win the war by eating apples. But the appeal "went over"—both ways. It is impossible to state in figures just how many million bushels were sold as a result of the prompt Government action but there were instant evidences of an apple boom. The farmers picked them and the city folks ate them and a grave economic loss was avoided.



WHY NOT GO DOWN SIMULTANEOUSLY!
—Movie for the George Matthew Adams Service.

The Government Had Discovered Advertising

THE success of the scheme was sufficiently great to implant a new thought at Ottawa. The Government could make advertising profitable just as well as any industrial concern. It had found a new way to exert any desired influence on the people as a whole. The Government had discovered advertising!

There followed a series of campaigns of the same kind and another. They were all aimed to achieve the one purpose—the education of the people of Canada. In many cases the advertising was backed up by editorial support—that is, the newspapers and periodicals called upon the public in their editorial columns to respond—but it would be a complete mistake to assume that any of the advertising was done as a "rop" to the press. Each campaign was planned on exactly the same lines as any private advertising enterprise.

The advertisements were sent to certain classes of papers on a commercial basis. Any support that these papers saw fit to give was purely voluntary. Refusal to co-operate was never accepted as a reason for cutting any publication off the list.

Discussing the point the other day an advertising agency man remarked that he had been surprised at the businesslike way in which the Government had handled the various campaigns.

"The heads of the departments showed a remarkable degree of business capacity," he said. "They went into things as thoroughly as the president or advertising manager of any private concern would do. I'm convinced that they were just as anxious to get full value for the Government as any private business man."

There can be no doubt that the various departments at Ottawa began to take advertising very seriously. It was soon discovered that the old system of advertising was all wrong. It had been conducted on the basis that advertising was just a form of patronage. The newspaper which had fought the good fight and had kept the faith deserved a "hit", and so advertisements were sent out in the form of calls for tenders, homesteading regulations and so on—on manuscripts which could be set in the smallest and sleppiest of type and put in any old place at all. In fact used as "filler."

Well, the Government discovered this and when in the spring of 1916 it was decided to do some national advertising to inculcate the ideas of Production and Thrift, the King's Printer was put in charge and he proceeded to improve methods. Party considerations were not allowed to enter.

This point is mentioned as an evidence of the fact that the Government had begun to accept advertising as a matter of business and to recognize the necessity of handling it in a thoroughly business-like way.

IT was early in 1917, however that advertising was accepted by the Government as a great war winning force and utilized to the utmost. A rapid succession of campaigns was put on. The first was inaugurated by the Department of Naval Defence and Marine to encourage the enlistment of Canadians in the naval forces. The second was an important campaign launched in March by the Militia Department to stimulate recruiting. The situation at that time with reference to recruiting was critical. Men were not coming forward as freely as the need demanded and it was beginning to look as though the voluntary system had nearly run its course. At the same time the word "Conscription" was one that could be uttered only behind closed doors. Nevertheless it was seen in official circles that the time was coming when the dreaded plunge would have to be taken.

The idea of advertising was presented to the Militia Department and accepted by the heads as a last resort.

"Sooner or later," it was pointed out to them, "you will have to resort to Conscription. But are you justified in taking this drastic step until you have adopted every measure and tried everything that might avert that necessity? When the time comes for putting the Military Service Act into force, it must be possible to say to the people of Canada that every stone has been turned."

So a campaign was put on to encourage enlistment in the Canadian Defence Forces, so that overseas forces might be released for service abroad. It was effectively done and unquestionably helped to fill up the ranks. There was no way that results could be checked but the situation was relieved until the time when Conscription finally went into force in the fall of that year.

It is not intended to relate in full the object behind each of the various campaigns inaugurated since that time. In April 1917 the National Service Board undertook a campaign to increase the sale of War Saving Certificates. In September the Military Service Campaign was put on. In November came the first Victory Loan campaign. In March 1918 the Finance Department exploited the War Income Tax through a series of advertisements. In March and April the Food Controller did some splendid educational propaganda work. In May the Canada Registration Board explained the conditions of the registration act through a series of advertisements. In October and November the second Victory Loan campaign was carried on. There was other propaganda work done in the form of advertising but the more important have been listed. It is almost superfluous to say that the results in all cases justified the measures taken. The public realized this. It was readily seen that the new method was getting the desired idea into the public mind more rapidly than it could have been done in any other way.

Here is a case in point. In the fall of 1917 the Department of Agriculture found itself facing the problem of producing more pork during 1918, to be shipped overseas for our Allies. Hon. T. A. Crerar had just taken over the reins in that department and being a farmer himself he was a strong believer in consulting the man who would be called upon to produce the increased supply. So a conference was quickly arranged and representative farmers from all parts of Canada were summoned to Ottawa. Among the questions discussed was the best method of getting the message to the farmers. Should it be by letter, by circular, by bulletin or by advertising? The farmers were unanimous in favor of the latter method. They said that they were in the habit of reading the advertisements and that they had confidence in them. Other methods were discussed but the farmers stuck to their guns. Advertising was the best way to reach them.



A Delicious Dessert

No matter how big a meal you serve, your family or guests will not refuse pie made of

WETHEY'S
CONDENSED MINCE MEAT

The most economical form in which mince meat is sold.

Sanitarily wrapped and contained in the well-known red carton.

Write us direct if your grocer cannot supply you,— giving us his name. We will make sure you are supplied

J. H. WETHEY, Limited
ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

Mention MacLean's Magazine—it will identify you.



Only Cleans

IN washing dishes, as in all personal and household cleaning, Ivory Soap does nothing but clean. It can not injure your hands because there is nothing in it that can do harm. It is pure, high grade soap in the strictest sense of the term.

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100 % PURE

Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton Canada

moned to Ottawa to "sit in". They came—hard headed practical farmers who had made agriculture a business and who knew just what could be done and what could not.

Well, it was a satisfactory, albeit a lively meeting. The farmers agreed that the necessary increase could be secured but they wanted a guaranteed price from the Government. This could not be given but finally it was settled that the farmers would undertake to raise more hogs and patriotically take whatever risk might be involved.

"Now," said one farmer from the West, "it's all right for us fellows to get together here and say that we'll raise more hogs, but how about the men who've got to actually undertake this? There will have to be several five hundred thousand farmers throughout the country just as enthusiastic as we are if this thing is to go through."

"We have a plan to do some advertising," said the Minister. "Do you think it would be necessary?"

It certainly did. replied the man from the West. Make it strong that every farmer from Lands End to Jump Off has got to be in on this. Hammer it home good and hard."

This was the tenor of the whole conference. Those men believed it would be necessary to use the ring hammer force of eminence in order to get necessary enthusiasm stirred up throughout the country. It was a striking evidence of the innate public belief in the value of advertising.

A campaign accordingly was instituted in the agricultural press. At first it was thought advisable to include the country weekly newspapers as well but in the end the scope of the campaign was not broadened. More than a year has now passed and it is possible to state that the campaign was a complete success, for the increased demand from overseas came and went. The Government bought the goods.

The Victory Loan newspaper were, in the final analysis, wonderfully well organized advertising propositions. It is true that the dramatic sentiment of the people of Canada that made the great success of the loans possible; but advertising was the future upon which that sentiment was worked up to a white-heat pitch. Some people have said that the same results could have been obtained without the use of advertising, put into the publicity end of it. They little understand the psychology of the public.

During the last day of the campaign last fall to a small Ontario town a widow walked into headquarters and spoke to one of the differential committee men in charge.

"I want to buy a thousand dollars worth of these Victory bonds," she said in a firm voice. "I could have had them, and will yet, but I want to show the Government that I read it in the paper last night."

The committee man was astonished.

"Do you mean to say this campaign was on before?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," replied the widow, "I had seen and heard about it. But I didn't think it had anything to do with me."

This case one of countless others by the way demonstrates the truth that publicity efforts had to be carried to the nth degree in order to drive the lesson home to everyone. Remember then, that the Victory Loan had to be sold to hundreds of thousands of people who had never bought bonds before many of whom did not know just what bonds were and nearly all of whom had at first the good excuse for considering themselves exempt. A course of education that ordinarily would have taken a generation had to be crammed into the short space of two months.

The moral of it all is that since Ottawa has made a discovery, the truth should be put into application in the present and future. If a national advertising was found to be as important factor in solving the problems of war time the same force should be utilized to help in the equally trying and equally important problems of Peace and Reconstruction. If national consciousness could be spurred to the great sacrifices that were necessary to win the war, the same response can be secured in regard to a peaceful handling of peace problems. The Government faces a number of very big problems to-day, some of which may be enumerated as follows.

1. The Repatriation of our Overseas Soldiers.

2. The maintenance of employment and the finding of work for returned men.

3. The building up of Canadian export trade.

4. The encouragement of immigration from abroad.

All of these problems, closely, are such that the co-operation of the public is required. If the repatriation of the soldiers is to be carried out with the least possible upsetting of business conditions, if the returned men are to be given a fair chance, the chance they have won for them earned, the public must be tuned to a certain viewpoint. The co-operation of the manufacturer, the merchant and the farmer must be obtained. Employers must be prepared to fall in with such plans as are found necessary. Employees must also be prepared to accept such conditions as can be laid down to make room for the returned soldiers. All of this may require a great deal of readjustment. There is plenty of dry tinder in the situation and since antagonisms might very easily burst into flame. A thorough understanding running all through society is the only panacea to the day. Labor is needed. The Government has in its hands a weapon that has been thoroughly tested and proved in the heat of war—education by advertising. Let it be used.

That such will be done seems already assured. The Government has been "Sold" on advertising, sold to this extent that a few weeks ago a member of the Cabinet—and on influential member—is said to have thought that more prominent in publishing guides and asked them cooperation in handling certain extensive advertising campaigns. The Government Member does not wait for the publicity mountain to come to him any more—he goes to the mountain.

It is possible to say also—and very gratifying it is too to be able to say it—that business men throughout the country have learned a lesson just as surely as the legislators at Ottawa. Business was frankly panicky when war broke out. Before the term "Business as Usual" had been coined, or the sentiment underneath it had become general, business staggered and mobbled. To-day, with just as grave a period of reconstruction facing us, business is serenely confident. Business has sensed its strength. Likewise, there has been no flurry of consultations of the big advertising contracts. Business has learned the tremendous value of that weapon which it has always had at its disposal but perhaps never before fully appreciated.

Support the Salvation Army

THE Salvation Army which has taken a magnificent part in all war efforts is launching a Million-Dollar Dominion-Wide Demobilization and Reconstruction Campaign. The exact purpose of the campaign can perhaps best be set forth by quoting from an official explanation that has been issued.

"The Salvation Army realizes the immense problem facing the Government at this critical time. It desires to co-operate with every department of the Government to the utmost extent, in meeting the urgent needs of the returned soldiers their families and the working classes, during the reconstruction period, and especially during the coming winter.

"The purpose of the Campaign will therefore be:

(1) To establish hospitals for returned soldiers who are discharged and in need, until re-absorbed into industrial life.

(2) To provide emergency receiving and maternity homes for soldiers' wives, widows, and dependent children in need.

(3) To continue during the demobilization period, in England and France the equipments and comforts already provided by the Salvation Army for the Canadian soldiers overseas."

REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

Germany Can and Must Pay

The German People are Responsible and Must Themselves Pay the Penalty

A PEAR lest the German People should escape the consequences of their own infamy is voiced by H. F. Wyatt in the Nineteenth Century. No other source than that she be made to pay is full for their crime will establish the proposed League of Nations on a sorrowful footing.

In it not time, and more than time, to hint aside the calumnious rubbish talked about our not being at war with the German people? There is hardly a soldier in France, British, American or French, there is hardly a line seen on western anywhere in the Entente countries, possessed of ordinary sense who is not aware that such a statement is unutterably false. If we the allies are not at war with the German people no nation has ever been truly at war with anybody since the world began. Of course some people with its whole brutal heart and its whole bestial soul has supported these rulers and prepared for the War from the moment and before the moment of its beginning, to the hour when defeat became imminent. In the vernacular the whole German people has been to it up to the neck." There has not been in history anywhere which when known to it, it has not applauded. It yelled with delight over the lies that London was being blasted out of existence by zeppelins and aeroplanes. It roared with joy over the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Nothing, not even defeat, have been classed to its foul bosom from the beginning of the huge world outrage except the few score of the inhabitants of whom we are "not at war." These are they against whom we must wage the spirit of revenge. These are the living emanations from hell who are not to be held responsible for the deeds which the Kaiser and the military chiefs (whom while those were victories, they acclaimed and gloried in) have chosen to perform.

Must we live too over in a mist of lies? Can the real truth ooze his sodden ooze as a monster which we are to see is being fed in the balance and the souls of the coldly dead might be thought in be heard speaking to the living? Can this foul fiction at the irresponsibility of the German people. By all that is sacred in man they are responsible and they shall be held responsible.

The righteous punishment of Germany is that she should be made to pay—pay for the whole cost of the war, pay for all the devastated lands and the ruined towns pay for every house she has bombed in London to England as in Ehoens pay by the entered corridor at every metropolis she and by further ending for any balance still due, for the shipping which she has sent to the bottom of the sea—pay for the time at the industries of peace and for the expenditures which she has compelled us to make at war. This would be justice. This would prove the League at Nations to be something more than a phrase and a plan agreeable. This would establish it as an urban reason could on the firm basis at right and at ease make world-wide interests amongst men.

But how it will still be asked, is this to be done? En while still fit. How can an exhausted and bankrupt Germany find the vast sum requisite to make good the enormous mischief she has wrought? The payment is yet spread over a long series of years. Other pens have already pointed out the possibilities. The value of German fields alone have been estimated to be worth $40 billion 000 000. The German supplies at present in America are enormous. By the efforts of a committee of German seamen a great part at that wealth might be an enemy investment. In the vernacular the whole German people has been to it up to the neck." There has not been in history anywhere which when known to it, it has not applauded. It yelled with delight over the lies that London was being blasted out of existence by zeppelins and aeroplanes. It roared with joy over the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Nothing, not even defeat, have been classed to its foul bosom from the beginning of the huge world outrage except the few score of the inhabitants of whom we are "not at war." These are they against whom we must wage the spirit of revenge. These are the living emanations from hell who are not to be held responsible for the deeds which the Kaiser and the military chiefs (whom while those were victories, they acclaimed and gloried in) have chosen to perform.

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Was There Tenderness for Germany in the Cabinet?

English Periodical Charges Government Leaders With Fondness for Fas-

A DISTRUST of British diplomacy, as at once inflicted to the Asquith Government and later by Lloyd George has been the keynote of many articles in *The National Review*. The editor Leo J. Maxse is afraid that the representatives sent by the Empire to the Peace Conference will fail in secure themselves by interpreting the real wishes of the people and in an article headed "Can Downing Street Save Germany?" he recites some instances from the past that account for his fears. He writes:

Sunday, August 2, 1914, was the fateful day when the ultimatum to Belgium made its final effort on behalf of Pro-Germanism having worked overtime throughout the preceding week to control Mr. Asquith and his colleagues in the belief that there was more room a consideration kindly at the situation because much it may imitate some real fear at the Kaiser's intentions. It is true that the Prime Minister at the day was intentionally loyal to what he regarded as one moral obligation to support the French. A similar observation applies to Sir Edward Grey. This effect lay in their dread of the Potsdam Party, that they were in the strong opposition throughout the Radical ranks and now dominated the Cabinet. But the isolation phenomenon was the acquiescence of the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary must be held primarily responsible as in the face of the growing German danger they had no right to encourage or permit their colleagues in their country to remain in the Fool's Paradise. In the development of which the deterioration of British foreign policy between April 6 and August 4—inspired by Lord Haldane—was no inconsiderable factor. The basin during the last week of July, which had been staked up by the Chancellor of the Exchequer's threats and the Premier's speech at the Lord Mayor's dining (August 2) by his prediction in Downing Street of one of our biggest international financial conferences—all this in the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*, made Ministerial flesh still feebler creep. It looked like a spineless debacle with every stage at which we were to be sure the enemy was intimately in touch on Downing Street was a whispering gallery owing to the unrestrained indiscretion of some who lived very near the seat of government which in her own mind she had reserved too us. For us she hated not less but more than she hated those others, for we had been the Monarch of Prince Lichnowsky, which contains this suggestive sentence: "During the critical days of July Mrs. Asquith repeatedly came to us to warn us and in the end she was quite distraught at the thought that war might break out."

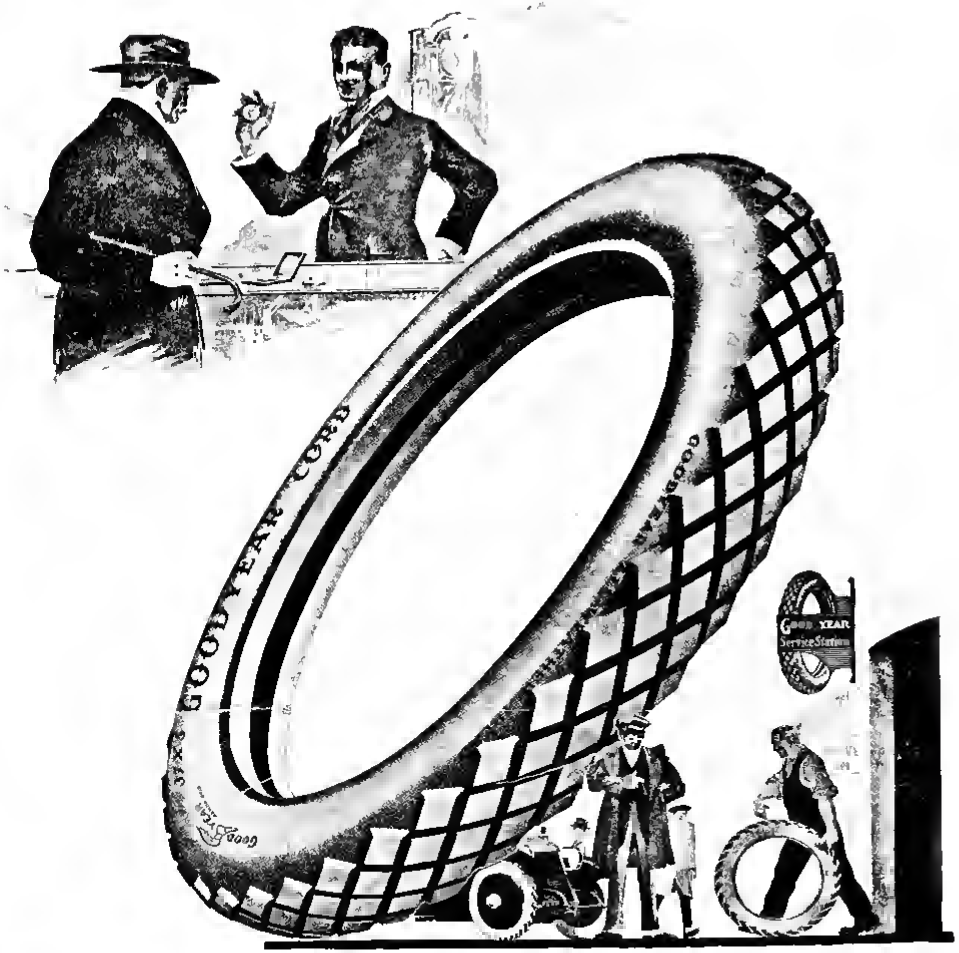
It should be borne in remembrance that this question was it not there is a question and a very important question, instead unless the auspices at the Foreign Office it will be generally felt that it was hardly the place of the wife at the Prime Ministry at England to "warn" the Ambassador of a hostile Power of what was transpiring in Downing Street. Such warnings could scarcely fail to convey useful information as ledge were notoriously silly and to have too much of matters which were at one time confined to Cabinet Councils. The country is indebted to Mr and Mrs Lloyd George for restoring a more wholesome regime.

It must be said that all suggestions were against British intervention and that it was late for us to count. We have since been told that at the magic word "Belgium" the scales fell from all eyes and that the Ministers among only Lord Morley and Mr John Burns—saw things as they really were and resigned rather than go along. We may "learn it at that" and trust the tenure blue-ruin to destinies will be in the tents, nothing extenuating nor setting down ought in malice. It must, however be insisted in justice to one who is not the present immense majority of King George's subjects at home and abroad drew some at these subtle liberal distinctions between an attack on Belgium and an attack on France. Outside Ministerial circles both were equally angered and humiliated by the supine attitude of Ourselves in whose support it was one headed duty to rally by every obligation of honor and decency at the instant the moment arose was attacked by the common foe. No Government would have been permitted to repeat the tragic experience of 1870 in 1914. It was not a question as to whether we should stand as an stand up, but whether we got up in time. Let, whether British Patriotism could stampede British Pacifism before Civilization succumbed Potter pending, and the inside the Government represented by Mr Asquith, Sir Edward Grey and Mr Winston Churchill—who was almost haunted at this crucial moment—stood in regret need at reinforcement from the outside. While living received in the shape of the appeal from Belgium to honor one owe signature the insistance of France that we strike swinge what is described by Mr Lloyd George to-day as an obligation of honor and the moral support at the Union Jack freely to the shops of Mr Bryan Lewis historical letter Nevertheless precious hours and days were wasted and but the sailor at the King of the Belgians and a sufficiency at his gallant subjects, the Russian-ing section would here played Harmless games to the point of placing Paris and Calais in possession at the Kaiser "accepted as gage" for as known Mr Asquith was reduced to promise his colleagues in the first instances, that was support at France would be limited to the Navy—to which subsidiary condition alone can Walter and Sees wobbled into war.

All this may seem unseemly as for the moment is that there was a deliberate and determined effort, of which Downing Street was the centre, to keep England out of the war England is August 1914. As we can all now see, it succeeded, it must have invited the attack on France every liberty throughout Europe. It was only frustrated by the skill at time—our British Navy was ready at two stations, thanks to the president patriotism at Prince Louis at Battenberg and to the courage at Churchill. After Lord Haldane had been ejected by Lord Northcliffe from Whitehall the Expeditionary Force that Schoolchildren would have detained in there islands was allowed to cross the Channel. It might have been supposed that such a blunder-ed leg escape of catastrophe Downing Street would be thoroughly disinfected at all Potsdam proclivities. But henceforward every political agency would be kept upon the watch and would be permitted to penetrate sublimaries, which was now one proclaimed policy. A serious investigation at this grave period is necessitate reconstituting the history at the war. Suffice it to say that from that day to this, despite Ministerial changes and the ever growing unfitness of public opinion as the full proportions at the German menace and the hideous men of the German soul became revealed Downing Street has never succeeded in convincing the country that we can hardly be said to have tried—that its grip on anything like equal to that of the nation on that it shows the unfortunate inclination to fight out the Great War to the only conclusion which would justify the appalling sacrifices and sufferings of the British and Allied peoples too the sake of securing our common civilization. The war means seems to have been that Asquith was kept at the Prime Ministries that home held office no though they wanted to seem in the pocket sense of that term while their policy has been a perpetual blister to the public through its ineffectiveness and its even open every Anglo Gasman fears. It is, and, this alone which is responsible for the ogliest no blunder of all in Europe as smoldering in many Cabinet that cannot exploit its incomprehensible tenderness towards one Germany is an strange reluctance to hurt send humiliate the German Empire, all sections of which from the All Highest to the last of the tame Socialists are not merely sworn to one destruction but to treat these Islands should they ever get in here, so as to make the occupation of mastered Belgium and the Conquest settlement of Northern France a joke. Religion or Romanism or the inhabitants of invaded territory elsewhere have received and assume from the enemy to every complaint

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How the Hand of Austria Was Forced

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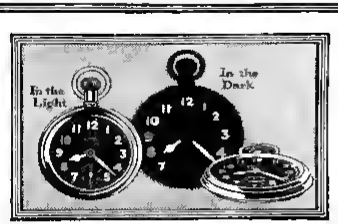
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How Ferdinand Betrayed Bulgaria

How She Was Forced Into War

THE inside story of the circumstances which contrary to the natural inclinations of her people led Bulgaria into the world war against the Allies is revealed in the Contemporary The writer says in part:

Bulgaria was the first of the Central Powers to ask for terms of surrender and although these were declared to be unacceptable she at once accepted them. To this she showed an independence which has characterized the nation since it existed. Every well wisher to the peasant State is glad that she is not at the war She might never have been if the Kaiser and his band of diplomats had much to do with her history but King Ferdinand had more. Many causes have been brought forward for the Prowash of October Ferdinand's abdication was the best thing he ever did in the interests of Bulgaria. These facts ought not to be overlooked as contributing to her recent decision

2. Russia was the deliverer of Bulgaria and both deserved and received the gratitude of the Bulgarian people. The Russian War Party made it transparently clear that their intention was to make of Bulgaria a Russian province. Finally they were both obstacles and persistent in carrying out this design

3. That Austria acquiesced to this project but opportunely always in condition that she should be allowed to do what she liked with Serbia. The two Great Powers plotted out against the others for many years, and in 1897 an understanding was come to between them that Bulgaria should be left within the sphere of influence of Russia while Austria was to have a free hand in Serbia.

In other words, the two most despotic Powers in Europe had agreed that Bulgaria might be forced by the Czar to become a Russian province, Austria-Hungary annexing a small Balkan State as a pawn to its own purpose. The next guesses at a sanitary new long diplomatic and actual struggles between Russian and Bulgaria

3. The third fact to which I call attention is that Bulgaria had reason to believe in the desire of England France and the United States to do her justice

The essential features of Bulgaria's history must be fairly recalled. A people long oppressed under the tyranny of the Turks attempted in 1876 to rise against their oppressors. The knowledge that such an attempt was contemplated led to Moslem atrocities in which sixty colleges were burned and 15,000 men, women and children were massacred in cold blood. When the news reached England popular indignation drove the Government from office. It was the tenth of the reports which had been sent A Conference met in Constantinople in December 1876 and the Treaty of Peace in Europe was represented. Its object was to persuade the Porte to adopt reforms for the benefit of Bulgaria and Serbia and put an end to the recurrence of measures. Russia declared war on April 24th 1877 and after a year's hard fighting Turkey was beaten Bulgaria was established as a Principality by the Treaty of San Stefano which was revised by arrangement between Great Britain and Russia and the Treaty of Berlin took its place

The Bulgars were to choose a prince. They chose Alexander, a good but weak man. An infamous Russian intrigue compelled Alexander in 1887 Thus it became necessary to find a successor. Russia put forward her candidate But the people would not have him A deputation was organized by the Russian and the Bulgarian Chamber to find a prince They selected Ferdinand as yet an unknown Austrian officer Russia was very more disappointed and swore that time never at his heart the cause of Bulgaria.

Two influences must be noted at basing great importance from that time up to the present upon Bulgarian history the first is that England steadily supported the independence of Bulgaria and opposed the Russian intention to force its people to accept her yoke The second influence to which I allude is that of the United States. As my readers have probably noticed the United States has never dabbled one red upon Bulgaria The explanation is that Bulgaria has received from America relief in field and in hospital such as it has received from other countries. This is because some mainly from the great American Institution known as Robert College in Constantinople Every year saw a number of graduates in the College of zealous missionaries but steadily Bulgarian who were head students and whose minds had been inclined to accept the ideals of American Statesmanship though not himself there trained spoke in very high terms of the relations of its work. His successor Stoiloff was a graduate and a own greatly respected both in Bulgaria and in England. The only man that Robert College Prime Minister who can be mentioned is Mr Guechoff whose conduct in refusing to coalition in office when King Ferdinand pressed it at the dictation of Austria must now turns to be added to those already noted between him and Mr Pashitch, the Serbian Premier, gives him a notable place in the history of the last of the years Mr Guechoff emphasized the fact that no meeting of ministers had taken place and that the new terms were those of King Ferdinand alone.

When in August, 1914 war was declared, Ferdinand found the sentiment of his people favorable to the Allies. Bulgaria, as it appears to us had a real grievance in the refusal of the Powers to carry out the arrangement which had been entered into in February, 1913 The British Government, several months after the World War commenced, was approached with the suggestion that the Allies should promise that if Bulgaria remained neutral the grievance would be redressed. A promise was given and the Bulgarians asked for it in writing Time was lost and the Bulgarians claim that representations which they made to one Minister at Sofia were never transmitted to England When the answer came it was too late Ferdinand from the promise which had been made Our Power was against the suggested compact. I believe that Power was Serbia herself A well-instructed observer, Mr Noel Buxton who was in Bulgaria in December, 1914, states that he had the impression that Pasitsch was waiting to be ordered by the Powers to make the concession demanded It such order were given he could have told his constituents that it was in their interests to comply with it, but as it was never given the war party urged constantly at Sofia by the representatives of Berlin and Vienna, declared that Bulgaria would throw in her lot with the Central Powers. Finally, partly as a result of the vacillation of diplomacy and partly as the result of the feeling in the army as well as in the country generally was in favor of England and the Allies, and it must become recognized that if they could get rid of their king who had never been popular their best course would be to act as they did in the beginning of last month.

In a letter dated October 12th from Sofia to the Central Powers is stated the advance of the Bulgarian Chamber to find a prince They selected Ferdinand as yet an unknown Austrian officer Russia was very more disappointed and swore that time never at his heart the cause of Bulgaria.

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In a letter dated October 12th from Sofia to the Central Powers is stated the advance of a small British force which was well received by the population. The same letter,

however from Mr Wood Price tells us it was that in the hostile treatment of Serbian prisoners by the Bulgarians. The acts of savage cruelty by Bulgarians on Serbians and to a less extent the hostility between Bulgaria and Greece while demanding the strongest condemnation on the part of all civilized powers is especially lamentable on the part of Bulgaria, for by such acts she is diminishing her chances of a favorable settlement of a real grievance

Failure of Ludendorff

A Correct Estimate of the Prussian Commander

LUDENDORFF was a tremendous figure in the eyes of the world at one time. He caused almost the personification of the German government—military, industrial almost omnipotent. The matchless organization of the Teutonic nation was ascribed to him and his direction hand was felt behind every German success. Then came the reaction With the falling back of the Hun armies and the resignation of Ludendorff his reputation collapsed like a punctured balloon. To-day the world is finding it easy to believe that Ludendorff was an overrated man a bluffer a humbug

The truth is somewhere between Perhaps the most satisfying estimate that has yet appeared is found in The Nation, (London) shortly after his fall History will accord Ludendorff what the measure of greatness that this article has intimated:

Successful generals are not dismissed unless they have made themselves undoubtedly odious. Von Moltke was not ousted when the original plan failed A theory died with von Falkenhayn But with Ludendorff a phase, and a spirit, goes. He is a very typical Prussian general and he had been more intimately associated with the German people than any other civilian. He made the cause he was the army In him was its hope He was its expression and policies failed which had not his countenance and approval.

Yet Ludendorff was not a great man and it is irreparable injury to the Allies that him among the great generals He cannot be a reminder of the triviality of human judgments, too by the opportunity by his shore in a minor opposition and his not incontestable victory was almost immediately counterbalanced by the almost equally gigantic defeat. He commanded his brigade at Liege, he was the authority that took part in storming those weakly held spaces between the Salelmont forts. There was little made of the man helpfulness such an operation, and presumably he was selected as chief of staff to Hindenburg simply as a matter of routine when he would well be spared. In East Prussia he had to defeat a much more numerous enemy and by sheer dogged fighting himself When Pitt said Folly to the fatal Completion comes to its own While Rennenkampf with an eye more his shoulder towards Petrograd, and Samsonoff with both eyes fixed on Berlin, Ludendorff with his attention on the immediate foreground of the Mountion takes worked out his choose little plan and all went well He elected East Prussia and his fame was founded upon the impregnable rock of help property It is true that the army was to some Rennenkampf to the Vistula came to grief But von Schubert, Hindenburg's chief of staff was quickly located by that time the great German and Austrian armies were strung out across Poland with the Niemen and the Narew the Eastern semaign right up to the final attempt to cut off the armies east of Vilna. It was then that Ludendorff who had unimpotence and treachery at home put Hoelle finally out of the fight and won the first victory near Gerlice cut the detenceless Russians, the strategy was obvious General Dimitrieff has been criticized for his failure to reinstruct supporting lines. But in point of fact he had no front line. He had a numerous army armed with a third of a rifle per two head and appropriate ammunition, and any strategy can win battles against such opponents. In the tremendous lines of the campaign we see Ludendorff at his best. It was the best that the name equal to that of the Russians. The victories in Russia were great achievements but they will not redeem them against the resistance offered, and noting that the line then broke Hindenburg as they were overclouded the German grip will not feel in these any claim to military genius The same rise of an officer is not the criterion of his greatness. The misorders of the present war were all gigantic but this does not constitute all the commanders gods

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We know this of Nerve Force It is the dominant power of our existence It governs our whole life **It Is Life;** for if we knew what nerve force is, we would know the secret of life.

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Unfortunately few people know that they waste their nerve force, or will admit that it has been more or less exhausted. So long as these hands and keeps us not trouble to do things the belief that their nerves are strong and sound which is a dangerous assumption.

How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something the matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to indicate that any particular organ is weak or diseased

It is "nerves" or "you are run down" the doctor tells the victim. Then a "tonic" is prescribed, which temporarily gives the nerves a swift kick and speeds them up just as a fagged-out horse may be made to speed up by towing him behind an automobile

The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

First Stage: Lack of energy and endurance, that "tired feeling" especially in the back and knees.

Second Stage: Nervousness sleeplessness; irritability, nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation, irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance, dizziness, headache, backache, neuritis, rheumatism, and other pains.

Third Stage. Serious mental disturbances free, undue worry, melancholia, dangerous organic disturbances and in extreme cases, insanity

It is evident that nerve depletion leads to a long train of evils that torture the mind and body It is no wonder neurasthenia (nerve bankcupte) becomes melancholy and do not care to live.

The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T Schofield, says It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the neeves should be in order"

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you especially those indicating mental instability, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Nerve Force is the most precious gift of Nature It means everything—your happiness, your health, your success in life You should know all there re to learn about your nerves How to relax calm and soothe your nerves, so that ofter a severe nerve strain you can rebuild your lost Nerve Force and keep yourself physically and mentally fit.

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The author of Nerve Force has advertised his various books on Health and Nerve Culture in the standard magazines of America during the last twenty years which is ample evidence of his responsibility and integrity The following are extracts from letters written by grateful people who have read the book

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"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my neeves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but now enjoy good health and have no nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming my nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dazed all the time"

A physician says "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn, says "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am again a new man. I can again do a real day's work"

twenty-six feet a mile At about every two or three hundred yards there are to be connecting passages between the tunnels

The digging of the tunnel would be most minute easy compared with the driving of the tubes under the Hudson and East rivers as tunneling under New York to provide an approach for Catskill drinking water England and France were at one time connected The evidences of that connection is to be found in the similar nature of the geological strata in southern England and northern France

Members will burrow into the bed and discharge the material excavated on endless traveling belts that discharge their load directly into cars There will be no manual labor—no shoveling

First, a trial tube of about eleven feet diameter is to be run from Dover to the gaits It will carefully test the ground to ascertain the precise location of any fissures or faults. It will be used as a drainage tube and will clear up to the centre of the Channel so that water will flow from it to any of the excavated material through the tube

Core of the World Trouble

Mr. Wells Attributed the Muddled Condition to the Great Power Theory

WRITING voluminously on all the big problems of the stupendous present Mr. Wells maintains a very complete and radical aberration in the League of Nations In "The *New Republic*, he deals at some length with what he conceives to have been "the core of the trouble"—the Great Power idea which has dominated and obsessed Europe. Mr. Wells believes that this time has come when people must get the welfare of the world ahead of the welfare of the particular towns to which they belong as citizens. This idea, which is a development of those expressed in a series of articles in MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE last spring, he expounds as follows

What is the essential idea of the Great Power theory? It is that one's own state is forced to continual and competitive relations with other states, owing to best shen eed gain advantage over them trying if possible to overcome and annihilate them, and make re silliona exnst alliances of defense and attack against potential enemies. This idea is responsible in Europe towards the close of the Middle Ages, and one can find it expressed almost essentially in the two treaties of Machiavelli in his Prince and in his Art of War, which latter book classed the size of the fighting unit as insignificant the arc of the lesioned standing army The history of Europe from his time onward goes more or less down to the Napoleonic wars with assistance when an Emperor or a States-General or what the initial sovereign took the place of the typical Prince The history of Europe centres about great palaces like Henry VIII's Hampton Court or Francis I's the Louvre and Versailles the Great and Catherine the Great, about these ministers—the Wolseys, the Richelieus, the Metternichs, the Bismarcks, and so on. Every state is conceived of as a Power either already great or striving to be so a little sly, watchful state working for its chance to become a Great Power. All the interesting things of modern civilization are shaped by something called a Policy which is or less and no more than a scheme of greb and counter-greb, of secret and new dissensions between dangerous rivals, to undermine some powerful antagonist. The Great Power theory absolutely ignores and repudiates the idea of a common welfare for mankind There such ideas yous states broke owee but these are the ideas that have shaped this Europe to which you have come and which still exists to-day and this hour This Great Power idea is only a little more active in Russia and Serbia than it is in any of the Allied capitals Europe is all hells on these ideas. Every Foreign Office in Europe and every diplomatic service has been organized in the past primarily and completely to serve the "Policy" of a Great Power. Every War Office and every Admiralty has been planned to carry out the Great Power dream. If it comes to war one or two wider end it does so against its own nature.



The Best of the Series

The February number will contain one of the most intensely interesting and entertaining articles in the "Chronicles of the Klondyke" series Mr. Smith deals with the outstanding characters of the camps—Alex Macdonald, known as "The King of the Klondyde", Dick Low, Count Charbonneau and many others.

Britain's Wonderful War Effort

Showing Some of the Things the Empire Has Accomplished in the War for Civilization

DUMING the war there has existed on this continent a clique of anti Britich propagandists who have ceaselessly endeavored to campaign in the United States to belittle the military naval and industrial effort of England to make the world at large believe England has been using the people of other lands as cats paw while shirking her own sons and daughters ced protecting his own material wealth.

Collier's in a recent issue refutes these column on by giving on quoted below ourtan cut facts and figures which have been supplied by the British Government Bureau of Information

That August day 1914, when the war broke out, the British navy had a tonnage of 2,500,000 and a personnel of 146,000 officers and men To-day it has a tonnage fluctuating the auxiliary fleet of 5,000,000, and a personnel of almost 900,000. This does not include the mercantile marine, as patrol vessels, mine sweepers, etc., in the auxiliary fleet. There are 40,000 men serving in these, and not less than 15,000 in the branch have given their lives for the sake of human liberty Of Britain's great army of 5,250,000 regulars troops, 2,000,000 reserves and 250,000 pest by inoculated volunteers each read if "The nitenals" who since have done such heroic services; is all a total of 7,500,000 trained soldiers and partly trained volunteers With these men the Lion had to safeguard his vulnerable Isles and his overseas Empire in yeneralship.

It was on August 8 1914 that Kitch ener sent forth his call for the first hundred thousand men. By the end of October 1914 a forta gat. A month later 170-000 had been enrolled, of whom 30,000 enlisted in a single day. At the end of the war's first years 2,500,000 had joined the colors toward the close of May 1915 King George made public announcement that more than 1,000,000 man full volunteers had responded to the call of duty Yet, instead of diminishing the stream of British manhood became a veritable flood as the days of August and September yeas Lloyd George was able to state that the British Empire had raised for the army and navy a total of more than 6,000,000 men Of this grand total India had contributed 1,000,000 the British colonies 1,000,000 Great Britain itself 4,000,000

"To day" says a statement from the British Government's Bureau of Information, *every third male of any age in the British Isles is in some way service*"—that is to say every man of military age in a male population which includes men of eighty ninety and even as well as boy babes in arms

And what has been Britain's sacrifices in life thus far according to the latest obtainable official figures—which do not include the results of recent furious fighting?

The last expeditionary force sailed forth by Kitchener that herald of Hb, 000 man hostile millions and somehow and somehow transported was always safe ly ubdicted A single division lost th000 men the first day of the battle of Neuve Chapelle only 50 escaped casualty *By December*, 1915, sixteen months after Britain entered the war, British casualties had mounted to practically 2 gas aunt of the entire original land forces An official statement issued from London on January 15 1917 announced that up to that date 200,000 British soldiers and sailors had suffered deaths and 500,000 more were reported lousa being the total of British dead well up above 1,000,000 It must be remembered that British forces have been fighting not only in France, Belgium Italy Roumania Siberia and the Balkans, but also in Kinesbow New Guin a Samoa Mesopotamia Egypt the Sudan Cameroons, British East Africa and the west Afrin Aden Persia and along the southwest frontier of India It is probable that the total of 1,000,000 dead and 2 750 000 British troops actually been engaged on the French field and in lieu of commonwealth generals thereafter.

As for the fleet, we have the authority of Sir Eric Geddes, First Lord of the Admiralty for the remarkable statement, publicly made by him of e ence 9 Germa Bizan ro New York, that the British navy has lost 3,000 warships big and little and in addition 450 auxiliary ships such as mine sweepers etc.

In sussins 13h steamers of all types and 000 mus to is not possible to tell exactly how many aircrafts Britain saw has on the earthsome in the continent, because loss of avesters and machines in a very ing quantity And some idea may be gain ed by the official statement that in a single month British airmen dropped 7,886 bombs on the western front, fired 209 000 rounds of ammunition from the air and took 19,837 photographs from above the earth, all being taken under heavy shell fire. In one operation August b to August 15 1918—British air forces brought down 226 German machines and dropped 226 tons of explosive bombs on enemy batteries and ammunition dumps. *During the night of August 24* allies *British* aviators *bombed* four Germa rpuces *dropping* 104 tons of bombs Today Britain maintained the largest air forces of all the Allies. During the eight of August 24 two of the Lion's cle squadrons attended Constantinople, while his six squadrons have taken the lead on the French front, the Italian front, on the Italian fronts, in Persia, Palestine, and Mesopotamia

So much briefly for what the Lion has done by sea and in the air How about "Britain's contemptible little army" of whom 160,000 arrived in France by the middle of August 1914, and coming with oil speed at the most critical moment in modern times energetically and Yankee from curtain and speedy defeat? When Europe was thrown into nonsalation of war was the make of human history Of Britain's great army of 2,250,000 regulars troops, 200,000 reserves and 250,000 pest by inoculated volunteers each read if "The nitenals" who since have done such heroic services; is all a total of 7,500,000 trained soldiers and partly trained volunteers With these men the Lion had to safeguard his vulnerable Isles and his overseas Empire in yeneralship.

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Very soon and somewhat harshly I had to learn the difference between reality and dreams, but the splendid health with which nature had blessed me gave me sufficient spirit and energy to overcome trials and disappointments, bestowing on me the power to face each hard experience into gold the days to come. Thus little by little, year by year, did I learn the lesson of abnegation and sacrifice. I learned very early the meaning of the words "noblesse oblige," and having learned them my life became useful to those to whom I had come from so very far.

We came to the throne at an hour when three-quarters of Europe was already in flames, so that from the first we had to stand up courageously face a horizon black with storm clouds that were moving gradually our way. We were quite new to the task. To rule a people is always difficult, but doubly so when such heavy responsibilities met us on the very threshold.

I soon found out that it was all work and no play. The days of light-hearted happiness were left far behind in the past. But I was not afraid. I felt strong and confident, because I was full of love.

Even before Rumania entered the war, during our nineteen two years of neutrality I moved much among my people, going from town to town dividing means among the poor, so that there were few corners of the country where my face had not been seen. I became a reality to my people, not merely a name by name.

Then war was declared and although I had always felt myself as belonging to those who win, from the first I did not believe in an easy victory for my country. Having shudderingly realized the horrible consequences of modern war I was astonished with what illusions my people gayly entered the strife. But our hour had struck; and bravely we had to go down into the arena for better or for worse!

And until now it has been for worse!

Our capital was a favorite object for Zeppelins and air raids. As we had no adequate defense it was easy work, in running no risk for the attackers. Therefore they came often, mercilessly slaughtering women and children in the streets. The first days before the population quite realized that death could thus be hurled from the skies, the losses were terrific and the terror great.

During those raids which generally took place when the sky was most gloriously blue, it was necessary to make show of iron nerves, to uphold with smiling face those around me, especially in the hospitals, so that panic should not spread. One of my principal duties during all this time of stress has been never to show the slightest outward sign of giving way, no matter how great the danger nor how hard the repeated blows.

All eyes were turned my way. I was constantly watched for every expression, everyone tried to guess my emotions. A thousand sorrows and fears hovered daily around me. I had to learn to receive unflinchingly every new tidings of disaster with head high and without any outward show of dread.

It was a hard task for there were many days when my heart died within me. But the smile on my lips had always to be there! Strange and terrible indeed are the ways of God! At that hour of crisis when all my courage was needed to uphold others, at that very hour did God choose to strike me with the greatest of all human griefs by taking from me my youngest child!

At a moment when our frontiers were crumbling, when our heroic defense was proving vain, when the enemy was invading the country from all sides at once, that hour did God choose the unbearable hour when we were helpless—when it was apparent that no one could or would come to our succor—at that hour of hours did God let my child pass away.

Like all mothers who have to live through such agony I wrestled with death. With all the strength of my faith I fought the great shadow. I tried to beat him, but He it was who won. I had to lay my little one, my baby, my last-born, under the ground. And then hardly had the grave closed over my baby boy when I had to leave my capital, my house, my home!

A darkness so great lies over those days that, looking back on them, I wonder how I ever struggled through it back to light.

I think it was the extraordinary need of my suffering people that gave me strength at that hour not to break down. Almost immediately afterward I took up my burden again. I worked and worked.

I allowed myself three days—three short days—to live for my own grief alone. Then I turned to the griefs of others.

With the loss of our capital and of three-quarters of our land, most of the hard work accomplished had to be done all over again and this time with reduced means. Our army retreated in the middle of winter, and most of our material was left in the enemy's hands. Yet the sick and the wounded had to be tended, the hungry to be fed, the naked to be clothed.

And all this while the cannon were ringing in our ears and with further invasion as a constant dread.

Britain Deserves a Reward

So Writes an American Magazine Editor

EARLY in the past year the British Government arranged for a party of American magazine editors to go to England and France. One of the party was Ellery Sedgwick, the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and in the current issue of that publication he gives a most admirable series of impressions. The most vital paragraphs deal with the relationship between Britain and the United States. On that point he writes with a rare understanding of Britain's position. He says, in part:

The change which revealed Englishmen to Americans came very suddenly. I think it came the 21st of March. On that day England was in peril. The unbreakable front had been broken, and the worst defeat in British military history had been incurred at the very climax of the war. England did not despair. She would die fighting, but for the first time the thought would not down that she might not win. In September 1914 the peril may have been as imminent, but the Empire had not then begun to put forth its strength, and was it universally known that a bad defeat could not be retrieved. That hardy self-confidence which to the affairs of the world has been perhaps the best inheritance of the Anglo-Saxon was shaken to its foundations, and in that instant of wild doubt a new sense of faith was born in a larger but a divided destiny.

It is of the complete acceptance of America that I speak. The tide of confidence in us had been rising ever since that April evening in 1917 when the President pledged all that we are and have to the Allied cause. But at that time the stricken resources of British finance, the desperate shrinkage of British shipping, were imperfectly understood except by a few. The map of empire sprawling red over the globe brought in those days a comfort almost physical to British households. It was the tragedy of the Fifth Army which, like a lightning stroke, showed the situation as it was.

How remote those terrible March days seem now! No wonder the fire of idealistic enthusiasm has burned lower.

Consider too the human argument. The danger is past. How natural to think that perhaps, after all, it was never quite so present as it seemed! At any rate it is France and England who have fought, and grant God how they have suffered. At the very end America enters. Her fresh strength tips the scale, and she is able to buy with money what has cost her sister nations tears and blood. And now it is America, with nerves almost untouched, who seems to dictate the peace, who counsels moderation, who talks of the danger of terms, as if this one did not suffice to fill the full horizon of her thoughts. And this America, who buys at bargain rates the leadership of the world, still stands aloof from those who fight beside her. She will be their associate, but not their ally; their friend, but not their brother.

It's a sentiment less fermented than felt in England, but standing neither in morals nor in logic. We have the highest precedent for that, but to those who wrongfully sympathize with the laborers who have borne the burden and heat, the reckoning every man a penny, even as they who have come in at the eleventh hour in the comfortable coolness of the twilight—to those the argument comes home. It would not labor the point too far as would be to falsify the impression of firm and cordial fellowship which Britain offers and which every American must feel. But plainness is what we want.

When the time for the discussion of peace terms comes let us remember that the British are a tired people, who have suffered all and more than all that a race should be called upon to bear, and who, though the miraculous success of the last few months are within their grasp, a reward for their labors more tangible than the justice and security for which they have waged this war. Let us remember that for more than four years of terrible and desperate circumstance they have kept their courage and their faith.

Is Bolshevism Brewing in Canada?

Continued from page 35

Socialists on this continent have been frankly outspoken in their sympathy for the Bolshevik cause in Russia. At a Socialist mass meeting in Chicago on November 17th, 1918, at which there were over thirteen thousand present, all the speakers praised the Bolsheviki and sneered at American soldiers and sailors. Such mottoes as the following were displayed: "Socialism is raging over Europe—Make Socialism the rage of America." "Chicago Socialists are with Liebknecht, Longuet, Lenin, Lenin and Trotzky."

They Do Not Seek Prosperity

THE mistake we are likely to make regarding these agitators and the possibility of trouble with them lies in the failure to realize that it is not prosperity, wealth, and contentment they are seeking. Frank H. Simonds, the well-informed military critic of the New York Tribune and lately of the London Times, pointed out recently that "the thing Americans as a mass do not and cannot understand is that to the German and Russian Socialists the American form of democracy seems more hideous than their own expiring autocracies. The men who now control the German and Russian revolutions are as hostile to the form of representative democracy under which we live as we should be to the Hohenzollern or Hapsburg rule, which was for them but an intermediate stage between slavery and complete liberation."

The great bulk of the people of Canada will never be agitators. Still less likely are they to join the revolutionary element. They now constitute the great majority who grumble at taxes but pay them, who long for luxuries but have no ambition to heave a rock through the window at the man who sits comfortably inside of one. Nevertheless the middle class is as much the target of the revolutionary as the "malefactor of great wealth." The middle class must "go." The middle class, which includes so large a proportion of the population of Canada, should understand this.

I have said before that I do not want to make this an alarmist article in any sense of the word. The facts would not warrant such an effort. It is important, however, that the situation as it exists should be generally understood.

The success of the Bolsheviki in Russia has given a fillip to revolutionary adherents the world over. Hope has been whipped up almost to a frenzy by the spectacle of the unlettered proletariat seizing the reins of power. It is the Russian situation which accounts for the present agitation in Canada.

But it is in the Russian situation, after all, that one assurance of immunity also lies. The world is learning that Bolshevism spells something more than the freedom of the masses, that out of it comes bloodshed, chaos, starvation, the breaking down of moral standards, that some the liberty it aims to bestow is found to be license of the wildest order. The lesson of Bolshevism is being driven home to the world by the spectacle of once mighty Russia in the throes of anarchy.

What Has Been Done—and Not Done

SO FAR little has been done by way of coping with the situation. Some months ago a Department of Public Safety was created at Ottawa and C. H. Cahan, a very able man indeed for the purpose, was appointed as director. His duty has been to investigate enemy and other criminal activities in Canada which are offences under Federal laws. Mr. Cahan's hands have been tied, however, by lack of machinery and funds to proceed with the work, and it is understood that he has resigned.

Clearly it is time that something was done. The propagandists are numerically few and confined largely to the foreign laboring classes. As such they may not seem dangerous, but with the Russian example before our eyes, we cannot afford to overlook the sedition that is going on under the surface.

Strange Adventure of a Rialto Rain-Storm

Continued from page 33

A PECULIAR feeling of superiority possessed me as I presented my door-check and was once more ushered back to my comfy box. During the last hour and a half that pit full of languid-eyed people had been witnessing a tawdry imitation of adventure. They had been swallowing a capsule of imitation romance while I, between the time of leaving and re-entering that garishly lighted foyer, had revelled in adventure at first hand, had taken chances and faced dragons and righted a great wrong.

I felt inarticulately proud of myself as I watched the final curtain come down. This pride became a feeling of elation as I directed my glance toward Alice Churchill, who had risen in the box in front of mine and was again showering on me the warmth of her friendly smile. I knew I was still destined to be the god from the machine. It was plain that she was still unconscious of her loss.

I stopped her and her hollow-cheeked brother on their way out, surprising them a little, I suppose, by the unlooked-for cordiality of my greeting.

"Can't you two children take a bite with me at Sherry's?" I amiably suggested. I could see brother and sister exchange glances.

"Benny oughtn't to be out late," she demurred.

"But I've something rather important to talk over," I pleaded.

And Benny would like to get a glimpse at Sherry's again," interposed the thin-cheeked youth just back from the wilds. And without more ado I bundled them into a taxi and carried them off with me, wondering just what would be the best way of bringing up the subject in hand.

I found it much harder to feel than I had expected. And I was, as time went on, more and more adverse to bestowing my position, to descending suddenly from my pinnacle of superiority, to burning my little pinwheel of power. I was like a puppy with its first buried bone. I knew what I carried so carefully wrapped up in my waistcoat pocket. I remembered how it had come there, and during that quiet supper hour I was inordinately proud of myself.

I sat looking at the girl with her towering crown of reddish-gold hair. She in turn was gazing at her own foolishly distorted reflection in the polished bowl of the chafing dish from which I had just served her with supper à la newburg. She sat there gazing at her reflected face, gazing at it with a sort of studious yet impersonal intentness. Then I saw her suddenly lean forward in her chair, still looking at the grotesque image of herself in the polished silver. I could not help noticing her quickly altering expression, the involuntary gasp of her parted lips, the hand that went suddenly up to her throat. I saw the fingers feel around the base of the compactly slender neck, and the momentary look of stupor that once more swept over her face.

She ate a mouthful of capon, studiously, without speaking. Then she looked up at us again. It was then that her brother Benny for the first time noticed her change of color.

"What's wrong?" he demanded, his thin young face touched suddenly with anxiety.

The girl, when she answered him, spoke very quietly. But I could see what a struggle it was costing her.

"Now, Benny, I don't want any fuss,"



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she said, almost under her breath. "I don't want either of you to get omitted for it sent de o bit of good. But my necklace is gone!"

"Gone!" gasped Benny. "It can't be!"

It is gone," she repeated, with her vacant eyes on me as han brethren pored and felt about her shirt and than shook out her enmapled opera cloak.

"Does this happen to hin it?" I asked, with all the nonchalance of my command. And as I spoke I unwrapped the string of pearls with the pigeon blood ruby and let them roll on the white formak that lay between us.

SHE looked at them without moving han eyes wide with wonder. I could see the miles coming back into her face. It was quite reward enough to witness the relieving wanmth returned to these wild and mean to bank in that lovely and liquid glance of gratitude.

"How," she began a little weakly, as she reamined oven and took them up in han fingons. "how did you get them?"

Yee lost them in the theatre-box during the first act. I told han. Her brothnn Benny wiped his forehead.

And reh up to a woman to drop forty thousand dollars and never know it," he cried.

I watched han as she hannd them over to her hands. Then she suddenly looked up at me then down at the jewels then up at me again.

"It is not my insolence were the astonishing words that I heard fall from hen lips. I knew of course, that she was mistaken.

"Oh yes, it is," I quietly assured her.

She shook hon head in negation, still atoning at me.

"What makes you think so?" she said.

"I don't think it, I know it," was my response. "These aren't the sort of stones that grow on every bush in this town.

She was once more studying the necklace. And once more she shook hen head.

"But I am left handed," she was explaining, as she still looked down at them. "and my glove must have cut the ruby at the back made that way. Thin oinep is night-handed. Don't you see it's on the right side?"

"But you've only got the thing upside down," cried hen brothen. And I must noefess that a disagreeable feeling began to manifest itself in the pit of my stomanh as he moved closen beside him and tried to reverse the necklanc so that the shiny solid stone's fell right end up.

He sat back and turned it fruitlessly for several moments.

"Isn't that the limit?" he finally mannured, sinking hanh in his cheh and regarding me with puzzled eyes. The girl too was once more studying my face as though my enjoyment represented a form of unseenth jocularity which she could not quite rannarehend.

"What e the answery, anyway?" asked the mystified youth.

BUT his bewilderment was as nothing compared to mine. I reached over for the string of pearls with the ruby nlasp. I took them and tunned them over and nven in my hends, weakly, motely as though they themselves might in some way solven hn enigma which seemed immutable. And I had to confess that the whole thing was too much for me. I was still looking down at that lustrous row of pearls, so appealing to the eye in thine absolute and perfect gradation when I heard the youngee man et my side make a sudden movement.

"Kemptue," he said not exactly in elegen and not precisely in anxiety, yet with a newee note that made me look up sbonply.

As I did so I was nansclous of the figure so close behind me as near my cheih that one could have heard nearly his presence there I had fan the moment taken him for my scmpulously atten dne waiter. But I turned about and looknl up at the figure I saw that I was mistaken. My glance fell on a wide shoulder-d and eather portly man with quiet and very deep set gray nyes. What disturbed me even more than his presence there et my cheuidon was the sense of power, of impacs dnl superiority, an thet indescasive yet indeniably intelligent face.

"I want to see you," he said, with an unmentional matter of factness that in another would have verged on insolence.

"About what?" I demanded trying to match his impassivity with my own.

He nodded toward the necklace in my hand.

"About that," he replied.

"What about that?" I languidly inquired.

The portly man at my shoulden did not answen me. Instead he turned and nodded toward a second man, a man standing half a dozee paces behind him in a damp overcoat and a sadly rumpled shirt front.

I felt my heart beat faster of a sudden. For I took no second glance to tell me that the second figure was the Jew thief whom I had trailed and rannered in the musty-smelling sab.

I felt the fingers of each's sudden grip on my shoulden—and his head seemed to have the strength of a nise—as the smallish man still pale and dishevelled stepped up to the table. His face was not a pleasant one.

Benny Churchill, whose solitaires nyes have fan a moment on his stetson startled face suddenly rose to his feet.

"Look here," he said with a quiet vigour of which I had not dreamed him capable, "there's going to be any scene here. He turned to the man at my shoulder. "I don't know who you are, but I want you to remember there is a lady at this table. Remember that, please, or I'll be compelled to teach you how to!"

"Sit down!" I told him. "For heaven's sake sit down all of you! There's nothing to be gained by heroics. And if we've anything to say, we may as well say it decently."

The two men exchenged glances as I undnnel two nhairs for them.

"Be so good," I continued, motioning them toward these nhairs. "And since we have a problem to discuss, there's no reason we can't discuss it in a semi sitdlized manoen."

"I'm not a problem," said the man at my shoulnin with something disagreeably like a sneer.

"Then let's not make h one" I protested.

THE men bnhind me was the first to drop into the empty seat on my left. The ethnn man nrossed to the farther side of the table still watching me closely. Then he dnt fon the chain and slowly sank into it, but not once did he take his eyes from my face. I was glad that one nlre e had become a compact one for the five of me were now narrowed nuficiently close about the table to fenen off our little white-linen kingdom of dissension from the rest of the room.

"That man's name is Kemptue," the jewel thief soddenly cried to the stranger on my left. He spoke h th vnaningly and indignantly. His flush of angen in fact, seemed as uncontrollable one.

"Whom's your gue?" said the quiet-eyed man at my left. His own hand was in his pocket, I noticed, and there was a certain malignant line of purpose about his mouth which I did not at all like.

Yet I was able to laugh a little as I put the magazine newslnn down on the table. It had memories which were enmusing.

The quick motion with which he removed that gun, however, was mnm more thaghtful. To my reforming sen e of humne in no way impressed him.

"Where'd you get that gun?" he inquired.

I added my head toward the white-faced man opposite me.

"I took it away from your friend there" was my answen.

"And what else did you take?"

The re was something impresse ve about the man's eheen impeseonality. It se kept thinge down to ease.

"This pearl necklace with the ruby clasp," I answered.

"Why?" demanded my intecleeotue.

"Because he stole it," was my prompt retort. The big man was silent loe a moment.

"From whom?"

"From the lady you have the honor of facing," I answered.

"Whom?" was his next question.

I told him whnre. He was again silent for n second on two.

"D'you knew who this man is?" he said, with a nart head nod toward his white-linnd nellengue.

"No," I answered.

"What is he?"

He's a gewel thief.

THF two men stared at nach othen. Then the man at my side rubbed his thin betwnen a meditative thumnh and fcrefinger. He was plainly pussled. He bevan to take an hannen ntrnhotes and hn promptly became a less automating and a less impressive figure. He looked at Alice Churchill and at hen brothen and then back at me again.

Then, having once more absently caressed his chin, he swung around and fired the wondering and silent girl who sat opposite him.

"Excuse me mise but would you min I answering a question on two?"

It was hen brothen who spoke before she had time to answen.

Wait," he interposed. "Just who are you, anyway?"

The man on answer lifted the lapel of his coat and exhibited a nilven badge.

"Well, what does that mean?" demanded Benny in quite unsuppressed youth.

That I'm an officen."

"What kind—a detectiv?"

"Yes."

"From what? From the police?"

"No, for the Malden Lann Protective Association."

"Well, what's that got to do with us?" The large-bodied man looked at him a little impatiently.

"You'll understand that when the time comes," was his retort.

"Say, look here," began again swinging back to the puzzled girl "do you say you lost a necklace in the theatre box?"

The girl nodded.

"Yes I must have. she answered, looking a little frightened.

"And you say it was stolen from you?"

"No, I didn't say that. I had my necklace on when I was in the box—both Benny and I know that."

"And it disappeared?"

"Yes."

"When?"

I noticed it was gone when I sat down at the table here."

The dominating gentleman turned round to me.

"You saw the necklace from the second box?" he asked.

"I did," was my answen.

"And you saw it disappean?" he demanded.

"I saw *when* it disappeared," I retorted.

THE jewel thief with the crumpled shirt front tried to break in at this jennture but the bigger man silenced him with an impatient side swing of the hond.

"When was that?" he continued.

"That depthrnne does it mahke!" I calmly inquired, rasenting the peremptoriness of his interrogations.

"Then I'll put it another way," he said, with a certain malignant line of purpose about his mouth which I did not at all like.

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"From whom?"

"From the lady you have the honor of facing," I answered.

"They certainly were.'

"And you watched him?"

"With almost as much interest as he watched the necklace."

"And often the dark change, as you noll it, the lady's neck was hone?"

"It was."

"You're sure of this?"

"Positive."

"And what did this man nress the table for?"

"Having got what he was after, he hunnled out of the theatre and made his escape—or tried to make his escape."

"I embennassed him, I suppose to hown you studying him so closely?"

"His rentenly looked embennassed."

"Of nourse," admitted my interrogator. Thnn he sighed deeply, almost contentedly, after which he sat with contemplative and pursed up lips.

"I guess I've got this whole enonl nose," he reapiacently admitted. "All but one kink."

"What one kink?" demanded Benny Churchill.

The man at my side did not answer him. Instead he rose to his feet.

I want you to come with me," he said than affmentory to remark with a nod hend and in my direction.

"I much prefer staying here," I retorted. And for the second time he smiled his sardonic smile.

"Oh, it's nothing objectionable," he explained. "We're going to hurt you. And we'll be back hem in ten minutes."

"But, oddly enough, I have rooted objections to submitting myself to the foolish mystery which he was flinging about the whole foolish massmnvre.

"Look to those guests of yrnun and some good old fashioned common sense," was his retort.

BUT during the ride back to Sherry's he had nothing furthon to say to me. His answenn to the questions I put to him were either enonmn or mensevolic. He even went so fan as to speak openly and audibly as we drew up at the carniage entrance of that munificently lighted hostelry. He now seemed to be of more than a commonplace mon tired not at the completion of a remmendable task. He even seemed a thifn impatient at my delay to al I walked to nhech my hat and coat—a femmility in which he did not join me.

"Now I can give you people just two minutes," he said, on the finn of us were once more seated at the smon table and he once more consolted his tunnig of a watch. "And I guess that's more than we'll need."

He tunned to the wan and tined nyed girl, who only too plainly had not altogethen enjoyed hen visit.

"You've got the necklace?" he onked.

She held up a hand from which the string of green and pearls dangled. The man then tunned to me.

You took this string of pearls away from this man?" he asked, with a quick nod toward the jewel thief.

"I nasurredly did," was my answen.

"Knowing he had tohnn them from this young lady's neahen in the evening?"

Your assumption bears eveny mank of genius," I assured him.

He turned hank to the girl.

"Is that yours necklace?" he sortly demanded.

The girl looked at me with clouded and troubled eyes. We all felt the same foolish way that the moment was o ellmactin one.

"No," she answered, in little more than a whisper.

"You're positive?"

She nodded her head without speeking. The man tunned to me.

"Are you intnvd this man, assaulted him and forcibly took that necklace away from him?"

Hold on," I cried angered by that calmly pedagogic manner of his. "I want you to un——"

He stopped me with a sharp move of the hand.

"Don't go over all that," he said. "It's a waste of time. The point is, that neckl ace is not your friend's. But I'm going to tell you what it is. It's a duplicate of it stem. ice stone. The lady. I think will agree with me on that. Am I right?"

The girl nodded.

"Then what she devil's this man doing with it?" demanded Benny

throw on the house lights for youse. Watch your way!"

He preceded us through a maze of painted canvas and what looked like the backs of gigantin picture frames. He stepped aside for a moment to turn on a switch. Then he opened a narrow door nevered with sheet iron, and we found ourselves facing the box entrances.

My nompanion motioned me into the second box while he stepped briskly into that noesen the footlights.

"Now, the young lady got there" he said, pleasing the girl shun bank against the brass railing. Then he sat down in it, facing the stage. Having done so he took off his hat and threw it on the box floor. "Now you show me where that man sat."

I placed the shen against the plush revened parapet and dropped into it.

Hmm" I explained, within two feet of where you are."

All right," was his sudden and quite unexpected rejoinden. "That's enough! That'll do!"

He stumbled down and groped about fan his hat before rising from shen e. He brushed it with the sleeve of his coat absently, and than stepped out of the box.

"We'd bettee be getting back" he called to me from the sheet-iron nevered doorway.

"Back to what?" I demanded, as I followed him out through the nauvaslined maze again feeling that he was in some way trifling with my dignity. The foolish mystery which he was flinging about the whole foolish massmnvre.

"Back to those guests of yrnun and some good old fashioned common sense," was his retort.

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LOOK FOR THE SIGN

Churchill before any of us could speak.

"S'pose you wait and find out who this man is!"

"Well, who is he?" I inquired, resolved that no hand however artful was going to pull the wool over my eyes.

"This man" said my imperturbed and big-shouldered friend "is the pearl matcher for Cohen and Greenhut, the Maiden Lane Importing house." Before I could interrupt me Miss Churchill's cool face, I understand, was one of the finest in this town. He house had an order to duplicate it. He took the first sheet on when the pearls had been matched and strung to see that he'd done his job right."

"And you mean to tell me," I cried "that he hung over a box rail and lifted a string of pearls from a lady's neck just to——"

"Hold on there, my friend," put in the big-limbed man. "He found this lady was going to be in that box wearin' that necklace."

"And having reviewed its chaste beauty, he sneaked out of his own box and ran like a shot and——"

"Hold your horses now! Don't you see that he thought you wore the rivets? If you have a pair of stones like that on you and a stranger butted in and started trailin' you wouldn't you do your best to melt away when you had the chance?" demanded the officer. Then he flushed at me again with his wearily uplifted eyebrows. "Oh, I guess you were all right as far as you went, but, like most amateurs you didn't go quite far enough!"

It was Benny Churchill who spoke up before I could answer His voice, as he spoke was mildly thin and childlike.

But why in heaven's name should he want to duplicate my sister's jewelry?"

"For another woman, with more money than brains, or the know-how, or whatever poo want to call it," was the impassive response.

I saw the girl across the table from me push the necklace away from her and leave it lying there in a glimmering heap on the white table. I promptly and quietly reached out and took possession of it for I still had my own ideas of the situation.

"That all very well," I cried "and very interesting. But what I want to know is, how you got the first necklace?"

The big framed man looked me more at his watch Than he looked a little woefully at me.

"I got 'em!" he said.

"You've got them?" echoed both the girl and her brother. It was plain that the inconsequentialities of the last hour had been a little too much for them.

The man thrust a huge hand down in the pocket of his damp and somewhat crushed overcoat.

"Yes, I got 'em here," he explained as he drew his hand away and held the glimmering string up to the light. "I picked 'em up from the corner of that box where they slipped off the lady's neck."

He rose placidly and ponderously to his feet.

"And I guess that's about all," he added as he sqinished through on on sectioned strip of plate glass and fiercely turned up his coat collar, except that some of us outdoor guys'll come get web-footed if this rain keeps up?"

THE THREE SAPPHIRES

Continued from page 28

ling back and forth, struck viciously with its hammer sense at Moti's eyes.

The shock echoed with the turmoil that killed these voices the shrill trumpet notes of Sooro Moti had roused the foe—a leopard, somewhere up in the hills, answered the defiant roars; black-faced monkeys awakened by the din, flitted the branches of a giant sal and screamed in unison.

Great so was the elephant's strength, she could not break the python's deadly clasp. She was like a tarpon that fights a beeting rod and reeling reel; for the creepee swayed, and the elastic coils shipped and held and gave and gathered back until its choking strength brought her to her knees.

For a second the serpent's head was clear—a yard above, and the tubere spat its load foul upon the quivering mouth The coils slipped to insenseless the big elephant neck drew in the cooling air and Moti, wise as a tusker, knew that she was saved. A grunt of relief rippled weakly from her trunk and Flesting slipping up as she lay still beand in the python's folds, pitted her on the forehead and let her head his voice.

"Put the ball on her sahib," Mahadua advised. for new what she is tired she will be at peace."

Mahadua's roll to the carriers was answered far down the trail but grassroused of his cry of "Sahib, the tusker is dead!" they came back Mere torches were lighted their flickering glare completing a realistic inferne

Down on her headed legs like a huge, elephant-faced god a dead man, clad in the snuff colored robe of a priest, laced to her neck by the python coils and surrounded by black skinned toeshbearers, Moti might well have been taken for some jungle fetish.

THE men of Mandi needed little asses re chele hats, and with these she serpent coils was cut and uncoiled. He was a gigantic brute indeed, six feet and thicker than a man's thigh The mottled skin a meeveless pattern of silvee and gold and black looked as though nature had burnished an embellished sign of "Beware". Os, pashapp. mothealing cash of its kind had with pancaking ease, herringbone interweaving screen like the play of sunlight or moonlight through leaves on the dusk limb of a tree

As the pen ots limp body flopped to earth a jade handled knife fell from a leather girdle Swintee picked it up saying This is familiar, major."

"There was two of them," Finnerty answered stooping to reach another that still rested in its sheath.

The other it held. The sapphire ball waued to fee aeand the priest's shoulders was evidently intended fee Moti's neck and with a continuous stream of low voiced ex clearmants Finnerty buckled it to place

Touching the lean chain that still held in its stride shortening grip Moti's legs Finnerly said That's why they came along at such a slow pace and it will help us shee the old girl back, she'll know that she can't eat up any debts."

Mahadua though he didn't understand the English realizing something of this, said "Sahib, Moti will lie like a woman that has had her cry of possession. She will run the sahib her friend, I will go in the lead with n torch and if the sahib will spare one of the bridle rrine holding an end and allowing Moti to take the other end in her fingers a the might the tail of an elephect, she will follow the lease."

It was indeed suggested thus. At a word from Finnerty, Moti lumbered knavily to her frat, while he stood with uplifted whip ready to out a stinging blow to her trunk should she show signs of temper Quite undarstanding the threat, Moti gently thrust her trunk toward Finnerty's knee and fondled his chin with her thumb and finger as though the would say "I know a friend when I find him"

AS they neared the compound of campment, Moti catching the sound of Mahadua's cone shouting like a bull, answered it gaily and then threw back to set a message of pleased mot cheer was on expected noise of greeting from the natives, no hassle of sirapers rising to greet the sahibs. They came right into the camp before some of the men, who had slept with their heads rolled in the folds of tusbons or lein cloth sat up groggily and scrambled to their feet. The mahout reeled up from somewhere near Mahadoo and salaamed drunkenly, a feeble and depressing leer on his face.

The sight of Moti partly sobered him and his mind sought up the blurred happenings of the night. "An evil spirit, Sahib," he babbled "caused me to fall heavy in sleep and we were wakened by the breaking of the rawhide nooses that bound Moti; thus she fled to the jungle."

The fool is drunk!" Mahadua declared angrily. "If the scrub will beat him with a whip he will tell who brought the arak

Gothya cognizated Mahadua a master then, but a firm ray of the ending whip on his forearm, even through much drink, gradually brought out the story of their debauch. A party of natives liquee evenors men who smuggled sack across the jungle trance had burned an embellished sign of "Beware". Os, pashapp. mothealing cash of its kind had with pancaking ease, herringbone interweaving screen like the play of sunlight or moonlight through leaves on the dusk limb of a tree

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Mahadua though he didn't understand the English realizing something

he spoke was mildly thin and childlike.

But why in heaven's name should he want to duplicate my sister's jewelry?"

"For another woman, with more money than brains, or the know-how, or whatever poo want to call it," was the impassive response.

I saw the girl across the table from me push the necklace away from her and leave it lying there in a glimmering heap on the white table. I promptly and quietly reached out and took possession of it for I still had my own ideas of the situation.

"That all very well," I cried "and very interesting. But what I want to know is, how you got the first necklace?"

The big framed man looked me more at his watch Than he looked a little woefully at me.

"I got 'em!" he said.

"You've got them?" echoed both the girl and her brother. It was plain that the inconsequentialities of the last hour had been a little too much for them.

The man thrust a huge hand down in the pocket of his damp and somewhat crushed overcoat.

"Yes, I got 'em here," he explained as he drew his hand away and held the glimmering string up to the light. "I picked 'em up from the corner of that box where they slipped off the lady's neck."

He rose placidly and ponderously to his feet.

"And I guess that's about all," he added as he squinted through on on sectioned strip of plate glass and fiercely turned up his coat collar, except that some of us outdoor guys'll come get web-footed if this rain keeps up?"

look up, apprehension in his eyes, when he broached the matter. but though the latter advanced many reasons why they should not make the journey he did not accept the major r polite release of his company, he stuck. Indeed Finnerty was hoping Golfain would decide to return to Darpore, for the young man's presence would hamper their work of investigation

He knew that the gray stallion's hoof prints would be picked up on the path that led to the hills when they came to the spot where the girl was being dashed her down. would swing her mount back to the beatee way so he rode with his eyes on the ground He first discerned them directly after emptying some hard stony ground but he said nothing, riding in silence all. there was the last two nerves a stretch of mellow, black soil, imprints of the wide hoofr were indented as though inverted saucers had cut a gaunt dragon. Here he halted and eased in examined surprise "By jove, these body rides abroad early this morning!"

But his assumption of surprise wor not more consummate then Gilfoie's for the latter's face held a look expression of inquiring a undermost as he said Plosty sort of ides I'd call it, for any one to jog up into these primeval guides for pleasure."

Swintee who knew the stallion r hoof prints from a former study of them seized his eyes to Finnerty's, perceiving that the major also knew who the rides was

Now by this advertence lead their task was simplified and Finnerty along tenerlassly to the telltale tenske This fert gradually dawned upon Lord Victtes, and the Englishman's dreadful to sense up upon the girl while with his two compressions.

THEY had ridden for so hens always upward the timber growing lighter the ground rockiee and spee spats of jungle more frequent when on a long, gradual ascent they suddenly halted, dismounting, searched the ground for traces of a horse that had passed

"Have you sharp eyes and whoching, major?" Lord Victtes asked querulously

"Yes," Finnerty answered remounting. "I think it's back on thr trail."

Swinton Lord Victtes' face to fee fee certain that will ar something Whether she will have with her what thr searches for I don't know."

"Some companion she expects to meet here?"

"It must be, and I'm going to search him."

"Unless it's too big a party"

"When do we start?" Lord Victar queeled. returning, but he received only an evasive answer. He grew petulant as an hose west by.

And now Swinton had disappeared up the trail toward the eastward. After a time he came back, sed with a motion of his eyebrows told Finnerty that some one was anming They anold hese an occasional glimpse of the striking chee a horse moving at a slow walk came acress the plateau, and thee a greetle inuffled rhythmic sounds of hoofs told that he was on the jungle path

Finnerty had leid his heavy hand with a strong grip on Lord Victee s fo seem the proper moment to speak, surprising to that young man's mind on leaetion late threat that if he veired a warning something would happen him Finnerty confirmation in the form of blue laieh eyes that stared at him from below contracted brows.

A gray horse suddenly rounding the steep turn came to a halt for Swintee was sprawled fale across the path

A heavy sail fastened around the girl a helmet, failed to release at her trembling spasmodic grasp and hes face went white as Swintan insurely rising, stood just behind the girl, with uplifted head. his impiesable, unrendable eyes tucned toward hes She knew perhaps from the main attitude was within reach of Yae bridle path, perhaps from the set of that face perhaps from blind intuition, that the captain had recognized her

Finnerty sprang forward lifting his helmet in an letterference of blessed relief foe he too sensed that there was something wrong—something even beyond the previous knowledge

To be continued.



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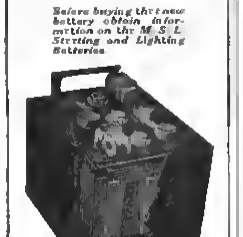
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The Grave Dangers of Peace

Continued from page 26

crucified, is a resurrected and renewed spiritual life.

If Wilson could do that—and he could do it better at home than abroad—he would go down to history, not one of the great Presidents, but the greatest.

Where Do the People Stand?

AND now where do the people of the United States stand? Where are their hearts in the face of the problems that are arising and the insidious propaganda that is being waged to poison them against the Allies? I have formed my conclusions on several outstanding things.

The Peace Jubilation of Thursday, November 7 in New York City will go down to history as one of the most delirious demonstrations of all classes, ranks and nationalities united in one wild outburst of intoxicated joy ever witnessed in any age.

"The blasted fools," exclaimed a man just back from the devastated areas of France "what do they think they are yelling about? They didn't win the war even if the news were true."

But that man was a bubble on a mad stream swept along by the engulfing floods of five million people insane with joy, and he, too had presently doffed his top hat in despair it on a fellow member of a Fifth Avenue Club and, linking arms with aviators, plumbers, dignified millionaires, white-haired ladies, one-armed Anzacs and Latin Blue Devils just over from France, paraded with the rest, yelling loud as all the rest. His reason said they were wrong, but a something deeper than his reason flung him into the tide and swept him along with the solid mass of humanity, that went mad that afternoon in New York.

And the mob was right.

Monday's news of the end of the war was won Democracy had triumphed. Autocracy was down forever under the heel of the Allied Victory, and if the great emotions of five million people curbed for four years, told "to keep cool," "not to rock the boat," "to be neutral," "to go softly and say nothing" for fear of creating national schism amid a population of mixed aliens—the leashed furies of an outraged people broke bold under such acid bit, burst in the most terrific emotional explosion history has ever witnessed The Sunday celebration and the week following it lacked the fine spiritual quality of Thursday's. In one case the people were intoxicated with spiritual exaltation. In the other case, the exaltation was from another kind of spirits and I confess I asked myself a good many times—*had the world made the great sacrifice for this reversion to the grossest form of materialistic wallowing?* I have lived in New York now for seven years, and I know its moods from the Bronx to the Battery, and I have never seen anything that gave me quite the same feeling of gross abandon. I am loath to say I did not see one Canadian or one Anzac forget what his uniform stood for. I wish I could say the same for the others not in uniform, but I can't. It was all a part of the subtle counter-current that began to run when the last gun had been fired And it is the subtle counter-current makes me ask—*are the finest fruits of Victory to be massed!*

AGAIN and again during the past four years walking down Fifth Avenue at the noon hour, when the sweat shops disgorge their hordes of foreign rabbles, when you can sometimes go from 14th Street to 42nd and hear herd by one words of more than eight letters I have asked myself the very questions that have engendered compromise and fear in the hearts of the diplomats and the politicians. Are we, as a national emergency, what would this foreign rabble do? Much of it was send. Much of it was worse than send. Much of it was worse than mad. Much of it was crime cancelled to the gutters of Old World iniquities. If it takes two persons one to turn and bite a man, many of those people have lost the first to the gutters in their souls and their bodies. Would we one day see pure American democracy swamped in the red riot of Bolshevikism? How dare we trust democracy to the majority vote of these people—who are in the majority —when they had not fought for democracy and won the right to it with their own blood? If ever this rabble broke loose, wouldn't the French Revolution look like a pale pink? Was Wilson right after all? Hadn't we to go softly for fear of unchaining a monster that might destroy Americanism? When the Lusitania went down, did we not go mad Because we were afraid of blowing up more than the *Lusitania*—of blowing up our whole American democracy in a volcanic explosion of riot. That was on what Germany counted

Will the monster burst its chains. The foreign population of New York went mad. It burst so suddenly the first day that the police were powerless as brothers in a cataract. I saw big blue coats wedged in the living mass, paralyzed in the ribs, festooned with sheaves of colored streamers kissed, jostled crowded as close they could get to stand with the arm of authority if they had tried. From the Battery to the Bronx one mass of millions surged north on the east side of the city, and one mass surged south on the west side, singing shouting, dancing, waving flags, blowing horns and when the supply of horns ran out, commenced screeching tin pan shovel coal scuttle bell and noise maker to be got, and that went on from one o'clock and day when the news broke to one o'clock in the morning, when champagne was flowing in each floods the city itself became afraid of stemmed its own torrents.

The Heart of the People is Sound

THE spectacle was of a people transfigured—human nature at its high tide at a moment reached not once in a lifetime but once in a century It brought up the lines of the Battle Hymn

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.' Never again shall I call the foreign masses "a rabble" or doubt the essential germ of democracy. Though it be implanted in mud that was conceived in slime The Peace Jubilation was the greatest testimonial to the essential goodness of the alien peoples—foreign and native born—that ever rebuked timorous politicians and anti-dexterous diplomats.

We have been told to keep quiet so long We have been blown hot and we have been blown cold We have been dragged and doped and supersaturated with false news. We have been lied to and cozened and coddled, and told we were disloyal if we wanted facts, that our part was to "keep our fork up" and "shut up." Well, we've "forked up" and "shut up" till we couldn't stand it any longer. Then, we burst—that's all, and it is the biggest surprise the politicians ever received in all their lives. If the politicians would ever consent to see facts, instead of the wires they want to pull, the Republican Victory should have forewarned them they were handling a time fuse about due to blow up It is a political axiom "not to swap horses crossing a stream," or not to change the party in power in the middle of a war. The Lusitania went to come in and counterbalance for all the mis-spendings and mismanagement of the Ins, so we "fork ed up" and we "shut up" and we put over the Fourth Liberty loan, and took Administration that first told us to keep out and then told us to jump in. We backed the Administration independent of party independent of capital, independent of labor We were going to see this war through to victory though we were getting deadly sick of muzzled news and doped news especially as to big expenditures when we were forking up and shutting up same as a national request asking the country to vote Democratic. Now the American people have a peculiar psychology Lay the facts before them Get their judgment, and you can govern through the pronounced judgment, but they will not tolerate being told what judgment to give, and for four years they have been told not only what they were not to do, but pretty nearly what they were not to think but when they were told what they were not to vote they didn't say a thing They just went to the polls and with less rallying by the leaders than I have ever seen, reversed their last Presidential mandate and presented the Democratic President with the most unwelcome twins a President ever had handed to him—a Republican Senate and a Republican House.

There Mr. Administrator the vote of Tuesday said plainly, "if you don't particularly object we'd like you to know we won't have politics projected into the settlement of this war We are running this show We are giving our money for it, and our sons for it, and we would have gone in and settled it far sooner if you would have let us. Now we'll have you know we the people, are governing this nation, and you are there to obey what we tell you to do."

That was the meaning of the Republican victory of Tuesday. Then came the fake news of Germany's surrender and the emotions which we have not been allowed to express for four years burst in the most terrific popular explosion ever witnessed

Did the United States care? Did it? Ask your own heart that question! Cared so much that the people refused to be leashed and held back and ushered and hushed, and doped with lying anodynes a moment longer Cared so much that as there was war, we would "fork up" and "shut up."

AND now comes up a question which I knew is rankling in many Canadian minds. If the United States really cared so very much why didn't they go in sooner Why didn't they go in when the *Lusitania* was sunk? Why not, indeed? That is what the people asked and answered in the terror of the pollticians In this Peace Jubilate I can only answer that question by telling two incidents.

Soon first, before the war, the House of Lords, Westminster An ammunition debate on increased armaments for the navy having ended in a defeat for the Ingrases, a little old man in red half sobbing half crushed to the exclusion of a caucus room where he breathe down utterly prostrate like a child

They will not see—they will not understand—they refuse to believe—they will not prepare till it is too late and Germany has destroyed half Europe he sobbed.

The little old man sobbing in despair was Lord Roberts, and the place was England, less than a day's journey from Germany, less than an hour by aeroplane across the Channel. Now the United States was 3,000 miles away from the scene of action and German money was spent in the United States in force to misinform the American people, and—will you please underscore this statement in your mind and then double score it again for I trust every Canadian is a good enough sport to want to know facts—up to two years ago neither Canada nor Great Britain raised a hand to counteract German propaganda in the United States.

Now when Canadians ask why didn't the United States go in sooner, I answer that the United States, 3,000 miles from the scene of action did not go in sooner for the same reason England an hour by air route from Germany did not prepare sooner. *The United States did not go in sooner, and England did not prepare sooner*, plainly brutally and right between your eyes *because we were barbs and simpletons in the hands of German duplicity* But all that is past.

The other episode occurred at a rotary club on a pro German middle western city It was a public dinner and I suppose the speakers were feeling pretty sweaty and trying to jolly one another up, for one good fellow who was swelling out in flowing congratulations on what four boys were doing over in France when another speaker got to his feet and grimly interrupted

"Men" he said slowly 'nobody is grander of our boys over there than I am Two of my own boys are over there, and I had rather they made their graves in Flanders than we had failed as a nation in this crucial hour, but men, I want you to forget something you are forgetting—England has more men under the sod in Flanders than we have ever had in arms, and it is up to us now not to boast, but to make up in the last lap of the race in payment of costs and remission of debt and reconstruction, what we failed to do earlier in the war

And the men at that dinner didn't clap They reverently sat down at their feasts as the hand played the Star Spangled Banner

That is the spirit of the United States to-day, and I with Canada would brood over it, brood over it deeply, brood over it for the good of the world after the war. In the readjustment of things after the war at tariffs of shipping, of debts, of finance of world salvage of new boundaries it would be a tragedy beyond telling, it would be a triumph to the devilish subtleties of German diplomacy If any rankling If any resentment were permitted to exist for an hour between the two great English speaking families We are going into a new world a new era We serve the same God We treasure the same ideals. The whole world—Persia China Arabia, Armenia, Mexico, South America—looks to these two great nations for leadership United we stand Divided, we might lose what the war has won which is the Universal Brotherhood of Man, and there are deeds gone enough of Bolshevikism on the hoof set to hit us beware of division in the family of nations

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Why Laurier Will Wait

Continued from page 21

Also he talks with much earnestness as well as considerable humor on many other subjects. If you took a vote of the press gallery on the greatest recent acquisition to the House I make bold to say Sir Captain would win by a large majority.

Then there is Turgeon of Gloucester He is a little old gentleman who walks with a limp and a cane He is an Acadian—not a French Canadian mark you—and his specialty is a speech on mere than average length trotted into every debate and in which his hands do a large part of the talking.

That rather ponderous looking person ten e a Lakeside of Montreal who holds the long distance talking championship of the House. He won it in the session when he kept going anywhere from 5 to 12 hours according to the memory of the man who tells you the story Yes, that sour visaged man is Frank Malcolm of Shefbrooke His specialty is owning pulp and paper mills and his mournful expression does not cause even risus jocosa though he is a Methodist. It is probably caused by a wonder as to how many more millions he could make if publishers and Government did not combine to rob the poor struggling owners of pulp lands And that young fellow with the crippled arm is Chubby Fowers the crack Quebec hockey player He got a German bullet in that arm while fighting in Flanders and his face wears a ominous grin when some sugar heated Tory orator declares that the Opposition are not interested in the war.

But we almost overlooked Rehb of Huntingdon He is a miller as well as chief Opposition whip and is always quite busy in both capacities. Both pertain purely to party politics. Both pertain to party chat James Rehb is a decent fellow and as both have considerable to do with him in his official capacity, the verdict seems well considered and worthy of acceptance. Moreover he carries some ability in a quiet and unassuming way and if he chose to devote more valuable in his present position may go further up in the tat days every liberal toils in his heart are aloft at Ottawa.

Laurier is Bad Forgetter

THERE you have some of the outstanding personalities in that rather mixed assemblage known as the Laurier Opposition Can Sir Wilfrid control them? He can, for the lessons of 1911 and 1917 when he finally passes up the Liberal double score it again for I trust every Canadian is a good enough sport to want to know facts—up to two years ago neither Canada nor Great Britain raised a hand to counteract German propaganda in the United States.

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leadership and passes on to well earned rest he would leave behind him not only friends comfortably placed in the seats of the mighty but enemies and parties done safely planted upon the political sod. The Old Warrior [illegible] had for getter. And he has a few scores to settle. For instance in one of memory's corners lingers a picture of a Toronto delegation that descended on him and proposed that in the interest of uplift, he should hie himself hence and make room for Newton Wesley Rowell. In another he sees Frank Broadstreet Carvell slipping forward in the summer of 1917 or a new saviour of the Liberal Party. He may not believe that James Calder intends to be the power behind a throne occupied by William Martin but this is no time to take chances. And as for Arthur Sifton—well past experience with brother Clifford do not bind him closer to the Laurier throat. Sir Wilfrid was seventy-seven years of age on the 20th of November but he looks good for some years to come. He would pass out of politics [illegible] who has lived in politics—the absolute ruler of the Liberal party. He would smash alike the open enemy and the enemy who according to Liberal beliefs has stung the gentle hand that nursed and [illegible] him. He sees the way lying open to the accomplishment of all his purposes. If he is half the politician his friends believe him he will sit and smile and wait—yet a little longer.

Mr. Craighouse of New York, Satirist

Continued from page 19

"The daughter of an earl humorous?" She laughed gaily and her beauty was exceeding good to look upon.

An uncomfortable feeling that, though armed with the [illegible] of masculine self assurance, he was being worsted by the stiletto of feminism crept into the mind of Lawrence Craighouse, officer and satirist. His embarrassment, how ever was broken by the approach of a servant.

"Pardon me," said Lady Dorothy. "It's the mail."

She took from the salver a letter, which bore the stamp of the Red Cross, and opened it.

"I am so glad," she said looking up at him. "I have been accepted for France."

"As what?"

"As a V.A.D., my dear knight. I have been one for two years."

He began to think that his broadsword was decidedly worsted but he made one final and thoroughly masculine attempt to retain the [illegible] of superiority.

"I suppose you soothed a great many convalescent and gallant second lieutenants?" he said airily. It was a lamentable attempt, but he felt a sudden jealousy of all wounded subalterns.

She pirouetted daintily.

"I was in a Tommies hospital," she said, "and when I wasn't scrubbing floors I was waiting on the nurses at table—and you have no idea what rats some of them were."

Captain Lawrence Craighouse of New York handed over his sword and surrendered unconditionally.

THREE days later Craighouse wrote a long letter to Mr. Townsend. That gentleman read it with great interest, and noted particularly these passages: "They have a library but nearly [illegible]. I have opened her uncut [illegible]. The daughter, Lady Dorothy, [illegible] woman is quite good looking [illegible] and intentionally she is [illegible]. The old boy showed me the [illegible] his ancestors this morning [illegible] mistake of asking what each [illegible]. It appears that they merely [illegible]. I am trying an experiment in [illegible] psychology—I am acting [illegible] Lady Dorothy's Galatea." [illegible] appears to be very rich but [illegible] We had some titled [illegible] lunch to-day. I have at last [illegible] that countess talk about—[illegible] exception for those gardens [illegible] quite done away with the [illegible] of gossip. "Lady Dorothy [illegible] rather closely but with [illegible]. Have I mentioned the [illegible] Lady Dorothy? She is so [illegible] beautiful at times. I do [illegible] making [illegible] of English [illegible] they are not putting on [illegible] Dorothy has a contralto lilt [illegible] that is rather pleasing." [illegible] tremendous affair. A prune [illegible] a return but nothing re[illegible] duel performed by the high [illegible] assistant.

[illegible] Mr. Townsend looked [illegible] at his wife.

[illegible]" he said, "what happens [illegible] American young man falls in [illegible] the daughter of an English [illegible]."

"[illegible] furniture, object, matrimony," said the companion of his joys and sorrows.

IT was the last evening before his departure, and Lady Dorothy had played for him for an hour, played little melodies from *La Bohème*, lesser gems from *Chu Chin Chow* and twice had explored the delightful memories of Gilbert and Sullivan. Once he sang very softly to her accompaniment, and when they finished she turned abruptly to him.

"You have a voice," she said.

"You play beautifully," he answered.

"It is easy to play when an artist is listening."

"Have you found that, too?"

She turned to the piano and softly fingered the opening strains of Rudolph's aria in the first act of *La Bohème*.

"It is just a matter of personality," he said softly. "One woman shakes a man's artistry, another reveals the heights which are in his soul. I suppose it is the same with men."

She played on in silence for a few moments, then murmured, "What happened to the statue when it came to life?"

"You mean Galatea?"

She nodded her head.

"I don't know," he said peevishly. "I have quite forgotten the ending."

She went on playing and in the soothing light of the music-room she made a picture that lingered for months in the memory of the American.

"Some day I will tell you," she said suddenly. "Here are mother and dad."

That night, while in the act of dressing, he heard the calm knock of Mr. Watkins at his door.

"Come in," he said. "I am going at seven to-morrow morning."

"Very good, sir."

Mr. Watkins carefully placed a pitcher of hot water on the stand.

"Are you married, Watkins?"

The butler considered deferentially. "No, sir," he said after mature reflection.

"You ought to be," said the American.

The butler carefully drew the window-curtains together. "Are you, sir?"

"No," said Craighouse with great energy, "but when I do marry, it will be with some girl born in the United States of America."

Mr. Watkins drifted towards the door. "Your bath will be ready at six, and breakfast at six-thirty," he said.

What Mr. Watkins had taken for persiflage was in reality another American declaration of independence.

IT was late in March, 1918, that two American officers sat by the side of a road in France and watched a stream of refugees go by in an endless pageant of misery. Old men crawled along on bleeding ill-shod feet; women were carrying grotesque bundles and leading absurd ponies that drew household goods on rickety carts, and there were girls, half women, who bore infants in their arms and who looked neither to right nor left but followed on in mute fatigue and tearless agony.

Craighouse who wore the badges of a captain swore softly to himself. His companion bit his lip.

"I hear the Germans are smashing through everywhere," said the latter. "God! I wonder if we have been too late."

Several ambulances passed in rapid

succession, their bandaged and bleeding occupants lying crowded together.

A girl less than eighteen years of age dropped to the ground opposite to them. In a bound Craighouse was by her side and had lifted her to her feet. For a moment his strong hands gripped her arms tenaciously as though he would transmit some of his strength to her.

Without a word, without a look at him, she freed herself and staggered on, her face livid except where a slight flush showed beneath the dark hollows of her eyes.

Craighouse went back to the other officer, but his face was grey and drawn while his clenched fists drove the ends into his palms until they bled. His companion cursed blasphemously.

The roar of the guns grew louder like a storm that is driven on the wings of a hurricane. They heard the snorting of engines behind them, and looking quickly they saw a long line of London omnibuses crowded with English soldiers. They were shouting encouragement to the refugees and waved gaily as they passed the Americans.

"Those chaps will be in action in an hour," said Craighouse and swallowed noticeably. "Simpson," he went on, "do you realize that it's little England who has kept this thing from us for three and a half years? It's England who stood by her word; and now that she's drained of her men and boys, she doesn't reproach Russia for letting her down, she hasn't uttered a word of impatience for our slow arrival—asking nothing for herself blaming no one. It's little England that is gathering the spear-points into her breast that your children and mine may live like human beings."

His companion rose to his feet and his jaw stiffened ominously. He felt for his revolver holster and adjusted his haversack.

"Tell the O.C. I've deserted," he said grimly. "I'm going up the line to join the first bunch that'll take me. There's some vermin up there that I reckon need exterminating."

Craighouse muttered something about discipline.

"To hell with discipline!" said Lieutenant Simpson, ex-mining engineer of Colorado. "I'm going."——

A corporal had halted before them and saluted. "O.C.'s compliments," he said tersely, "and the company is to go up the line as auxiliary infantry. Parade falling in now, sir. We move off in an hour."

WHEN the officers reached their headquarters they found a scene of bustling activity. Gas-masks were being inspected, ammunition supplied, first-aid packages given out where they had been lost, rifles cleaned and inspected, and all the accoutrements of war checked and shortages replaced.

Craighouse strode up to his section, ignoring the sergeant's salute. "We're going into this scrap," he said quietly, though his voice vibrated oddly, "and I want every mother's son of you to see red. There's a girl out on that road who is dying of fever, and it's fear of the Hun that is driving her on and before night she'll be lying dead by the side of the road. She's somebody's daughter—somebody's sister—and by Heaven we'll make the Hun pay for it! What do you say, you Yankee sons of guns?"

They cheered him to the echo, and some of them swore and some of them laughed (but the laugh had a round ring to it), and some of them felt the salt tears stinging their eyes—but every one saw red.

Craighouse slowly walked over to his hut to superintend the packing of his own things. In his heart was a great exultation and a mad love for the men who looked to him for leadership. In the seduction of his hut he did what he had not done for years. He knelt for a moment by the side of his kit and prayed that he might quit himself like a man.

There are moments in war when men's very souls are touched by a nobility, by a compassion, by a consonance that rises above all events. Out of the depths they have risen to heights supernal.

In a private ward at Abbeville an American officer lay in great pain, and tossed restlessly in a delirium of fever.

A young woman in the uniform of a V.A.D. watched by his side, [illegible] his palms and forehead, sought to soothe him with a gentleness that a mother would [illegible] child. The man was badly [illegible] his chest and leg and [illegible] brought a fever to torment [illegible]ings. Once he sat up and [illegible] at her.

"Did the guns get away? [illegible] Did they get away?"

"Hush!" she said softly, "[illegible] not talk. You are [illegible]"

He sank back on the [illegible] laughed. "There's a girl [illegible] the road," he said, "but the [illegible] of Hers who are answering [illegible] to hell this morning."

He was silent for several [illegible] then frowned heavily. "[illegible]" he said sternly, "I wish you [illegible] driving nails into my knee [illegible] think I am—Hindenburg?"

He laughed again then [illegible] great drops of perspiration [illegible] his brow. The woman [illegible] with the gentle firmness of [illegible] rises to its best where [illegible] suffering. She smoothed his [illegible] shifted his position so that [illegible] irritate his wounds, and [illegible] by her presence he sighed [illegible] broke into a little negro me[illegible]

All dat I got am de whole [illegible]
All dat I love in de whole [illegible]
Is de big [illegible]
Is dat lil lil feller wid his [illegible]
Lil [illegible] wid his mammy [illegible]

His voice was very low [illegible] he suddenly sat up in bed and pointed. "Look!" he said. "The cavalry! The cavalry! By Heaven how they ride! Look at that officer! Great Scott! It's Oaklands!—Good old Oaklands!—Come on, men—one last fight.—Get those guns away—d' you hear? Get these guns away—now!"

Weak from the effort he had made he sank back with a moan, and the woman stroked his brow, and kept back the tears which welled to her eyes. For half an hour he did not speak; then he went through the pantomime of lighting a cigarette.

"The reason I can't marry her," he said abruptly, "is the same reason that East is East and West is West. What am I offering her? She can't dream or two [illegible] a month, and besides she knows nothing of building bridges. If I made a great canvas I might come to her but—as I am now—no—no." He solemnly shook his hand and flicked the ash from the imaginary cigarette. "Can you picture Lady Dorothy in a pretty little cottage outside New York helping me to write—my assistant corporation—the mother of my children?" Can you picture her sharing my discouragements telling me I can write if the whole world says I can't, believing in me when I've lost belief in myself? Can you see her motoring into New York with me and the two of us dining at Rector's to celebrate the acceptance of a play? Would she be happy in such a life? No—no—no on Flanders' fields it is [illegible]. By the way, my dear fellow, you might shift the grand piano; it will [illegible] you." It is resting on my knee.

His voice trailed into silence, and he sank into a slumber. Twilight was throwing its cloak over the earth when he spoke again. His hand reached out and she took it in both of hers.

"I thought I was dying," he murmured. "I think I would have died there—in that ditch—but Dorothy—[illegible] beside me. She held my head when everything went dark—she wept a little. It was only a dream I know, but I lived. She must never know I loved her—because"——

"Lawrence!" The words were low and soft. "Lawrence!" That was all. Then she leaned over and kissed his lips. *Galatea had come to life.*

THE first darkening shadows of an August night crept over the lawns of Oaklands and settled about the turrets of the house like a mist. In the music-room a pale American officer was telling some story—a story that kept his listeners silent and made the distant cry of a hawk sound strangely



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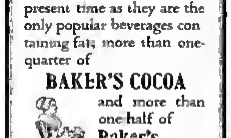
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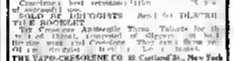
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Grecle and loud. He had three auditors—an elderly man who held an unlit cigarette in his fingers, a woman with grey locks who sat, motionless, with folded hands, and a young woman whose brown hair was like gold and in whose deep-blue eyes there were mingled look of pain and love.

We knew when down broke" went on the American "that we were outflanked, and we tried to get the guns away, but the Huns saw our moves, and came at us with bayonets. We formed a line in front of the gun. Scots and Englishmen, a little force of brave fellows who were left and we did our best to save the gun were a chance, but they were on us too soon. Every thing lashed over... when we heard the cavalry coming. God! how our men shouted as they saw the squadron—for that is all there were—bear down on the German. Their officer seemed to bear a charmed life, for he carried and threw and cut like a demon while his commades rang out about the whole shock and crash of the fight. The Germans fell back, and this officer wheeled about shouting instructions for the guns and rallying his men. For the first time I saw his face as he rode up to me. It was young boy."

There was a deathly silence for a moment, broken by a sob forced from his bronzed, though a solitary tear fell slowly on the older woman's cheek.

We certainly did, the Huns started back and we retreated to a sunken road which gave us protection. It was on the way there that I was shot in the knee, but managed to keep up. I was in a shell between two gurr and killed some of the horses. We had to leave them, and went on, but that is how later we heard a shout. The Germans were surging about the guns, and the little group of cavalry had turned and charged right into the centre of them. Then they broke again and dropped but Simpson one of our officers from Colorado led our men back to the gun's assistance, they fought till only Simpson and eight others were left. Then he fell dead beside the body of your lad who had led the cavalry."

There was a long silence broken finally by the voice of the older woman. "I am glad that Douglas died bravely," she said and her voice was low and calm, and I am proud that he lies in France beside a very gallant American gentleman."

As if by mutual consent, every one rose and the two women left the room together.

The old rebleman stood by the fireplace and gazed wistfully at the undulating lawns that showed from the windows in the deepening gloom of night. "It was good of you to tell me that he said. "It will make my wife's sorrow more easy to bear. He walked slowly to a window and passed his hand wearily over his brow. Sometime he went or gently. "I must show you his room. We can leave it just as he left it."

Craighouse said nothing but in his heart was a great understanding.

The first silver rays of the moon were dancing on the waves when the rail rode again. "It is hard for my wife, he said, "but she will be proud to know that she gave everything she had for—for England.

The American heard and sank. "Everything" he stammered "You mean"—

The older man's head was bowed with the simple dignity of his grief. "I have not told her yet, he said, but I received an Admiralty message to-day that my second son destroyer has gone down. He is reported missing.

IT was nearly an hour later when Cruickshank was wandering about the lawns in the glistening moonlight, that he heard the rustle of skirts behind him. It was Lady Dorset, and her eyes were shining like twin stars.

"I thought you would be here," she said. "It is a night that draws one to it.

"It is a night for memories," he said quietly. "What bitter-sweet things they have become ever we had war!

"Yes," and she sighed.

For a little time they spoke of the sorrows and tragedies of their world, they talked of Oaklands, which would pass from her family because there was no heir, they played on the minor chords of life, and in their voices the melancholy elegy for beautiful things that had died found expression in their hushed and murmuring tones.

But they were young, and in the heart of youth there is always Spring, and the witchery of a moonlight night was stirring to it. The minor strains trembled into silence, and the melody of hearts that are young in a place like this had deep-blue eyes that were never meant for tears, and for had a nature that responded to the beauty of life like a violin to the touch of the wind.

As memories made have done for generations, they talked of themselves. (A dangerous topic when the moon is making fairy rings upon the grass.) They traced their friendship from his first visit, and lightly touched on the weary hours when he watched by his bedside in France. They laughed they sighed and once their fingers touched by accident, and he felt a thrill as the heart blood rushed to his cheeks. His experienced a sudden resentment against her wife rose covering the marble fullness of her throat, and the luxury of silken brown hair which held a vagrant moonbeam in a lingering caress. It was the protest of the heart to the senses against the aftermath of beauty.

"We must never meet again," he said reverely.

"You are right," she answered wistfully, and something like a smile lurked mischievously in the corners of her mouth. The moon may have lent a tender, great discernment to the daughters of earth.

Another half hour passed full of words that meant so little and silences that meant so much. Then, with a quick sort traction of his shoulders and a deep energy drown he turned and faced her squarely.

"I came to yorn home," he said, "to gather material for satire. I found it in your presence—a good."

In my room are ten completed articles which I am going to send to New York They are my impressions of the English They will be published in the psychology of England studied under the microscope of a satirist.

"And I form one of your satirical studies?"

"Yes. I referred to you as Grietea and to myself as Pygmalion. You can sup ply the feminine interest which is so necessary. I pictured you as a statue amidst rifling conventicles, and I was the artist who tried to bring you to life."

"With what success?"

He thrust his hands into his pockets and did not answer for a stopped listlessly.

The artist," he said "fell in love with her the moment the marble became human. He was a fool."

"I am so sorry," she said gently; and for a brief moment—a very brief moment—her hard reverted in his. Her temper the moon was concerned to disappear behind a cloud to hide her smile. "And what happened to her?"

"She," he said, "was a woman, she decided to torture Pygmalion. She rose out on the lawn at night with him, and, by the music of her voice and the charm of her beauty, she made him suffer exquisite pain. I am like a moon he said, with an abrupt descent from the impersonal, "who knows that on the morrow he will be smacker with blind man and is looking for the last time on a sunset."

WHEREUPON Captain Craighouse reached like the classic fairy tale and Lady Dorothy Oaklands smiled again, though her eyes were glistening with a mysterious dew. "A merry evening" he went on "the sculptor, sometimes known as Don Quixote is going away to forget about the statue. It is the only thing he can do."

Her eyes were lowered to the ground, and her breast rose and fell with her trembling breath. "A woman—Galatea!" she murmured—"she just forgets, I suppose."

"Women forget nearly," he said, and thought in spite the truth.

"Listen" she said and her voice was so soft that he could just make out the half whispered words. "Let me tell you the real story of Pygmalion and Galatea. When the marble became life she loved the artist who had created her soul. But he didn't return her love. It has been an experiment with him. And so the woman in her froze and died and Galatea became a statue again."

He caught her hands in his and his eyes flashed like brilliants. "Dorothy!" he cried "you are not jesting? You are not pale—cruel?"

She said nothing; but, oh, what pleasures sometimes lies in a woman's silence! They did Captain Craighouse of New York say many things which would look absurd in the cold medium of print, but which seemed like sweet music to his companion in that moon light August night. He likened her to a motif that remained in his life as a melody that haunts the memory. He said he would scale the heights of fame to cast its laurels at her feet.

"You stupid boy" she laughed caressingly. "Can't you see I love you, and would be finer than yet at this—that you are fighting for your country."

In some mysterious way his hands reached her shoulders and in an equally inexplicable manner she was suddenly in his arms, and her hot cheek was against his.

"Lawrence dean," she murmured. "Galatea only knew one thing about Pygmalion—that he had brought her into being and so she loved him. That was all."

And the moon feeling that her evening had been a complete success, disappeared behind a cloud and stayed there

A RAW wind from the sea swept against the mammoth building of the *New York Monthly Journal*. The editor of that phase publication pressed to the rattling window and looked at Broadway far beneath. A few drops of rain mingled with the dust that eddied about in little whirlpools of wind.

In her hand he held a long letter from Craighouse, and after a pause, he pressed the ending. "And so I crept downstairs in the early morning and built a new fire of my cricket, a great I am sorry to have failed you, but, if you would ridicule England. First let him go to the sea and watch the men that go out in ships—and for sure that never come back from the sea. If he would scoff at the simple folk of England first let her ring at a front door, where an old man of seventy is toiling in the fields that the King's horses and men may be fed; while her four sons sleep in France If he would laugh at the old fanatics of England, let him come to the old home where ebby son rest with out a murmur and where too often, the last one fell beside his brothers, because England had called for men

"If he would mahr the mothers of England a study for satire first he should mock the woman at the foot of the Cross for her love and their love her grief and their grief are one"

Like gnomes, the people on Broadway hurried on in an endless display of torrent of humanity

Mars and the Drummer

Continued from page 22

standard ons brought forwood and examined. A sample tin of other polish that one dealer had yielded up was examined gingerly. It looked like a bomb and accordingly we safely deposited in a pail of water. The Minister of War frowned definitely and examined the pale of soins literature

"I thought the pig was on Americanre" he said. "It is true however, that he is Serbian. It is my duty as Minister of War to look into this. Why should Srbia attempt to overthrow the power of the great Alvrroe?"

LACEY war led away to a small room and locked up. The Minister of War, perpetually aware of the res im portance he hrd attoined by his prompt ness le rnnching up the latest plot against the administration walked into the outer office. Herbert and tnd of the uprising in lurid terms. Always took the news with enonnern

So he said. "I haven't havr mat tered much. We are nearly through anyway. The people murmur against my rule. The army is dissatisfied because I am Serbian. The sooner it rmpty! Sooner or later we go, and whr ther it is by Serbian agerry or the will of our own people what is the differ ence?

Never as long as I am Minister of War" spluttered General Hamilbol "My answer is always the same. I can mporose any uprisng as easily on I pnh hed the bubble of Serbian oggression into two nights!

"Again" replied the President, pariently "But it would be more to the point if you could find some way to reirn money for the army. Tired of it Hay morey—we all need it, Gennrol

"A whisky tax—" bogar the General

"No sirh!" interrupted the President. "The last whisky tax put our revenues down one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. You can trempin all over our beloved people on every other point but you can't interfere with their drink."

The Minister of War thought hard and long

"If we were at war we could levy a war tax" he said.

"Our neighbours are too powerful said Alvarez, mutily "You know that as well as I do. They would smash you little army like an eggshell and stand you and me up against a wall, Gennrol We only exist on their forbearence now"

General Hannibal indulged in more thought and then suddenly emitted an exclamation of triumph With nervous hands he drew a map from under the President's desk and ron ble stubby forefinger over it.

"See here, Excellency!" hn reird, "this green spot Serbie—that I have my finger on—ir on irland country"

"I am not such a fool" said the President. What of it?"

"Kring on inlord country," answered the Minister "it will hrov us navy!

"That does not follow" the President pur in. "We haven't a navy ourselves though Salvemalia is on the water line!

"But as Inlord country can't have a navy" the Grnrrol perristed

"Why argue about it?" asked the President. "Granted that it cannot have a navy, whrt then?"

"Srbia hos been guilty of aggression against us" orated General Hornibal "We are justified in declaring war on Srbian Excellency' As our frenns is thousands of miles away and hos no fleet we orn perferdly safe It will be a bloodless war—we to tonen will have to be raised nevertheless Our people will rise to vindicate the honor of their country. We shall become popular. Our popularity will comr back to us and the money will roll into the treasury for the strengthening of the army

There was silence in the room for full two minutes

"A wonderful idrn," said President Alvarez. "It is remarkable how a third of those things hos furtile I am in the inpedients of popular govnernent. Yes I think it would work. Hrrorr, ginny perhaps—but tizes. rirely it will work there

But, your Excellency" twitgered the Minnister remember that I—

"Oh you you will get the honer of conquing out my plan" said the President. "I shall now write the ultimatum of war"

The next morning Justus Anson sitting at breakfast at the desk of the *Illstrous*, glanced drlisously over the water at San Salvemal

What sup" he demanded genuulously of the steward who was serving him his usual substantial breakfast of hone and eggs. Has the place gone crazy all of a sudden? They're been shouting, and firing off guns for the last half hour."

If may be another revolution suggested the steward

I think I'll go nshore said Anson "Hell or though. I'll finish breakfast first. Even a sailor has my breakfast if all the gnvernments in South America go on ash in the morning. And see here steward, you see that that daughter



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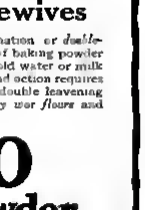
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of ours doesn't get ashore while I'm away. Your job depends on it. Tie her up if necessary. Understand?"

Sir Ansom went ashore while his daughter Jane fretted and fumed on deck and unnervingly hulled the nigest officers. In two hour's time the Minimum Kings returned. He was half amused and half perturbed at what he had learned.

"Of all the blarketty black pirates!" he exploded. "For sheer ignorance and stupidity there people have rything re anth beats a five thousand feet in the hollet. They've declared war on Land of all countries—by gad, its true! All of all countries on earth they've picked on Serbia!"

Isabella Jane pirked up her ears. Her new friend Harry Lacey was with the Serbian Shoe Polish Co. Could there be any connection?

"Some fool of a mmmor wrrt ord spilt the beans!" declared her father. "Worked up a demorrtration last night —in order to advertise Serbian Shoe Polish, as far as I could learn. So they dupped him in irons and declared war. I saw some of the American residents and they say it is just an excuse to buy a war tax, but they're worried just the same. They think this young idiot of a Lacey may come to romr harm in the excitement."

The American residents were not the only ones who worried over the possibility. For half an hour Jane paced the derk with an anxious frown. Then she went to her father and told him what she has decided must be done. She first told of her interview the previous day with Harry Lacey.

"Dad I have a confession to make," she said. "I like Mr. Lacey. You've always got me everything I asked for, Dad. Well, I want you to get him for me. You must rescue him first and then —well if he's possible I may decide to marry him. I'm not quite sure about that but—I think I will."

Sir Rudolph Ansom uneasily. "I've spoiled you. Ever since you were knee-high to a grasshopper you've done the—the *damndest* things, Jane. But this is going too far. This is serious. What I am from about him would make a pretty good husband for a she-wild cat, but when it comes to grafting in on my family tree—"

"The main thing is to get him free," interrupted Jane, unmindful of her father's heroics. "Worse things than other part later. Now, Dad I have a grand plan. You remember how you said this boat could be made any way I liked, and then barked like a dog at the old main when I inserted an having a couple of guns put in for emmergemrie? Well, the guns I had in mind. We can mount those guns and start in to shell the town. That will bring them to their senses!"

"Ha, ha!—ye've got the splendid Ansom Girl—you're crazy plomb crazy. Do you know what would happen if we put a shell into that town? We would have to wrr-vound all sorts people and have to face the rursequrrres for that. And then there would be international complications and I only be too grateful that wouldn't clear up in a lifetime."

"But, Dad, this is not a rrr-l humanity pessestsal Jane. "Any person that would declare war like that deserves to be shelled anyway. We would only threatree to shell the place if they didn't give Harry—Lacey—up to us. That would bring them to their senses. We could say we were—the flagship of the Serbian navy!"

HOW Jane ever managed to convert her father to the idea I don't know. But the fact remains that the *Athenian* up anchored that very morning and steamed out of sight, only to come back late in the afternoon with a new name painted on its prow in foreign letters and with two shiny but business-like gunr poking their black muzzles over the railing. Then old man Ansom were busily engaged out in frock coat and very red in the face went ashore.

At this point Lacey's narrative becomes very vague and in my weak of reconstructing the tale I have had considerable difficulty in bridging the gap. You see Lacey was himself in bondage at the time and has no first-hand knowledge as to what old man Ansom did. Most of his information, I imagine comes from Jane and Jane believes that her father went in to see President Alvarez and, representing himself as an envoy of the King of Serbia threatened to shell the town if Lacey were not released and the declaration of war withdrawn. This war Jane's plan Lacey tells it this way. But why I imagine wealth has prefer'd war something entirely different. And so I am telling it my own way.

Juster Ansor had no difficulty in getting an audirnce with the President. Sir Waldrd ir ord sat down rathlly in one of the President's drrnge adirs and looked Alvarez rtraight in the eye.

"President," he said "I'm a humans man, an American business man. I want to talk burirners with you!"

"Good," said Alvarez, who knew how to come to the point." In his way he was a business man, too. "What can I do for you?"

"I have a big yacht out in the harbor with two guns capable of shelling the town and there's a Serbian navy painted on it," went on Ansor, drily.

"My name is Justus Ansor of New York city, but I might be in the interests of both of us if the impression were allowed to get out that my yarbl is a Serbian ship and that I'm a representative of that country."

"How so?" asked Alvarez.

"You know and I know," said Anson "that a declaration of war on us will that could save the Alsamr administration from bankruptcy. Well, you've got your declaration off your chest and I suppose thr war tax is being levied briskly today. But see here Mr. President you've got to rrawl off some time. I offer you the opportunity. We can fix up rn honorable peace between us—for the benefit of your people. You can be declared the virtor. Serbia will never know of it. The notandr world needn't get a word of the saeguinary war that has been waged. Serbia might even agree to pay a small indemnity."

The president winked. Yes thoily and joyously his shrewd black eyes closed for a fraction of a second.

"I comprrhend, br dad. I am well agreeable to what you say. But what I do not understond is—where do you, oh, bumptious man of the U.S. come in yourself?"

"I'll arrange the indemnity," said Anson "but you might even ll up by slipping me a rum little rake-off in exchrange. Anything would do—arphole, or hardwood, or anything. In addition I won't tell Lord Lacey released *pronto*. He's a friend of my family!"

"And the amount of the indemnity?" asked the President.

From thir point or Lacey's narrative was complete ord orthoritative. You see he had personally taken a hand in what followed. I quote him almost verbatim.

ANSON and Lacey returned to the yacht together. Lacey was a little subdrrd by his day's rnrr finrment but the millionaire was quite jubilant.

"Some diplomat!" he taunted as June when they got on board. "Brought home the bacon—and your young man fwend. Here he is. The war is off and the town is quieting down already. Trust a business man to settle a little squabble like that."

Jane shook hands with Lacey. He was little the worse for wear but I guess he still looked pretty good to Jane. She's one of those kind who always know what they want and who can't be changed. They looked and looked into each other's eyes trance two young people until old Anson broke it up with an indignant cough.

"Huh!" he said "I see where I'll going to be necessary to make a place for you in the noisome business, Lacey."

But—would you believe it?—Jane was not entirely happy. There was a shade of disappointment in the back of her busy mind. It came out at dinner that evening.

"You're too good a diplomat, Dad," she grumbled. "I was kind of anxious to see how those guns would work!"

The Minx Goes to the Front

Continued from page 13

Rivrer cyclists rushed past, white as plaster statues, officers in grey automobiles flashed by, staring at the unexpected vision of women in our midst, and nearly twisting their necks off to catch a second glimpse of the Minx. We saw no civilians save in the villages, working in the fields. On the road we were the only persons not in uniform. It was well, read our lieutenant, that we possessed a khaki car. Nothing else save military grey would be permitted on this road, or at Verdun itself where we would soon be arriving.

"Verdun itself where we would soon arrive!" It seemed incredible. I had to pinch myself. I should have felt it no more wondrrful to be told that we should soon arrive before the gates of Troy, and see the Wooden Horse. To me—or no all the world in those days—there could be no name more thrilling, no name more rlussic than Verdun.

Headquarters was at a distance—I won't say where, but there after a few formalities, a few politenesses, we were passed on as quickly as possible. "You are expected to lanch in the rltadel," we were told.

Lunch—in the citadel at Verdun! I must be dreaming, I thought. Yet if so I hrd a curious stumbling into a dream that belonged not to me but to Nancy Mix. Everything in it began to rrutre round her from the moment we passed through the gates. Even the Germans will never pass. Shr was a bright blossom blooming more vividly in contrast to the grey skeleton of bare background, a golden rose on the breast of a skirlton.

ANOTHER officer—a Captain this time—met us inside the gates where history has been made and unmade, and made again rvrr rinrr the year 842 when Charlemagne divided his empire between his three sons. In the Treaty of Verdun. He too (not Charlemagne but the Captain) got into the khaki colored car, and was visibly thrilled by the khaki-clad girl. We drove slowly through the ruined streets which had ceased to be rtreets save that the milk tars remembered kept them rlaced for thoroughfares. Nothing that I had seen yet of devestation struak my srrh o blow over the heart as the wreck of Verdun. The house of vanished life were more intimate and personal, more dasmestic in the towns we had visited before Nancy and Metz, the Germans had pillaged and burned houses, but where they had never come they had only bombarded, and the inhabitants had dragged their homes leaving all they had, except such small treasures as could be carried off in haste. Fronts of houses had been smashed in, showing pitiful interiors like so many doll's house scenes: bedrooms, aborderel in the night, with covuelets thrown back aloth ing hurg over chairs or frllen on the floors, little pictures still on the walls of a meal never to be eatrn, libraries with books on the shelvrr and desk wide open, parlors with vases of withered flowers on the chimney pieces delntily fromed pieleree and mirrors askew on satin papered walls and wash baskets with scattered embroidlamy on the plaster littered sompets. Long, long ago the owners of these books, and dishes, and pictures had been ordered out of Verdun to save themselves. Where now were the faces which had smiled into these mirrors the hands that had stitched the now rotted embroideries, where the babies snatched from tumbled cradles? They were far away in the homes of others, and before these long ing eyes there always stood the ghosts of these rooms, sacred and private, before German bombs bared them to the eyes of all who passed.

On a terrace which must once have been a beloved promtenade we got out of the car and gazed once the river Meuse. It seemed as I stood there on if my mental eyes un-fread a hundred "communiques" of the past. "Desperate Battle on the Meuse." "Slight Gnrman Advance on the Meuse." "French Counter Attack and Victory on the Meuse." Our two officers pointed out spots famous for their fierce fighting and told us how a few months earlier an aeroplane a few weeks later a ferry former world have been on safe a viewpoint or our present one. But I hardly listened. Thoughts like ghosts crowded round my whispering. I saw the Embrace of Aldenhayn who relieved at Verdun as Kings. I saw men of the 12th military building the Cathedral or at laying the steps that still led up to it ruin, at the top of the hill. I saw prin English prisonrrs taken by Napoleon and kept in the citadel for eleven weeks in my years. I saw the Reunion fair ladies sent to the guillotine by the Tribunal of the Revolution because they had dared hail the King of Prussen to respect the town. I saw the French set fire to their own houses and abandon them rather than surrender them to the Germans. I saw the Germans fought in vain to conquer Verdun. Thousands of gasselike white mist a red fire seemed to glow, like a flame gainst the low hanging the earth between the French and German lines.

"Good heavens!" said one of our guides "Poppies! I think we call them in English. They are no redder than the blood which has flowed where they grow. It is as if that blood gave the flowers their color, is it rnt? Can you guess what they hide. Thousands of bodies that neither we nor our enemies have ever been able to bury. When the poppies are gone we shall see them again as we have seen them before. The fine trampled bodies buffled in the shell holes and maybe there will be many more. We have seen worse sights, but—the view is merr cherrful for us while the poppies bloom."

OF that dream of Verdun our lurch in the rnlterranean Inlinzehall he longed most of all to the Minx. She was queen of it, and no wonder. It was months since some of our splendid heirr had seen a woman. They had almost forgotter that the Creature existed. The rever that three ladies were to be their guests for lunch. The shell holes and maybe there will be many more. We have seen worse sights, but—the view is merr cherrful for us while the poppies bloom."

Even more palna had been taken in decorating the vaulted lonquisting hall where we had two palnqhul lunn ani many rnlors ones. The walls and the mitte. "They shall not pass" were draped with banning and banners. The long, table was adorned with flowers not poppies though heaven though brought from heaven knows where. The most conpuse use of the big crystale lamps which lit the big room were nevr oned with thin yellow papers to give a

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THE MINX GOES TO THE FRONT

Continued from page 65

gayen light. And the menu was marvelous.

"Oh, we have never suffered for food here, even at the worst," laughed one of the two great men who were our hosts. "You see, it was like this. Before the civil population of Verdun was evacuated, they had a scare of a long siege, and conceived the brilliant idea of hoarding food. They sent to Paris for everything of the best, and a great deal of it. All the shops displayed food. The jewellers showed hams in their windows whose collace of pearls and diamonds used to glitter. The perfumers filled up glass jars of preserved fruit on vegetables instead of the latest eccentric fashion in scent bottles, and the wine-cellars were filled with the good wine of France. Then, right came the order for evacuation. The food hoarders were glad to sell out their stores to the army at cost price, so while the German papers, and even Italian papers (of a neutral then) printed the news that we at Verdun could not hold out long because we had no meat save cats, we were eating the fat of the land—when we had time to eat at all!"

"But," I said, "the food-hoarders of 1915 haven't got in their larders the Ostend oysters and wild boar I see on our menu this day of 1917. Even au lac, they couldn't last till——"

Our host laughed again from across the long table where Mother sat at his right hand and Nancy Mix on the side nearest his heart. "I have no fear!" he chuckled. "Les boîtes d'Ostende are a blaff, but you will find them a good bluff I hope. As for the *escalopes* two of our young maidens went out and shot him. They missed getting shot themselves! But they wanted to give you something original for your déjeuner!

"Ah, if they had not come back!" gasped Nancy.

"In that case, Mademoiselle, they would have missed the happiest occasion of their lives!"

After luncheon we were taken through a network of passages and vaulted rooms, all lit with electricity, to see the hospital the operating theatre, and stores pleins for ammunition. Then last of all, we descended from the Citadel into the old trenches which had once defended Thiaumont. There was no danger there now, because the Germans had been pushed back—far back—but we saw the dugout and shelters where the heroes of Verdun had lived through long months, and when in the later afternoon we bade the place good-bye (with a car full of souvenirs) we understood well why the Germans could not pass, why they will never pass.

BER FIFTE STEE PARIS TO SENLIS, COMPIEGNE AND NOYON.

"I HAVE made up my mind to one thing," said Mother to me the day after we returned to Paris "and that is, not to be burdened again with Miss Mix when we go to the Noyon Front."

"Burdened" was good after all that had happened at Nancy—and especially Verdun. But when I was tempted to remind Mother of these circumstances, I bit my tongue and refrained.

"I realize that you are not to be trusted when the Minx is concerned" she went on, "therefore I myself have been to a garage this morning and arranged that we can hire a car. It will be costly—but, thank heaven, my earnings have increased rather than diminished since this terrible war." (Mother invariably uses this adjective in mentioning the war.) "So I am justified in incurring the expense particularly as it is to gain material for a book. All you have to do, Henry, is to go to the Kan Frédéric Premier and get from him the particulars of their promise to give us permits for the Noyon Front — the last favor we need ask of them since the bombardment at Soissons and Rheims is too severe for minimum sites. The bombardment at Nanny will fortunately supply me with copy, and it would be tempting Providence to risk a worse one—even if permitted. I hope you will start at once and interview our kind friends at the Bureau."

I wasn't sure if they were so much our kind friends as Nancy Miss—but I obeyed Mother as usual. A deep depression descended down on my with difficulty—obtained taxi. I was so acrastomed now to seeing beants with the Minx that I could not imagine what they would be like without her—and with Mother and Kate. After what she had done for us, to go off and leave her in the lurch would be vile ingratitude. Serpents' teeth would be nothing compared to us! All the way to the Kas Frédéric Premum I racked my brain for some excuse, no matter how base, to save our faces in the eyes of the dear Minx. But, though there was an interval before they uthered me into the Presence, my mind remained a vacuum.

"I am pleased to hear that your party had an interesting glimpse of Verdun," said the Authority when we had bowed and touched fingers.

"You have heard already?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, of all your adventures. If Mademoiselle Mix writes as well as she talks it is not strange they value her on that ground jearasl of hers. She is wonderful!"

I agreed. She has been here this morning?

"No. Last night. She telephoned I—er happened to be working late in my office. You were fortunate — Madame your Mother, Mademoiselle your cousin and you—to have shared the acquaintance of General Bayliere with this beautiful and intelligent Amrrrse, who has so little the air of a journalist yet is it apparently to perfection."

I agreed again, but was pricked by my conscience to find a change of subject, and jumped to Noyon.

THE Man of Authority lached politely and "Ah, Monsieur I regret that you are too late in making this request," he replied. "No new applications to visit that Front can be granted. I am sent. We have just received notice from Headquarteres that only these already approved son be considered for some time."

But," I argued, knowing that Mother would blame me for a weakling if I yielded without a struggle, "once is not a new application. We made it before starting for Nancy."

"Pardon, Monsieur, you did not make it. You mentioned your intention of making it on your return. No date was fixed. If it had been——"

How could it be when we didn't know surely when we should get back to Paris?"

"You might have telegraphed from Nancy, before leaving for Verdun."

"In the midst of a bombardment? Who would think of such a thing at such a time?"

"Mademoiselle Mix. She telegraphed!"

"She did. Monsieur can of those long telegrams regardless of expense which are so distressingly helpful. She confirmed her request to visit the Noyon Front, asking leave to go to morrow if convenient to the authorities, and sent on the personal recommendations of General Bayliome and Mons eun Dufeni who are friends of mine. There was barely time to have the application sent to Grand Headquarteres and have the trip arranged for Mademoiselle. As the telegram apprised friends I imagined that your party were prepared to start right again in our conversation I took the lor granted. But now—be you rame to me separately to ask permission for yourself and your family. I see that I was mistaken. This is rather awkward—as I own Headquarteres to understand—but there is still time to straighten up the muddle," as you English say."

It was already clear to me. That warm-hearted Minx had been scheming for us, while we schemed against her. I felt my face tureing the latest fashionable *couleur de tomate*, as I stammered my conjectures. Possibly Miss Mix had meant as when she mathlained friends. We had not liked to take this for granted. My Mother was not used —etc. rte. The upshot was that the question must be settled at once between Miss Mix and my "party," otherwire the affair would become too complicated, and as she would go to Noyen.

"Please let me know by telephone," the Authority finished with polite severity. rising, and I bowed myself out of the Presence trailing a cloud of guilt. It was mostly my Mother's guilt but none the lras heavy.

I went home and explained things, not without a secret, sullen triumph. "So there it is, you see" I said. "History repeats itself. To go with Miss Mix—if she chose see to take us—or not to go. Which is nohirr to the mind of Mrs. Hunny Wayne!"

Mother looked hatted. "Forever dog ged by this Minx! was the cry wrung from her soul

That doesn't sound right zoologically, said I. "And anyhow perhaps she isn't dogging us. Why should she want to sort us about from front to front—"

"Of course, she wants to" said Mother "Because we are Who we Are, fra lish boy With us, she shines in reflected glory."

"I see," said I "It's fair exchange. Her ear for our glory!"

The favor is on the right side Car go ne on how would she travel all over France inchspeed car? I think these are some things which even o Minx cannot do."

I, FOR my part, supposed that to a brave Minx all things were possible But, the burning question was not so much what a Minx could do as what we were to do. There was no time to lose before settling it, and seeking the telephone Fan ogen howemen, Mathme hesitated "I feel," she said, "that we are in a vicious rirsle. There is no way out. It is all that girls' fault! I hope never to meet him like again"

"You never will," muttered.

"I have hall a mind to put dignity in my pocket and go myself to the Rue Frédéric Premier," cried Mother.

"To do any good you would have to go to headquarteres—suggested Kate.

Mothmr groaned. The circle was growing more vicious every minute when tinkle, tinkir went the bell of the telephone Kate flew to it "I'll speak to my cousin" she replied after an instant of worried attention Holding the receiver she turned to us. "It's that Girl," she announced They on called him up from the Rue Frédéric Premier She wants to let Mre Wayne know that *of course* she meant us when she telegraphed about Noyon. She forgot to speak. The herbermeat and Verdun made her head feel like a prize pack age in her confined expression. She hopes that to morrow is all right for us. What shall I answer?"

Mother swallowed heavily. Pride and many other emotions passed down with that pulp "Answer that we can make it convenient," she said. And then to me as Kate obeyed "What did I tell you?" She dipends upon us."

Dear, generous Minx! She was not born to be anderrtood by women like Mother She was born to be loved—by men like me. And others.

OUR headquarteres during the trip of the next three days was to be—the General Headquartime of the French army, or less grandiosonsly we were to leave our luggage and spend our nights at Compiègne Our actual headquartere would be a hotel precisely opposite Army Headquenters in the Château frmed in history—and boloned by monarchs from Clovis to Napoleon III. We felt plenty of pride in being marched out for the first day and planned an early start. Mathen fixed the hour hoping I felt that the Minx would be late and give her a grievance. But the Minx, though she looks of the type to keep people waiting is gennally on the spat before anyone else and this was no exception. When I followed the luggage to see that it fitted into the right places there was the Minx in her smart khaki clothes standing in the hotel lounge her hands in her loose, side-pockets—the fashion of to-morrow With hrn was a mon—also in khaki and my heart flapped like a fish as I recognized the British officer of the boat—Lord John Hatte. They didn't notice me—they didn't notice anything except each otlann Nanny's book was turned to me but through a glass partition I saw Lord John's face and knew that he was peopoing

I had ever (then) proposed to anyone, but should I do so I would wear that expression during the act. Especially if I peopsed to Nanry Mix.

"It's all up with the trip," I thought.

If she accepts him, she won't want to go If not, she won't feel like accepting the car and refusing him." Suddenly I was ungenly I had been picturing these days of wonderful sight-seeing with her perhaps the last days I should ever have in her society, unless— But, of course in spite of what Kate and Mother foolishly thought, there couldn't possibly be an unless!

I heard Lord John as I walked out to his automobile just drawing up before the hotel. What ess ondering the porter to stow away our luggage since whatever happened, it seemed certain that we should not go?

NANCY'S suitcase was already in the place (a modest one) it had occupied during the drive, but it meant nothing It had doubtless been put into the car before Hette e bombshell arrival What to do I did not know, and I still didn't know when Mother's voice sounded behind me

"Two minutes post eight," she said, 'and Miss Mix not here!'

"Didn't you see her in the lounge?" I asked

"I had no occasion to glance towards the lounge. You know my principle never to look at people in whom I am not interested, when it can be avoided. *It is so boungeois!*"

I looked." Kate admitted. "She's talking to Lord John Hatte."

"Ah!" said Mother. "I met her eye It was unusually haught. She appeared pleased that he had come! I tried not to hate him, or I hated Kate

"Oh John we better wait before letting our things be put in?" I asked, with repressed suite

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As if any man who had a chance of winning a Minx would let a Lamb be thrown at his head! I did not realize this famous remark to Mother, but I feared it mentally as she gave orders where to stow our handbags

They were all three in the end cs to were following when Miss Mix and Lord John appeared together Hastily I searched his face, but could read nothing in its frozen magnificence which might mean stolid British satisfaction or brave resignation.

Nancy introduced us, and volunteered the information that her friend had arrinnd, sat at this unearthly hour of the morning—but last night. "It was too bad" she said, "that I'd gone to bed, so as to be fresh for an early start. If they'd told me, I'd hann dressed, but he wouldn't let them wake me. Isn't it good of him, he's going to lend us his car for just the same"

"Roth" Lord John backed her up And with a smile which might mean happy triumph or the calmness of despair saw us off

"Those are very pretty flowers you have pinned onto your dress," said Mother, adding, with sarcasm "I suppose they are wild flowers from Bayre!" (They were orchids, of the most sophisticated sorts.)

"From the provinces," Nancy replied, "but not from Havre."

Somebody had sent them. But whobody? Was it Raymres or Dufaul or another in the background? Was she engaged to Lord John or had she offered to hr his sister? I would have given much for an answer even to one of these questions Yet despite my doubts I felt a restrained happiness. The Minx and I were side by side, if for the last time, our backs to Mothen and Kate and our faces turned—why not?—towards each other—towards that river-girdled basket of romance, "Elle de France!"

THEY were turned also towards Germany as when we set out for Nancy and this time the road would be of still more thrilling interest, for it was that by which the Germans had marched golly in September, 1914, to take Paris. A little later they had marched back faster than they had come, and Paris found the gaiety the Germans lest in nante.

We passed at the toy like fortifinations of which Paris was proud sixty years ago We saw the grass-grown trennh es and spider-web remains of barbed wire with a thick fairy-like quality prepared to keep back the enemy in these dark days of danger We passed close to the basin of the Canal of the Ourcq where the Capital was once before desperately defended a century ago We slipped though Bourget, the village where Napoleon stopped for a few hours, after Waterloo not to raiter Paris by daylight; and found it dwarfed in interest as in size by its numrous new weighty forts, which are like so many big as sirous tents for Titans. We flashed by bomb sheds, wireless stations and observation posts, and in a shower of rain a few seconds, to stace at a gigantic soucisse reposing on the ground under a disguising green cover; and so before long we reached the cross-road which marked the end of the German advance Ulhana had ridden along the road from Senlis, as far as this junction, and had been turned back by French fire. We thrilled as we thought of it, all the more because of the exquisite peace which blessed the scene. Just as it looked to go so it must have looked to greedy German eyes that September day with silver sparks of mist, dew enhanced sparkling over meadows of grain, and fragrant rivers and the long lines of poplars, tall and straight, like Natures sentinels guiding France. Those gallaping Uhlans had come to break the peace, but instead they had themselves been broken, and the two sentinels had quietly watched them turn back, defeated.

Before we came to Senlis, girdled with those ancient ramparts soldiers stopped us and cautiously examined our new pass. Thus they gave the word to go on, but we went no further than Senlis itself for not only is Senlis a country of beauty and a jewel of historic souvenirs but it has now become in its ruin more than ever a monument of picturesque We had started early from Paris on purpose to spare time for Senlis and when we had left the car in front of the old hotel on Grand Cerf once a hunting lodge for kings, Mother was armed with a new notebook and a freshly filled fountain pen. Nancy had a sketch-book in which she moved contantaniously, with one of her side glances for me. I had given it to her—in derision, the day I had learned of her connection with that much unlisted papnn *Home Talk* It was like everything of the Minx a most frivolous in appearance, indeed. I had chosen it for that. The cover was of gold brocade and the pencil attached by a coquettish gold cord and tassel war gilded. I was certain that she had never written a line in the tiny volume, and never would write one, still it was a neat bnanch to floorish the dainty trifle under Mother's nose Had Mother known that I was the giver no explanation as to a communic motive would have appealed to her as an excuse.

THE Minx, however, noted everything it with her eyes I fanny she missed little during the couple of hours we spent in the beautiful old town whose walls were built by Roman hands. Mather genenally interrupted hrtes-d'êtes between Miss Mix and me, but while she and Kate listened spell bound

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Starting in the January number there will be at least eight pages of pictures printed in sepia added to the Canadian Home Journal. Note that we say added, for this section will be inserted over and above the ordinary size of the magazine. Pictures of particular interest to Canadians will be shown on these pages as well as those of international interest.

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to an amateur guide who had remained in Senlis during the two days' occupation (September 2nd and 3rd). Nancy and I escaped. We almost ran out of the highway (the Rue de la République first bombarded and then burned) through narrow tortuous old streets whose names recalled kings and centuries long dead, and to my surprise the Minx knew more about the beleaguered of Senlis than I knew. Of course she must have "read the place up" in order, but she could have given points to me—perhaps even to Mother. I remembered that nearly every king of France since Clovis up to Henry of Navarre had lived in the old Château the Romans began, and hunted wild boar and stags in the three beautiful forests of Chantilly, Ermenonville and Hallate. I knew vaguely, too, that Jeanne d'Arc, dear daughter of Lorraine, had had something to do with saving Senlis. But it was Miss Mix who gravely drew details from her inner stores of knowledge without a hint that she had lately filled them up. "Why, it was in the old Château here that your Henry Fifth married homely Kate of France," she said. "That was what made the English masters of Senlis, and it was the Duke of Bedford whose army fought against Jeanne d'Arc when she helped the king of France to get the town back. But I bet you don't know who helped her—Bluebeard! (Wasn't he the Maréchal Rais?) They say that even now they show a path in the forest that Jeanne took, leading her men when she came."

I in my turn told Nancy how Prussians and Cossacks rushed triumphantly into Senlis in 1814 and how it was again invaded in 1870. Despite the little rest it had had during centuries, the few streets where the bombardment and burning of 1914 had left no trace looked as peaceful as the castle town in the enchanted forest of the Sleeping Beauty. It was good to see them first, before rejoining Mother and Kate (luckily they hadn't noticed our absence) to visit the ruined regions.

The Germans pretended that they had been fired upon from the shop of a tobacconist after the bombardment and their entrance into the town. Thereupon they proceeded to "punish" Senlis in their usual fashion, shooting the inhabitants and burning as many beloved monuments of history as possible before their army was suddenly and mysteriously called away. They did much and important damage, which Mother had been noting in her black book, but the saddest thing to my eyes was a fairylike little Château all destroyed save the façade, still decorated by a trellis on which roses once more bloomed. Within the closed gates of beautiful wrought iron we could see (as we passed out of Senlis in the car) a bent old gardener at work on a patch of lawn which fallen stones had not buried. This made me hate the Germans so fiercely that I rejoiced at the sight of prisoners in grey piling up faggots of wood under guard of French soldiers, in the dim green reaches of the forest — the forest of Compiègne.

MOTHER had thought it unnecessary to wire news of our coming to the hotel at Compiègne. As it was so hard to get permission for the war zone (said she) why should anyone be asking for rooms save ourselves? As a matter of fact no one else was asking, but that may have been because all the rooms were already taken. The place was a dépôt for the Women's Emergency Fund, a humming hive of industry. We could only be accommodated if we chose to sleep on sofas and tables in the drawing room. The Minx laughed and clapped her hands, welcoming the suggestion as "a grand adventure," but Mother, looking from her to me, from me to Kate, vetoed the idea sternly.

"We will walk around Compiègne and find lodgings," she said.

We did walk around Compiègne—ancient Compendium, where the Romans stored their arms. We saw quaint timbered houses four centuries old. We saw the two great bridges blown up by the French to stop the Germans from crossing the Oise a little below its junction with the Aisne. We saw the modern-looking monument to Jeanne d'Arc, who was dramatically taken prisoner at a gate here not far off and then sent to John of Luxembourg, who sold her to the English. We saw all we might see of the Royal Palace built by Louis Fifteenth, added to by Napoleon First for his bride Marie Louise, and made more interesting than ever before by its conversion into General Headquarters for the World War. On this one day many grey military cars were drawn up in front of the long classical façade, and among the things we saw (the best things, said Nancy) were uniforms of visiting American officers. But—we saw no possible lodgings, and our fate for the two nights to come were still unsettled when we started for Noyon.

Yet what mattered it where we slept, or whether we slept at all, when we had this adventure before us for to-day—going to Noyon? When we had other adventures, more thrilling, perhaps even a little dangerous, for to-morrow? I thought that Nancy owed it to herself and me to be happy, but she was absent-minded for the first time and wore an expression of wistfulness which turned her into a new type of girl, more dangerous than the one I knew—the one I loved. What could be the reason for this abrupt transformation? Was it Lord John? Was it Dufrel? Was it Rayburn? Or had those distant American uniforms made her homesick? I determined sooner or later to find out. For to tell the truth I could not stand the suspense. We were going to see Noyon, beloved Noyon, where the French joyously tell each other the Germans no longer are. That was for to-day, and to-morrow we were promised Roye, Nesle, Jussy, Ham, Chauny, and even Coucy le Château if the German canons happened to give it a rest. The mysterious preoccupation of a mere Minx should have been a trifle light as air to me in the face of such an amazing prospect, but those troubled brown eyes kept floating between me and the most newly evacuated town of France.

If the way from Paris to Compiègne had been exciting, the road from Compiègne to Noyon blazed with interest. Here the road was warm still from the flying feet of routed Germans. The ruins they had left behind them had scarcely ceased to smoke; the graves of the dead soldiers were not yet green. It seemed but yesterday that we had read with joy the news of Lassigny's liberation. Now, we were free to pass through Lassigny, or what the Germans had left of it, a few crumbling walls which showed that once a village had lined the road—a new, white road, remade by the French in magic haste for their pursuing army to pass. There was St. Dives. We remembered that, too—a mere mention in the papers, yet here was a Château with a turret almost as old as history and a charming façade of early Renaissance art, of pale pink brick—where it had not been burnt black by the fire Vandals. Here were fresh shell holes, by the sides of the new road, full of water, like blind eyes brimmed with tears. Here were the French trenches, third line, second line and first line, with their black patterning of barbed wire stretching as far as we could see, yet ending always at the road, to leave it free for traffic. It was only when we reached the German lines that the road had been broken and interrupted by trenches. We got out of the car and went into them, penetrating into great dugouts. Here was the German trench furniture, which they had left behind in the "Hindenburg Strategic Retreat," and the French had stacked up according to category: tables, chairs, stoves, iron pots, tin utensils and rolls of new barbed wire never used. Here, by the roadside, were piles of aeroplane bombs, lining the way, covered for protection, and here were formidable ammunition dumps. Oh, this was no place for a spy to come prying! We wondered less that permission for Noyon was given but to a few, and many questions asked!

THE watch-screens, with "camouflage" of green branches which had hidden passing masses and military cars from enemy guns, still rose certain parts of the route, like green high fences, for this road until lately had been exposed to fire from vast forests which clothed the commanding heights to our right, where the German line had run—where it ran even now, though further away and out of range. At a cursory glance, these forests looked like green haunts of peace, but fix your eyes on any given spot and they could never fail to find a black and riven tree-trunk where the living made a brave show and tried to hide the dead by spreading out their new green skirts. In the orchards between ruined villages, young apple and cherry trees had been stricken down and lay with their heads on the ground, some not yet corpses, but dying slowly, their spring garlands blooming and fading on the earth, others making a brave fight for life, in thankfulness to someone who had bound gaping wounds with bandages. In the villages, on the broken walls of houses, notices and orders in German were not yet effaced. French men had contented themselves with rival writing, wittily profane or withering in scorn. In Carlepont—birthplace of Charlemagne—they had let the grape vines or roses trail long branches over the hated signs of German arrogance and German occupation.

Coming into the ancient town of Noyon was like coming into a place one has seen in a dream. Just before leaving London I had taken Kate to a moving picture theatre where the first entrance of the French, after the German retreat, was shown. It was almost ghostly to motor into the street I recognized at a glance and come out into a quaintly beautiful Place I seemed to know as well as the close of my College at Oxford!

Yes, rising far above the steep slate roofs of old houses were the strange, unfinished towers of the cruciform cathedral I recognized, with their wooden tops and picturesque spirelets. There, in the Place itself, was the famous Hotel de Ville of the fifteenth century, with its marvellously decorated front, and waving over it the folds of an immense flag, just one flag without a rival, not even the tricolor. The wind billowing out its graceful folds, it showed the stars and stripes of "Old Glory," as Nancy called it, the flag of the land which has "adopted" Noyon and will make her reconstruction its own.

"What a beautiful compliment to America, not to have even the French flag!" said Nancy, that sudden change in her becoming more apparent than ever—almost alarming.

Mother said nothing. She considered her book sales in America of importance, but "new countries, like children or servants, ought, she thinks, to know their place. They should not send flags and Minxes flying all over France."

At first sight we hardly realized the devastation of Noyon. Like the war-stricken forests, she wore a brave front and tried to hide her woes, but when we'd picked up the lieutenant officially appointed as our guide, we began to see how Noyon had suffered.

LITTLE cared the Catholic Germans that Charlemagne was crowned king of Austria in some early beginning of the Cathedral. Little cared the Protestants among them that Calvin was born in one of the narrow old streets whose houses they sacked and burned, taking away stones and time-seasoned timbers to reinforce trenches outside the town! Many houses had been destroyed as punishment for some fancied crime of the inhabitants of certain quarters, and not one, rich or poor, in the whole city had escaped pillage. Into street after street the Germans had come by order with big army wagons and had emptied the houses of everything worth taking, even to dishes, and pots and pans in the kitchens. "How the people lived, heaven knows," said our guide. "Noyon was crowded and overcrowded with the populations of small towns and villages which the Boches destroyed utterly during their eighteen months' occupation. These poor creatures—those they left in France—had to live somewhere, so they drove them into Noyon. Instead of six thousand inhabitants, Noyon had ten or four thousand refugees, who were housed anyhow. Nobody had furniture, not even beds to lie on, much less forks and knives to eat with. The Germans had taken all—all—even towels and blankets. There was no coal or wood to cook with, no oil for lamps. Night and day, summer and winter, all doors had to be open. No man, woman or child could stir outside without special permission, and it was hard to get. Do you wonder that when the French came riding into the town at last—oh yes, you will have seen it in the moving pictures!—the poor people were [illegible] able to realize their freedom? For days we could not persuade them that they might walk in the street without danger, that they might shut their doors if they chose, that they could expect to sleep through the night without being roused by a surprise visit from a Boche sergeant with his men! Even now it is not safe to slap an elderly man of Noyon on the back, if you do not want to risk his falling in a fit!"

It was twilight when we finished exploring the oldest city of the Ile de France, and rain still marched across the landscape with a million crystal spears. Somehow running back to Compiègne we lost ourselves. The driver took a wrong turn and we could find no sign posts. Darkness had fallen and our searchlight would not work. The lamps were "a little queer," too, as Lord John's chauffeur cheerily announced, explaining that as we never travelled after dark he had neglected them.

We were not quite so cheery, for we had still to seek shelter for the night at Compiègne, and the outlook for getting there was not brilliant. True, we couldn't be far from the town, as we had left Noyon a good hour and a half behind us. But having various roads to choose from and no lights to see them with, we might spend more hours in finding the right one.

"If we could enquire at some house!" said Nancy.

"Some house!" echoed Mother, whose scorn of [illegible] from that quarter was embittered by [illegible]. "As if the Germans had left any houses standing for us to enquire at!" She spoke as though the enemy had levelled villages out of sheer spite against the powerful propaganda of Mrs. Henry Wayne.

"Well, anyhow, I see a light," mildly persisted Miss Mix. "It may be a witch light on a will-o'-the-wisp, but it's something—over there behind that clump of trees. Fawcett," she added, addressing the chauffeur, who still hopefully tinkered at a lamp, "suppose we go and see what there is."

Fawcett left the lamp and made as if to start the motor, but the motor would not start.

"We was goin' a bit queer before I stopped to 'ave a look at the lights," he remarked, and having rummaged an electric torch from among his stores, he proceeded to poke his head inside the car's bonnet. "Nothing out of order there!" Further searchings in all sorts of places [illegible]. Shrugs and snorts on the part of Fawcett, and then an inspiration—apparently a gloomy one—which necessitated the whole party descending in the rain.

"Would you mind 'elpin' me to give 'er a push, sir?" he asked.

I PUT my shoulder figuratively to the wheel. The big car refused to budge. Nancy, Kate, and even Mother joined the rescue party, but with the same result. "Ah, I thought as much!" pronounced Fawcett after a further exploration of various parts. "Ball broken in the ball race. That means we shall be 'ere till midnight at least. Well, it's worse in the trenches."

(He knew, that before then [illegible] had been there until last [illegible]. He was [illegible] proud of his "Anzac artificial [illegible].")

Nancy proposed to go on foot and look for the light, while Fawcett worked at the car. Short of fainting, Mother could not detain me, and a Mrs. Henry Wayne never faints. The Minx and I set forth together. I believe Mother thought the girl capable of having broken that ball in the ball race to obtain a tête-à-tête with Harry Wayne, and there's little doubt that she expected the worst on our return: the announcement that we were engaged. Well, it



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We are reminded of a story. A railroad man here in Canada, was developing his home town at that time. Lawrence River. He wandered up to a group of middle-aged men who sat in the lobby of the hotel. "Gentlemen," he said, "I'm looking for a bright young man who will be willing to start in at the bottom of things. He developed to be a good man; a better man than the best man for certain work. His specialized education fitted him for it. He was energetic and full of bright ideas. He developed to be a man of such value to the company that he became interested in the future of their enterprise and in the amount of their income—by constantly getting behind the whole task of making it bigger-minded men. Specialized information is the final idea. This is what the world pays handsomely for. And to acquire specialized information is really a simple matter calling for the purposeful self-initiated use of time. This shortly

Charlie could have stayed in the old home town; could have stagnated like others; could have been satisfied with common wages. In short, Charlie could have stayed with the common crowd on that foot of the ladder. But Charlie improved himself and pushed himself, and this type of man the Godless of Fortune likes to take by the hand and lead onward and upward. Almost any man can start higher if he really wants to try. Some but himself with hold him back As a matter of fact, the world does not have to stop his ordinary work in order to be a university of its own school. One can acquire the specialized information in the margin of time which is his own—in the after-hours of business. Which means it is men will read the right kind of books in their spare time, who make themselves specialists, students at home in his hours—the evening hours or the early morning hours—I'll not attempt to heights of position and pay that will dazzle the least comrades of his youth as day's work.

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Money to be enclosed herein

Signed

wasn't my fault that she expected wrong!

It was so dark that we held hands to keep together in the road, but Nancy's hand was friendly and unfortunately as that of a child. When I squeezed hers, she squeezed mine. We seeming seems! To have made love to her would have been like making love to a merry little schoolboy. Ah, what a different thing I could imagine her being, at the right moment, to the right men!

When we drew nearer the light we saw that it shone from the windows of a very large house, or a very small Chateau, in a grove of trees. There was a big open gateway, with the image of the Virgin above it. Ah, not a Chateau, then but a convent!

Having fixed your this idea we were astonished when we had found our way along the grass-grown avenue and rung on an old-fashioned bell at the front door to have our door opened by a soldier in French uniform

(To be Continued.)

The Dance Halls of Dawson

Continued from page 14

before that he had been losing more than he could afford.

"Drop it and come on home," I advised.

"Can't!" he snapped. "I came in with a hundred and I've only got fifteen left. I can't quit now—I've gotta get it back."

"You'll lose the fifteen too," I predicted.

"You're a regular sunbeam, aren't you?" he said impatiently. Then a sudden idea struck him and, wheeling around he seized me by the arm, "Look here! Smith you never gamble. Stake me on this one and you'll have beginner's luck. I'll go over and get a drink—I need one, by gad—and you try your hand while I'm away."

He vanished before I could refuse, and left me standing in front of his meagre pile of dollars. I made up my mind I would not be responsible for losing any more of his money so I stood and waited for him to come back without making a move. Fritz had followed me over and he leaned back to smile encouragement. He tapped me on the arm impatiently

"Loosen up!" he said. "Try your luck. You may make something for him after all."

I shook my head. Fritz snorted and raised five dollars on the pile. These he pushed up on number seventeen. Thor he walked up to the other end and manipulated the wheel himself. As it spun around I watched it with fascinated interest. I understood for the first time how it was that men could stand there by the hour and gamble away their savings at the tables.

The unexpected happened, the marble ran slowly toward the stalls and dropped into number seventeen!

"See!" said Fritz, shoving a fist stack of dollars toward me. "Now try it again."

I pocketed the pile slowly. Then I turned on my heel. "No thanks," I said. "My friend happens to need this money."

I did not see my friend again until next day. He had taken a drink too many and gone home. I found him next morning in bed and took him his check. Interest even in the pile of money that I emptied out for him

"Beginners' luck," he groaned. "I'd better stop and then start all over again."

He started over again but I never heard that his luck changed

Fortune Made in Dance Halls

THE dance halls were conducted in an orderly way. They had to be, in fact, for the mounted police kept a watchful eye on them. In the larger halls the owners had look-out men seated in raised chairs where they could see everything that was going on. These men watched the operators closely to make sure that they did not start either the quickness of the house. They watched the "weighers-in"—men who stood in cages like bank tellers and weighed the gold dust of the customers—and kept a close eye on the dance floor as well.

I honestly believe that many of the dance hall proprietors were square enough in their way. Of course they had standards that we could not understand, but such as they were they lived up to them. There was "Nigger Jim"—I forget his real name—a tall, slender fellow from Southern States who opened and owned the first dance hall in Dawson. Jim got his nickname from his swarthiness and his soft southern accent but he was white and, I believe, a rather mild likable character. He made his pile and went back to "Ole Virginy" to enjoy it.

Then there was "Curly" Munroe an old scoundrel and tip top fellow with a blonde mane and a yellow, tar-pied beard that covered his breast, and a jovial, sunburnt. In addition to his Dawson property, Curly had several good claims up on Hunker Creek and he was literally rolling in money. His reputation around the camp was that of a dangerous man, largely owing to the rumor that he had killed his man on three separate occasions in American mining camps. I don't suppose that Curley ever denied the story—it gave him a standing that no men with a spotless reputation could aspire to—but I always had my doubts. He was not a gun man and he hadn't a mean face, in fact. Whenever I approached him on the matter of taxes, he would wave me away

"Tell me fair and square and I won't kick," he would say. And he never did.

Now I must tell something about the dance hall girls. The story writers, who have their tales in the Klondike, have a dance hall girl on the heroine and I notice that she is invariably beautiful, with a soul past and a high purpose. Well I don't know. Some of them were not even beautiful.

But they were not all bad not by any means. Their story I watched in the dance hall gorgeously attired, to dance with the miners and to encourage the process of imbibing. I believe that they got half of what their partners spent, the other half going to the proprietor. It was the custom in some places to bottle up fermented cider and serve it as imported champagne at two dollars a pint. In the roughest places, the use of knockout drops was quite a common expedient. The unfortunate miner would wake up next morning and his aching eyes would settle at once on a row of perhaps a dozen bottles. Soon after an attendant would come in with a bill for the lot, say one hundred and fifty dollars. The miner, reasoning that he only had one or two bottles, would be puzzled

"Great guns!" he would ejaculate. "Did I drink all that last night?"

"Sure. Say you were certainly hit up. Never saw anything like it around these diggings"

And the miner would settle the bill, perhaps even with a certain tinge of pride. The girl, who persuaded him to buy the bottle or two that he had actually had, would receive seventy five dollars for her share.

Some of these girls were unquestionably pretty and they were always dressed in the most extravagant magnificence They were for the most part gowns imported direct from Paris. There was, in fact, a French modiste named Madame Aubert with a shop on Second Avenue She went out and stood in France twice a year and always brought back a most remarkable assortment of dresses and hats The best and most expensive of these were sold to the denizens of the dance halls. The respectable women of Dawson also patronized Madame Aubert but they could seldom purchase the more elaborate models which were sold at prices that ranged from five hundred dollars up.

Received Her Weight in Gold

I do not desire to lay too great a stress on this phase of Dawson life but there are several stories relating to dance hall girls that I desire to tell—partly because they have a humorous twist and partly also because they give an interesting sidelight on the conditions that existed First there is the story of the love affair between little Chris Johannsen and Cecil Marion

Chris was a Swede who owned a dozen or more rich claims on the right limit of Hunker Creek. They were so rich in fact, that he was one of the recognized plutocrats of the camp. It was so easy for him to accumulate all the money he needed that he became lazy and indifferent. When furs ran out he would go back to Hurley and turn the water through his sluice boxes until in a short time he would have a wash up of several thousand dollars. Then he would go back again to Dawson to spend it. "It comes so easy as selling off a leg," he would say

Chris was a dapper little fellow with wiry hair that stuck out from his head in queer twists and gave him the appearance of always having just rolled out of bed. He was barely five feet tall, however, and his helmeted there could beat a smart tattoo on a dance hall floor.

Cecil Marion was quite a young girl from Southern California with a thin as white as marble and eyes of langorous blackness She was one of the beauties of the place and Chris would have given any one of his claims up on Hunker Creek for a smile. He proposed to her every day and offered her everything that money could buy

Finally one day he said "If you'll marry me Cecil I'll pay you your weight in gold."

They were standing out on the floor when he said it and the music had just come to a stop Cecil looked at the earnest little miner for a moment and then held up a languid hand

"Ladies and gentlemen," she announced, "I want you all to witness that Mr Chris Johannsen has asked my hand in marriage and has offered to give me my weight in gold I am going to accept the offer."

There was a loud outburst of applause and everyone on the floor rushed over to shake hands with the delighted Chris and thump him on the back. Someone hurried out and came back dragging a set of scales. The scales were set up with considerable ceremony in the centre of the floor.

"Settle it now!" the crowd yelled

Cecil smilingly consented and the peculiar proceedings were at once begun. Chris refused to state only too glad to hurry things along. Bets were taken on all sides as to what the bride's weight would be. Right at the estimates running all the way from one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Finally Cecil stepped on the scales and all business in the place was suspended, while the official weigher in proceeded to put a number of weights in the balance.

Nothing doing One hundred and ten—nothing doing One hundred and twenty—still the bar did not stir One hundred and thirty—it dipped a little at that. The weigher added another weight and bent to study the scale

"One hundred and thirty-eight pounds!" he announced.

Someone in the crowd got a pencil and began to figure it out. It took quite a time for the miners were never handy with figures. Finally however a total was arrived at and the slip of paper handed to Johannsen. He, used his new partner thirty-seven thousand five hundred dollars!

There was quite a gathering when Mr and Mrs. Johannsen started off for Hunker Creek on their honeymoon. Chris was in transports and Cecil swathed in rich furs, had a smile for everyone. She was to receive the money on their arrival

Inside of a week she left him and came back—bringing her weight in gold with her

It is perhaps not necessary to add that Chris finally ran through all his money. The last news we heard of him was when he hiked from Dawson looking for new mining fields to conquer

The Adventures of Swiftwater Bill

Now let me tell of the experience of Swiftwater Bill, a story that has to re with three pretty sisters and the purchase of two thousand seven hundred eggs at a price of a dollar an egg. His name was William Gates, but he had been given the name of "Swiftwater Bill" because on his first trip in he had insisted upon shooting the rapids in Miles Canyon It was a wicked bit of water and no one had ever dared attempt it since, preferring to make a four mile portage Bill came down in a canoe paniuns and all three capsized a tramp around. Bill however said he could get through and off he started in spite of their protests.

"That's the last of Bill Gates," said his companions as they began the long tramp. When they reached the other end of the Canyon, three was Bill calmly smoking his pipe on the river bank So they gave him the nickname of "Swiftwater" and it stuck for the full length of his stay in the Klondyke.

Bill made three fortunes, big ones all of them, and blew them all in like a flash. He was regular in everything he did. He was the acknowledged Bear Brummel of the place and always wore a long black Prince Albert, a shiny silk hat, patent leather boots that came to the knee and a starched and frilly white shirt. In fact, he was always dressed to the limit.

Well Bill fell in love with a pretty blonde girl named Bertie Lamoine who had two younger sisters just as pretty. She was an old maid or who were something of a belle also He married her but it soon dawned upon him that the second sister, who was also pretty and vivacious was more to his liking. Just what machinery of the law he employed or whether the law entered into the matter at all, I do not know. The fact remains however that before long the second sister became Mrs. William Gates

Bill was a fickle fellow and he gaze then turned on the youngest one of the three, who was auburn haired and a tremendous favorite in the dance halls. She began to pay her addresses to him, but this member of the family did not respond as readily to the charms of the handsome Swiftwater Bill. In fact she expressed her determination not to be the third wife of any man. So Bill resorted to strategy

Bella Lamoine—I think her name was Bella—had a great liking for fresh eggs. It was in dead of winter and fresh eggs in Dawson were worth their weight in pure gold have. They cost ten dollar apiece. Bill set out on a round of the stores, hotels and restaurants and dickered for eggs.

"How many have you?" he would say "I'll take the lot." And he would pay a dollar for every egg in the place By the time he got through he had twenty seven hundred and three wasn't another egg in Dawson City Bill had a corner on the market.

And then he took the whole twenty seven hundred and laid them at the feet of the adored one. "There you are," he said much Bill put them on dee lork and key and Miss Lamoine could not get a fresh egg anywhere. She was impressed with the ardour of the determined Mr. Gates and perhaps was daunted by the prospect of a whole winter without a single egg to grace her board. At any rate she became Mrs Gates and the corner on eggs was lifted.

The climax of the matrimonial chapter in his life came however when he left Dawson finally. The mother went down the river with him as Mrs. William Gates third fourth!

Some of the dance hall girls made quite considerable fortunes. There were three who came up from Frisco one summer. One of them, who was well known as "Sweet Marie" had been private secretary to a prominent official in Frisco. They stayed in Dawson about two years and then went back again with twenty thousand dollars apiece. Some of the girls married wealthy men in the Yukon. There was "Diamond Tooth Gertie," so called because she had a diamond set into the fore of one of her front teeth, who married a young lawyer in Dawson. I remember a case also where a girl married an old fellow named Jim Hall, a former Seattle cab driver—who owned a rich claim but was rapidly running through every dollars worth of dust that he

Continued on page 74

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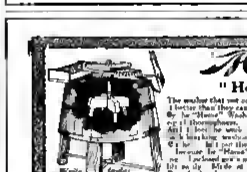
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ROBERT J. C. STEAD is a Canadian author who has already achieved an international reputation. His new novel "The Cow Puncher" (Musson Book Co.) is better than any of his previous books and has been spoken of by one critic as "a Canadian David Harum." At the opening of the tale we meet David Elton at the age of eighteen cow punching on his father's ranch. The life does not appeal to him and he finally goes to the city with a view to acquiring an education. This he gets in more senses than one, becoming a millionaire real estate operator and later loses his wealth when the boom collapses.

David himself is a refreshingly simple youth and his meeting with the opposite sex and the unfolding of their attachment to him make a story combining both humor and romance and culminating in a note of patriotism as high as any the war has sounded.

Some of the Best Reviews

Philo Gubb. Ellis Parker Butler (Thomas Allen). Ellis Parker Butler made his fame with "Pigs is Pigs" and although he has written much and various since he has not maintained the level of popularity that he reached with that well known story. For instance, he has been supplying spasmodically to a popular magazine a series of comic detective stories, the adventures of one Philo Gubb, a correspondence-school detective, who makes his living at paper hanging. Gubb is a foolish zany who literally interprets the rather cryptic instructions of the Rising Sun School of Detectives and the various ways in which he stumbles upon the solutions of various mysteries are laughable. The stories have never however attained the standard of being really funny, except to those who like their fun of the broadest burlesque.—T.B.C.

The Young Diana. Marie Corelli. (Wm. Briggs). Marie Corelli achieves her old effects by new methods. "The Young Diana" is a story of mysteries beyond the ken of everyday life and knowledge. It differs, however, from her earlier books in that the mysteries are accomplished by scientific means. In other Corelli books certain things are taken for granted and used—a tangible life beyond, spirits good and evil, soul migration, double identity, astral influence, reincarnation. "The Young Diana" is a story of the discovery of the secret of perpetual youth, but the man who finds the long sought elixir does not call any supernatural powers to his aid. He uses immense electrical devices and all the intricate paraphernalia of scientific research. Needless to state he needs a subject to operate upon and Diana May offers herself—Diana who had lost the bloom of youth and was settling down into a dreary spinsterhood with unsympathetic parents and a stuffy home. The story reaches a high stage of interest when the actual experiments start and the body of Diana is placed in a sort of casket (in a crypt) and is left there to be played upon by the mysterious forces of nature which the scientist has discovered and harnessed. The story has at this stage all the darksome fascination that attached to the earlier books of this singular author and the rather tepid opening sections are worth navigating for the intensity of suspense that is here achieved. It is not a typical Marie Corelli story but her readers will find it satisfying.—T.B.C.

While Paris Laughed. Leonard Merrick (Hodder & Stoughton, Toronto.) Mr. Merrick's work is not as well known on this side of the Atlantic as it deserves. "While Paris Laughed" is the latest fruit of his nimble pen and is a further evidence of his right to fame. The book is a collection of anecdotes dealing with the adventures of one Tricotrin, his friend the composer and all the out-at-elbows philosophers who come within the circuit of their acquaintance. For sheer drollery there is nothing to equal the ridiculous situations that crop up in the daily life of these high spirited members of the "quartier." Rarely if ever has an Englishman so exactly caught the spirit of Montmartre, never has one so faithfully portrayed the "joie de vivre" and naïveté of these children of nature. Indeed Tricotrin himself is a creation to banish care and those stories of his various escapades, either as poet, playwright or gallant, are just as light as thistledown and as exhilarating as a glass of champagne. One closes the book with the feeling of having spent the week end in Paris and of regret that one could not have stayed there longer.—C.M.A.

Elizabeth's Campaign. Mrs. Humphry Ward. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto). One of the chief attractions of Mrs. Humphry Ward's work is its timeliness. Hitting upon some vexed problem of the hour she threshes it out in masterly style loosening the Gordian knot with a dexterity born of inspiration. At present the old regime versus the new is the issue at stake and Mrs. Ward's handling of the situation leaves nothing to be desired. She makes it apparent that "the old order changeth, yielding place to new" and that the new order has come to stay.

Squire Mannering's attitude towards the war is that it is a deliberate imposition of the Government. He is not exactly a pacifist, nor yet a conscientious objector but merely an egotistical, hot-tempered individualist passionately antagonistic to war and war measures and ready to fight the world in defence of the old regime. "If it hadn't been for a pack of idiots called diplomats making mischief abroad, and a pack of incompetents called politicians unable to keep their heads at home, there'd have been no war"—such are his sentiments. The proposal on the part of the County War Committee that he give up fifty acres of his park to be ploughed for planting he considers an outrage. In his estimation it is not merely a question of food production but of liberty versus bondage and he declares stoutly that if we can only survive as slaves then it would be preferable to be wiped out. To these views he introduces Elizabeth Bremerton, his new secretary, who besides being his amanuensis, chaperones his motherless daughter and manages the household. Her task as may be imagined is not an enviable one but like a true Britisher she sticks to her guns and ultimately succeeds in bringing order out of chaos. Next she turns her attention to the poorly managed estate till muddle and waste give place to thrift and economy. But the changes have to come gradually and it is the hand of Grief that finally brings the Squire to face his duty and "do his bit."

The unfolding of the narrative affords a remarkable picture of the many sacrifices that were being made for the great cause contrasted with the selfish indifference of the few who like Squire Mannering adhere to the old regime at all costs. The story deals with an extremely critical moment of the war—the spring of 1918—when England was fighting with her back to the wall. Even then Elizabeth does not for a moment doubt the ultimate issue. "England will never yield," she declares, "till Germany is on her knees."—C.M.A.

The U-Boat Hunters. James B. Connolly (Frederick D. Goodchild, Toronto.) The author who has had unusual opportunity for observing the navy from the inside tells here of the activity of American destroyers against the U-boats and describes the part played by Uncle Sam's navy in the Great War. The chapters dealing with U-boat hunting prove the sterling qualities of the capable officers and courageous men who make up the American navy of to-day. There are chapters which have nothing to do with U-boat hunting but have much to do with the navy. As the navy will always be the first line of defence for America the need for interesting in it the younger generation is most important. The business of hunting U-boats is a grim one but those engaged in it do not care to dwell on the hard side of it. Here are stories in lighter vein telling of its humorous side.—C.M.A.

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My Brave and Gallant Gentleman. Robert Watson. (McClelland, Stewart, Toronto $1.50). "My Brave and Gallant Gentleman" by Robert Watson is a distinctly new type of Canadian story by a new Canadian author. The story begins with the younger son of an aristocratic English family as the leading figure involved in a tangle of affairs in which his sense of honor is tried against the security and ease of an inheritance of the family estate. He is ordered to leave his father's house and after some rather thrilling experiences he crosses the ocean, locating on the coast of British Columbia. Here he meets one of the most charming heroines of modern fiction, a girl who proves to have been mysteriously linked up with the trouble that caused his leaving the old land. A charming romance follows. In this novel Mr. Watson has succeeded in a unique way in weaving through a tale of adventure and intrigue and love a strong thread of clearness of sentiment without sentimentality, a virile appreciation of active outdoor life and a high regard for honor through the most trying experiences. There is nothing overdone in the story. His people are real people with very human problems to meet but there is enough of the picturesque in the characters to give a catching dramatic effect. The western sense of humor is another of his winning qualities, the funniest situations crop up in the most unexpected places and disappear again without breaking the more serious trend of events.—E.M.C.

RECORD NEW BOOKS

Fiction

Adventures of Bindle. Herbert Jenkins (Gordon & Gotch, Toronto, $1.50). This is the third book of the "Bindle" Series. Mr. T. J. O'Connor says that Bindle is the greatest Cockney that literature has brought to life since Dickens wrote Pickwick Papers.

The Valley of the Giants. Peter B. Kyne. (Copp, Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto, $1.40). A story of life and love in the open. It tells of the men and women who hewed the pathway of civilization through the trackless depths of the Northern California redwood forests.

The World to Live In. W. Carey Wonderly. (Copp, Clark Co. Ltd., Toronto, $1.50). Tells of a young business woman who seeks as her destiny the good things of life but who, in the working out of her own particular fate is brought to realize the futility of worldly things.

The Three Strings. Natalie Sumner Lincoln. (Copp, Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto, $1.50). A story of international intrigue, Washington life, and present day mystery.

The Young Diana. Marie Corelli. (William Briggs, Toronto, $1.35). An unusual story of the rejuvenation of youth, accomplished from an entirely new standpoint and with unexpected results.

Once on the Summer Range. Francis Hill. (The Macmillan Co., Toronto, $1.50). Tells how Matt Hainlen driven West by bad health soon finds himself herding sheep in Montana. He is called to the aid of a damsel in distress and is thereby brought into difficulties requiring drastic action. Some unusual situations arise before events come to a happy conclusion.

The Spinners. Eden Phillpotts. (The Macmillan Co., Toronto, $1.50). Tells of the deep hatred of a boy for his father. One of the big industries acts as a background against which is told a compelling human story with a powerful climax.

In the Heart of a Fool. William Allen White. (The Macmillan Co., Toronto, $1.60). The reader is presented with a striking character and around this central figure is woven a picture of the whole of the Middle-west and its development from an agricultural settlement to a flourishing industrial community.

Connor Morgan with the Mounted. James B. Hendryx. (William Briggs, Toronto, $1.25). The story of a real boy who through pluck and daring acquires a place in the North-west "Mounted"—a position in which he makes good.

The Red One. Jack London. (The Macmillan Co., Toronto, $1.40). A collection of short stories of which the settings vary from the tropics to Alaskan fields with plots both tragic and farcical.

Pink Roses. Gilbert Cannan. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Toronto, $1.60). A story of London in war-time, telling of the part played by a young lawyer whose health prevents his taking a share in the fighting.

The Clutch of Circumstance. Marjorie Benton Cooke. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto, $1.35). A mystery story telling how Rebecta Tauske, of German and American forbears, marries a member of the British Cabinet and becomes involved in a tragedy which stupefies not only England but her Allies.

Out of the Silences. Mary E. Waller. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto, $1.50). A story of the times with its scenes laid just across the border in Canada and having for its central character an American.

Political

The Suicide of Monarchy. Baron de Schelking. (The Macmillan Co., Toronto, $2.00). Being the Recollections of a Russian Diplomat. The author was formerly Secretary of the Russian Embassy in Berlin and the personalities referred to are those of William II of Germany and Nicholas II of Russia, both of whom are here shown in their true colors.

Ireland: A Study in Nationalism. Francis Hackett. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Toronto, $2.00). The facts, the explanation and the way to reconstruction. An aid to the understanding of the present situation in Ireland.

The Eclipse of Russia. Dr. E. J. Dillon. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Toronto, $4.50). The story of Russian autocracy and its preparation for anarchy. It tells of the secret dealings of Tsar and Kaiser, of Rasputin and the Russian Court and of the twisted workings of the old discredited diplomacy.

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The Dance Halls of Dawson

Continued from page 71

could dig out of the ground. His first washup was $109,000. He blew it in in three months and went back for more. She mauled him and made him save every cent he had left. When the wealth of his claim had been exhausted she took him down to Seattle and I believe they are living there yet. Unquestionably she saved the remnants of his fortune for him.

The Mystery of Mary C——

THERE was one girl at Murray Eads' dance hall who was somewhat of a mystery so much so indeed that she became quite a topic of discussion in the town. I shall call her Mary C. She came and dealy aed them, after a year or so in the camp she disappeared just as abruptly as she had come. No one knew anything about her and no one knew where she went.

The girl kept the reputation in Dawson of being above reproach. She made no acquaintances with the men except on the dance hall floor. Plenty of them were infatuated with her but none of them made any impression.

It was the custom in all the dance halls to give what is termed a free "layout" on New Year's Eve. The proprietor would set out tables with the best expensive food and anyone in the place was free to sit down. It was open house with a vengeance. Champagne corks popped by the score and the fun would wax fast and furious. Murray and Monty Eads sent a special invitation to a number of the officials to have supper with him on this occasion. A party of us accepted and he led us to a small room overlooking the dance hall where a most tempting table had been set for us. As we sat we could hear the music going on below. For one special benefit the proprietor arranged a grand march.

All the women of the night in Chinese creations that Madame Aobart had imported direct and they made a sexy dazzling spectacle. But even in that brilliant throng Mary C——— was the only one there focused on the mysterious Mary C——. She was very tall and graceful with the blackest of hair and the bluest of eyes. Her gown was a peincess affair of white satin with an overdrape of black lace and a train several yards long. She moved on it as had dignity and poise and one could not help thinking that her past had been set in an attractive environment and that the proprietor informed us that her gown had cost eight hundred dollars.

"Look at that girl," said Misery Ends. "She's a mystery if ever there was one. No one around here has ever been able to put a word out of her about where she comes from. She may be a duchess for all we know. I'm just suspicious of myself. There are two mysteries in a million each at least, what? marry her to me now I'll be the word. But she won't look at them.

Mary C——— left the Yukon on the first boat out that spring. I imagine she had made a good stake. The yarn merely accepted story was that she belonged to a good but impoverished family and that remittances to the Yukon had been made in the hope of repairing the family fortunes. It may have been a good guess.

The End of the Dance Hall

THE end of the dance halls came suddenly. They had been getting conglomerated in the matter of mining and dredging and robbed become of almost daily occurrences. The latter citizens of Dawson began to complain. The interests behind the halls, however, were powerful and we need to wonder if any thing really could be done about it.

It happened that a band of the members of the Yukon Council was robbed of a fairly considerable amount. This band went to the next meeting of the Council determined to do something about it.

"Have you the power to close these iniquitous places?" he asked.

"Certainly," replied the Commissioner.

Without much debate the Council decided that the time had come to act. Characteristically they decided to act at once.

Next morning the word got around town that an order had been passed that no liquor could be served in the dance halls. That means the end of them," was said to one another as they stood around and discussed the news.

The proprietors were thunderstruck but there was no clamor about it. They knew that the law in the Yukon was often and anyielding. There was some grumbling at the fact that the low went into effect that day but they had little time for discussion. While it was hour after the announcement got out the staffs of every gambling and dance hall in the place were at work building partitions around the bars. They hoped to get around the law in this way.

It did not work out, however. The police watched every saloon day and night and not a drop of liquid refreshment could be conveyed from the bars to the gambling halls and the dense floors. The zest went out of the proceedings. The minions did not care for dancing when they were sober. Gradually one hall after another closed up and the sidewalks grew over the doors. The gals scattered to the four winds and the gamblers and the dance-wheels and layouts and went down the street in quest of more congenial quarters. The dance halls of Dawson were no more.

Seeing the Midnight Sun

Life in Dawson for the respectable part of the population flowed along to tranquil channels but there were some pleasant events in the year. There was always an annual excursion on the night of June 21st to the Mountain top behind the city to see the midnight sun. Strictly speaking, no nerve-possible to see the sun at midnight. At twenty minutes to twelve the sun would dip beneath the horizon for a few minutes and then the hour it would rise again. The nearest point at which the sun could be seen at midnight was the Arctic Circle, 108 miles away.

Still it was quite a ceremony and large numbers always went along. Now owner invariably included themselves in the party.

To the outside world the Yukon is a land of continual cold and it will perhaps surprise many to learn that the weather in the middle of summer becomes quite hot and that vegetables grow to abundance and with a quickness that would amaze Easterners—due, of course, to the fact that they have sunshine day and night the whole season through. I was fond of gardening and used to take pleasure I raised a grand crop of cabbages, beets, peas and beans. It was the most satisfying kind of work, the vegetables grew literally over night.

Then there was a custom that became a matter of every great moment indeed in the camp, the melting of pools on the breaking up of the ice on the Yukon River in the spring. Everybody was interested in it. Excitement became intense on the time of the break up approached.

The ice on the river freezes in a mineral mushy to a depth of three eight feet. When the cold has been especially severe the ice is considerably thicker. It will readily be seen therefore, that it takes a long time for the river to break up.

Along in the month of April pools were opened in all the saloons and gambling halls and even in some of the stores, hotels and offices. The rule was to set up a box in a prominent place with a slit on the top. Once the amount of a post office box. Anyone wishing to take a chance paid five dollars to the man in charge—then was the customary charge, I believe—and received a card. On this he would write the day, the hour and the minute he thought the ice would go out, sign his name and drop it into the box along with the money.

As the spring multiplied that the ice was getting ready to break up, a flag pole, with the Union Jack floating from it, was planted in the middle of the stream. A wire was attached to this. The wire was then carried ashore and attached to the handle of the whistle at the electric light plant, which was situated on the shore. Thus, as soon as the ice started to move, the flag pole would be pulled down stream and the tug on the wire would cause the whistle to blow.

All Dawson, literally speaking, stood around watch in hand, waiting for the whistle to blow. With the first blast pandemonium would break loose. Bugs from the steeple, mount over the middle of the night, a few minutes would see the streets jammed with excited people. For the thing was the force exerted by the ice in motion is a wonderful one. The thick scout heaves up with mighty groans and sudden cracks like the report of distant guns and from the fancy tales at their skittles. After much straining and jamming there is a cud den crack, then a mighty upheaval and more grinding and heaving. Finally away it goes, rushing and roaring, a torrent capable of sweeping away anything that may be in its path. And right expected by the ice in motion is a wonderful one. The thick scout heaves up with mighty groans and sudden cracks like the report of distant guns and from the fancy tales at their skittles. After much straining and jamming there is a cud den crack, then a mighty upheaval and more grinding and heaving. Finally away it goes, rushing and roaring, a torrent capable of sweeping away anything that may be in its path. And right

Next month a well-known Canadian author who has never before been in this magazine, makes her bow to readers of MacLEAN'S, *Onoto Watanna. Her novels, "Me," "Marion" and "A Spanish Nightingale," has been extremely popular.*

A March Across a Continent

How the Czeko-Slovaks Marched to Vladivostok from the Eastern War Front.

THE story of the indomitable pluck exhibited by the Czeko-Slovaks in their journey from the Austro-Russian front to Vladivostok is told by Mr. Alfred Ingram in the *Metropolitan*. He relates how there were thousands of them both in the Russian and Austrian armies and continues:

On a morning at eight o'clock there is an attack. An Austro-Hungarian machine guns running across no-man's-land. Of a sudden within itself there is a battle. It is a battle to the death. The end of the minute every officer is the battalion is dead. They officers were Germans. They are dead. And the privates, all Czeko-Slovaks threw down their rifles and held up their hands and leap into the Austrian trenches and ran for Russian colleges and Russian rifles and cartridges.

By battalions, thus and by regiments the Czeko-Slovaks came into Russia. And they came sing sun by one.

So by scores, by hundreds and by thousands the Czeko-Slovaks are in the Russian lines and they ask to be permitted to fight against Austria.

But they are not permitted. The Czarist Government does not like them. They have revolted against Czarism. They are revolutionists. They are democrats. Even they are socialists. They are not sure and all the Czarist Government needs them into the middle of Asia into Turkestan, where they die by thousands by disease. And the Czarist Government sends them to the Arctic Coast to make the new steel track to the Kandik Coast, and they die there in thousands by disease and by starvation, and the Murmans Railway is built on their bones. And 70,000 Czeko-Slovaks in Russia, perhaps 100,000 die.

Yet by much saving they got one Czeko-Slovak battalion. And then by much negotiating and by going around many rules and by making holes in many nules, they get, by the end of the year, a Czeko-Slovak regiment fighting on Russian side.

Then comes the Russian Revolution and the Czeko-Slovaks are permitted to form a corps of two divisions. They are ordered to post in their endeavors to reach Vladivostok by the Siberian Railway. A Czarist must bearing rein Orsa a hundred millies people. And every group want fight.

The fighting Czeko-Slovaks. Altos all, there are many Red Guards. And there are many Germans and Magyars among Red-ans hermine Red Guards. Sixty thousand men cannot stand forever pothing before a Germans and Magyars among Red-ans on top of a hundred millies people. Soon a Government, often all has reserves. It was them in the rear. The Czeko-Slovaks. And the Czeko-Slovaks are forced to give a little ground. And the fighting becomes very severe.

And Novembres comes. In Jeno the Allies sent them into Russia. And the Allies send help often them. And the Allies begin to feed at Vladivostok. But they feed in feedlots. And by November, after seven months the control help to the Czeko-Slovaks in Russia is a British odocracy soit is weeks. Imagine these Czeko-Slovaks in Russia. It wishes the Allies to throw it.

We came to Samara we were ordered to come here. We stay here. But if we perish it must sit to Vladivostok to be sent. What have does what we could. And we ask that if we perish it be recognized that by ourselves we could not do more.

To that rear-guard still fights the regiment of Penzo, who would not come to terms and died fighting.

And on the Kwa Ussuri still fights the regiment of Verzyn. It passed through Irkutsk. It goes along causes a load of battle. It comes to the valley of the Amur. It goes down the south bank of the Amur. These one giant forests here. And these are great fires. And leaping before them are there are there. Leaping these the Bolsheviki of Beegol and adds a line to wiotse sow. And the regiment of Verzyn passes the regiment going the south to the great Amur. The Amur and turns south. It goes along beside the Ussuri. It still fights. It will not. But now there seems to be safety. The treaty proceeds. It comes soon to Vladivostok. And it is safe.

Of a sudden the train stops. Captain Hurlbut looks out. He sees fresh water in a great body of water. He sees fresh coal. They see the water and a great mass shining and they see and shipping upon it. It is waters of Idaho. The race rush to it and strip into it. They scrub it on to their heads. They taste it. It is salty. The say they have tasted it salty. This is salty. It is the sea. It is the Pacific. They hear some in the Pacific. And they stand in the water and add white silkwood hats to American sea to Pacific.

Thus the world heard them. Thus the world knew them. Thus the world saw Czeko-Slovakia.

CANADIAN COURIER

"Pen Pictures Without Parallel"

A Letter to Mr. Editor of the Canadian Courier.

Montreal, December 3rd, 1918

Editor, Canadian Courier:

I have read the war experiences of "Prisoner 5-1-11" and believe Canadians are indebted to Mr. Laird for pen pictures that are without parallel among the narratives that so far have been printed. If it were possible for a Canadian to expatriate the slightest regard for anything that comes under the name "German", I feel sure that Mr. Laird's kind and comprehensive relation of facts would entirely obliterate it.

I congratulate you for having secured for publication in your magazine this very interesting article.

Yours truly, L. B. ABBOTT.

"PRISONER 5-1-11" ran in four instalments. Written by a Canadian prisoner of war, for Canadians, circulated in a paper covering all Canada, we knew it would be a revelation. The testimony quoted above is but one of many concerning this story.

Now the war is over, we are faced up with new issues at home. The country is waiting for political leadership as never before.

Ottawa is a Political Enigma

Every new squad of wise men telling Government what to do makes the enigma so much worse. Government will soon have to build barricades to keep out the experts. Leaders are wanted. If you have not seen our issue of Dec. 21, 1918, get a copy and read the Article. Wanted—a Lieutenant. This is a start on getting other people to give our readers a hue on political leadership—as they see it.

And Great Parties Are Needed

If great men are not to be had, then the great party with the interests of the whole nation sincerely at heart must take the stage. If we can't have great men, let us at least have big men. If we can't have the political millennium, let us at least have strong, statesmanlike, patriotic parties, the aim of whom is

Some Sort of National Unity

Big men are wanted. Who and where are they? If they are not both patriotic and bigger-minded then Sun Feiners, Bolshevists, Sectionalists or Stand-Pat Bourgeoisie sometimes known as the Big Interests then the Lord save us, for we shall not be able to save ourselves.

Canadian Courier proposes to study the men who will be most active in politics before the next election. We propose to get as many angles on these men as possible and to tell, without fear or favor, what these men and their issues really are.

Get a copy of the December 21st issue and read what J. Addison Reid has to say about Hon. J. A. Calder. In the January 4th issue read what the editor has to say about Ottawa's disinterred by a Canadian artist. In the following issue see what we have to say about Hon. Arthur Sifton.

Human Interest in a Great Country

In the January issues we shall have stories by famous authors, an illustrated article on Rebuilding Halifax by Archibald MacMechan, good music popularly treated, more about the movies of the future, Christian Science vs. Suggestion; a sizing up of Montreal's Municipal Affairs by one who is on the spot and has been.

This is a big country. We intend to keep on focusing as much as possible of its variegated life into the pages of a paper whose motto is **All of Canada For All Canadians.**

TWENTY SIX ISSUES FOR ONE DOLLAR

Certain mechanical changes which will be effective with the issue of January 4th, makes it possible for us to continue the this dollar price to paid in advance subscribers, and at the same time greatly improve the general appearance of the magazine.

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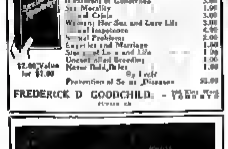
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WOMEN AND THEIR WORK



Edited by Ethel M. Chapman

Restoration Work for Women

JUST what part are women going to play in the next big world movement, the rebuilding? The little surface agitations here and there, the temporary inward ferment of women standing outside the door of missing manifests the question of whether the woman who has taken a man's position will be ready to give it up gracefully when he comes back, or only the bobbies bound to rise when a newer issue, and just an ann to disappear. What we think of the needs of the world just now —the starving to be fed, the homeless to be housed, the destitute to be comforted, the welfare and the orphans, the crippled and the blind to be tended and taught and the thousand wheels to be speeded to catch up with the industries pushed aside while the army needed skilled and guns and motor-lorries we know that an end should no the foulest-viewed race see there will be plenty of work for every one, *provided everyone instead of all the common citizens and voters as well as the workers appreciate the need of keeping things going.*

The woman worker, the professional or industrial or business girl will meet her new problems very directly because the system of any big working concern will set them squarely in her path. And she will do her reconstructive work by doing her best at her particular job, which is more important than it was for years ago since the war has taken such a heavy toll of trained workers. She will become more and more indispensable in the world's economics too, and here is where someone sees another danger. "How can our national reconstruction go on with our young women going into offices and factories instead of into homes?" "How can a young man marrying even decently on salary, his father did at the same age support a girl who has been making nearly as much herself and specializing largely as she went along?"

Aren't these unnatural conditions making the girl so independent that she will look the marriage prospect over rather critically? Should we not also think the human instincts standing for some night thousand years would change in five. The woman who wept for the possibility of never fitly themed Canadian homes that might have been, but there will be a woman for every possible worth while home to be made and on that particular women for that particular home as it would have been fine years ago because the growth and vision gained through larger experiences have made some woman not ready to accept man's home with which they would have compromised a few years ago—an attitude which will be one of the cornerstones in the nation's rebuilding.

Then there are the homekeeping women who have given desperately of their time and effort to war work. Will they go back to their way of living before the war? Will those of company class humans begin again to fill their weeks with a programme of afternoon parties? Will those of more domestic inclinations turn their Red Cross habits into knitting for a husband or sons we have heard men murmuring." It isn't likely. Women who have learned some new world history while they worked with their Red Cross supplies will know that there are things more important at the moment than hand-knit socks. They may give more time to their homes, but it will be to smooth a place of simplicity and beauty and rest and inspiration. The grooves and frills of the war have taught us to dispense with all not some back just because the Government has passed the no-limit no need cakes. The dominion of budget and budget is not likely to satisfy women whose hearts have followed their men folk into countries stripped of every smudge of comfort or luxury and who became who know the soothfines the meagre way of living of the women of those countries from the peasant to the most delicately reared. And if they get the vision these women who have gone so much time to war work, who have disciplined themselves to concentration and self-forgetfulness to mean a powerful force to turn in other directions.

ONE thing we all have to learn at the beginning—the reconstruction must begin in ourselves, it must be personal. We have to learn the truth that "the kingdom of heaven is within you"—not mean the orchestra at the very nice restaurant or in the trying-on room of the expensive dressmakers, or in the biggest house on the avenue on the columns of the evening paper on man in the plural name of contentment with things as they are. Anything we may want to do will be aimless unless we get the unselfish fan moaning spirit of helpfulness that comes only from a vision of the Christ. In that is all wisdom, sanity and health, it alone can bring union and restoration to a bewildered and broken world.

It will work out in very practical ways the restoration work by women who have the right ideal of service. It will begin with the simplest and most vital things the nation's homes and children, for whether she has a home of her own or not it is the mission of every woman to make the whole world homelike, and whether she has children of her own or not there are a lot of children who need mothering. Back of every woman's movement will be the welfare of the children—prohibition because the children must be fed and strong and happy; mothers' pensions because mothers must be free from poverty that they may have the strength and time and means to feed and mother them children because mothers have learned that work always tries to break down. Napoleon said "France needs men mothers." The Kaiser "poisoned the idea." Events as it sounds both men were hand pressed for cannon fodder. Women know that life is too sensitive a thing to be handled lightly for the sake of the perpetuation of any particular race. They know now that the world's need is for godly mothers, women whose sons carry in their memories with them would not have treated the women of a conquered territory as the German soldiery did in Belgium.

THE most outstanding have seen women of all our countries, women in whom the suffering and the zeal about them has brought out the most heroic qualities—courage and sanction and tenderness and simplicity and the most practical usefulness. May they not expect more than they did when they went away? May they not find something waiting in the woman's home in less than the best she can become?

Not in the welfare of her own home and family enough for a woman's interest if she is to take her full responsibility in the nation's rebuilding. Even her additional work in philanthropies passes does not make up all that is required of her. Whether she wanted it or not she has been given a voice in making the laws of the country, the general administration of affairs. She cannot shift the responsibility by being neutral on some issue intelligent voter's indifferent will go unchecked. She has to think and study and learn about things which never interested her before; it is a duty which no small concentionally neglect any more than she could neglect the needs of her baby.

The new world that others have died to save for us will not be an easy gift to handle. It will be full of distresses crying for relief, of ambitions wrestling for mastery. Capital will be looking for the money it invested in the war, labor will be trying its best to keep up wages; business will be feeling its way out of the mushes of suspension and Government direction that war needs have formed upon it. Every thinking man and woman will have to consider which is of most concern: the assumption of pre-war conditions of thinking and living and drifting, on the highest, most honest living the world has ever known.

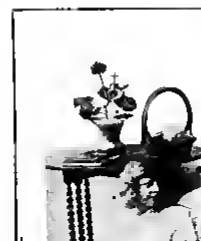


Mention MacLean's Magazine—It will identify you.

What Should Children Read?

Has Fiction Any Value Other Than Entertainment?

BY WOODS HUTCHINSON, M.D.



THE stories which the child hears at home and on the streets, the *dime novels and the penny-dreadful, the stories of Indians and pirates and detectives that he smuggles into his room under his pillow—these are the only food which the average child of the Three Rs provide for the development of his noblest faculty—imagination. No wonder he gulps them down with ravenous indiscrimination as a thirsty child would muddy water on a starving one half-cooked food.*

TO the serious-minded the value of fiction as a diet would seem about on a par with that of broth as food. They will assure no that we might as well endeavor to grow fat by soaking up the east wind, like the Sunapismal wild ass of the desert as to build up mental bodily power upon a diet of fiction. But some of the opposite most serious things in the world are the most necessary to life. We cannot eat broth or digest the air that its bubbles contain, but nearly half the bulk of our most important single foods, bread, the Staff of Life, is composed of it. A loaf is a bubble of flour broth and owes most of its digestibility and wholesomeness to the spongy, porous form which its gas content gives it. Plants cannot eat gas, yet one of the principal sums of scientific things is to keep the soil bed well aerated up as as to be porous and full of air down to the very tips of the roots of the crop so that abominal and bacterial changes without which no plant can live can take place freely.

Food for the funny may anthem directly strengthen the intellect, nor anything the memory, but nutrition of the intestines often grows or keeps healthy without any more than solution of the things can with the anthem and fresh air—those most ethereal and unsubstantial of things.

A dwarfed and starved imagination is almost as bad for the health and future efficiency of its possessor as a smoked spine.

One of the most extraordinary things about our amazing system of rumination is that, while it concentrates its gastric and most powerful attention up in the mouth, the reason and the intellect, it leaves the cultivation of the imagination largely to chance. The storm which the child learns in the home and on the streets, the romantic and highly improbable accounts of his own adventures which he constructs and revises in his tellings to the dime novels and the penny dreadful, the stories of Indians and pirates and detectives that he smuggles into his room and under his pillow—these are the only food which the worshippers of the Three Rs provide for the development of the noblest faculty. What wonder that he gulps them down with ravenous indiscrimination as a thirsty child would muddy water on a starving one half-cooked food.

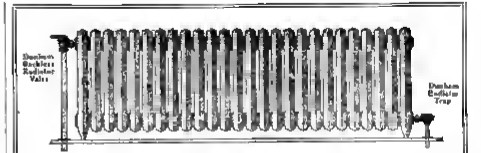
From the point of view of bodily health as well as mental efficiency you might as well let your children go to sleep as young imagination. Only get a child one man to read and enjoy anything and form the habit of it and you have taken the largest and single step toward leading him to think and to get for himself.

It is not a question of whether we will feed the family of ours on it, but simply on what and how it will feed itself. If it cannot get wholesome food it will eat garbage, but commonly and fundamentally it prefers sound food, and nothing but the absence of it will drive it to demand trash and offal.

Happily in childhood Nature provides food for the imagination in such passion that all our stupidity and poverty can scarcely succeed in starving the form. The thing to be done, then is to feed in the flower the light that anyone was on sea or land touches and gilds the smallest and commonest of everyday things about us. No matter whether the things themselves are attractive, or even useful or not, there memories stored in gilded by the sun at sun childish vision until it becomes a season of pleasure in itself. As Stevenson with that wondrous insight into the very minds of the child mind sings:

"The world is as full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

And he must be praised we one an less than grown up positively goes out of his way whether by endeavor or neglect, or scarcely less often by well



HEAT

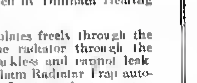
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The children just love custard Don't deprive them of it because eggs are dear Make it with

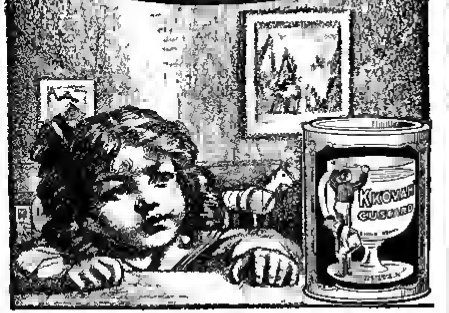
"KKOVAH" CUSTARD

No eggs are required, and it's simply delicious served with stewed prunes preserved fruit, etc

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Gives daily use instead of heavy puddings which are indigestible and not nutritious Ask your grocer and give the kiddies a treat today If he cannot supply you write direct to

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meant interferences and instruction to prevent it? Him delight in myth and legend and fairy tale, which is just beginning to be recognized even by educators is natures royal road to learning wonderous romances which he will construct entirely of his own adventures, presumably in some previous incarnation, as of the habits and doings of some imaginary friends and playmates of his own genus, to him so real. His vivid transformation of a walk-up-stairs into a spanning phantom of a ponpin of chasm on the runaway train into the flying Dutchman and fat old Father Christmas into a delicatessen of the situation from a Jabberwock to a policeman all show his power of developing his highest magic faculty—that of putting two things together and out of them creating a new and different third

I am sure his unspoiled taste is sound He would rather have stories of birds and butterflies and flowers and grass and trees, of sun and wind, than stories of ghosts and dumons and gods and goddesses Give him plenty of happy breezy wholesome and intensely true stories of the living world about him, and he will not crave in fact will be positively repelled by those morbid echoes of fantasy, children and just which play so large a part in myth and legend and folk-story and Old Testament story

While many of these myths and legends are of the keenest interest and enjoyment to the child I frankly confess that I cannot help feeling that their indiscriminate use can easily become a canon of taste and that they should be most carefully selected and modernized for the use of the child. Many of them are tinged with that profound misanthrophy of the nonlien ages of mankind which still exists in savages.

A large minority of these myths and stories, whether Greek, Norse or Hebrew are unfit to be told to a clean-minded child, and another considerable percentage of them are so utterly unjust and unfair as to shock his native sense of right and justice. The story of Hector and Achilles for instance of Esau and Jacob, or of Baldur and Loki take an immense amount of decidedly sophisticated explanation and safeguarding before he can be induced to regard them as fair as even decent.

I am convinc of so better means of riveting in his mind the firm conviction that trickery will always vanquish honesty favoritism swamp merit, and brute strength down sensitive and indiscriminate course of these tales and stories.

But when the magic carpet of reading is placed at his command his immediate surroundings become too limited too prosaic and he begins to fly hither and thither, sitting cross-legged upon it to the nitermost parts of the earth from the isle in the Spanish Main large seas nearing buccaneers and steps mass stones slippery with blood with his chosen friends and ideals, the pirates.

They are not usually men "of much moral principle" as Mr A Ward apologetically remarks but they are not a pin worse men in the yale west of the yellow banks, than the gentleman adventurers of the nineteenth century and they are three whole grades in the negus a gallery above any god or goddess yet invented The same is tane of the Boy Outlaw and the Teuton of the Energumen. The hero of these swash buckling heroes is always in the right plane, even if thats hands and heels in unlige in some strange negers The desperado who is the bravest, the most generous, the most faithful to his friends and most magnanimous to his enemies is most salvalrous to woman and the kindest to the poor is the one who emerges triumphant in the long run, eight times out of ten

Needless romantin and less vivid are the imaginings of the mind of the girl, but her fancy takes a gentler and softer turn The dignities and delights of housekeeping and of home making, the care of wonderously beautiful and intelligent children the shanen of diamonds and silk dresses and beautiful surroundings and princely mansions. Later the discovers the wondrous revelation of the prince beautiful with the raven locks and the marble brow and the soulful piercing eyes He will probably have a sunk nose and freckles and hair like a shoe-brush when he comes, but he will be the prince beautiful just the same. It is not too much to say that a boy's ideals, his standards his notions of what success really consists in and what is best worth while his attitude toward women, his attitude toward the nation and the race is as largely moulded and determined by the fiction that he reads and delights in as by any other single factor

The same is equally true of the girl and her ideals They both will dream dreams and build castles in the air, and construct their ideals out of some sort of material The question is What kind of raw material are you furnishing for the fabric of these visions? On are you letting them go out into the highways and hedges and glean for themselves? It is an unusual and so injurious to deprive a growing boy or a budding girl of an abundance of sound wholesome, enjoyable fiction as it is to debar them from butter on their bread and sugar on their porridge.

Seasonable Receipts

SPICED PRUNES

½ cups cooked prunes
½ cup Chopped cranberries
½ cup juice in which prunes were cooked
2 tablespoons sugar
Juice of 1 orange
Few gratings orange rind
½ teaspoon cinnamon

Stone prunes, nut in small pieces add other ingredients and simmer twenty minutes. Serve with cold meats.

LIGHT FRUIT CAKE

2 cups or the whites of four
1 cup cream
½ cup butter
½ cup milk
2 cups flour
Prunes raisins seeded and cut
1 teaspoon baking powder
4 tablespoons lemon peel

Cream the butter and sugar add the eggs and yolk Sift the flour and baking powder together Beat the eggs light and add to the milk. Add the flour and eggs and milk alternately to the sugar and butter Bake in a moderate oven

CRANBERRY PIE

1½ cups cranberries
½ cup raisins
1 cup cream
1 cup water

Cook until the fruit is soft and slightly stewed line a pie dish with paste turn in the cooked fruit and cover with strips of paste on with a whole crust, as lake without a top crust and when done cover with a meringue, (stiffly beaten egg white) and brown in the oven

BAKED CRANBERRY PUDDING

2 cups soft stale bread crumbs
¾ cup boiling
1 cup chopped cranberries
1 cup sugar
½ cup Sultana raisins
½ cup boiling water

Mix crumbs with melted butter, add cranberries sugar and raisins and put into a greased baking dish; add water and bake in a slow oven one hour Serve warm with a caramel sauce,

ECONOMY CAKE

1½ cups brown sugar
2 tablespoons butter or dripping
1 package cooked raisins
a teaspoon ground cloves
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon salt
2 cups cold water

Boil together ten five minutes and cool. When cold stir in 3 cups flour sifted with 1 teaspoon soda

NUT BREAD

½ cup sugar
1 egg
2½ cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 small cup milk
1 cup shelled walnuts
½ cup chopped dates

Beat the eggs add sugar and milk. Sift two cups of the flour with the salt and baking powder Combine the two mixtures. Add the dates rolled in the remaining flour and the nuts. Bake in greased pans in baking powder tins. If baking powder time can used the bread cuts in attractive round slices.

MINCE MEAT

1 cup cooked beef chopped
½ cups chopped suet
2 cups chopped apples
1 cup brown sugar
½ cups molasses
1 cups chopped cranberries
½ pounds seeded raisins
1 pound currants
1 pound shredded citron
1 tablespoons salt
1 tablespoon cinnamon
1 tablespoons mace
1 teaspoons cloves
1 teaspoon allspice
½ teaspoons pepper
1 quart boiled cider some juice or syrup from sweet pickles

Mix and cook slowly about two hours, stirring frequently Store in jars on in a stone crock.

Women in Reconstruction

The Women's Department of the Canadian Reconstruction Association has published a most interesting pamphlet on Woman and Reconstruction It is an appeal for the co-operation of Canadian women in solving common and industrial problems, and an examination of the relationship of homes to national business The writers says: Expansion of intelligent help from Canadian women in the problems of reconstruction is justified It is a natural conviction that, enfranchised Canadian women will apply themselves intelligently and with ardency to the basic economic problems of national existence production, the development of natural resources, the compensating balance of industries, national economy export trade, education and a fair minimum standard of living for all which cannot be secured except through the solution of the first named problems. It is only through the help of women that the future can be made secure."

Some Investments Discussed

Continued from page 6

decided preminm. And the Canadian Victory bonds have the advantage of 1½ per cent. on top of this!

Too strong emphasis cannot be placed on the advisability of investing in a long term issue as one that will produce the greatest possible yield over a period of years and in addition provide the greatest likelihood of an appreciation in the original cost price. One of the best known examples of this is the War Loan issued early in 1917 maturing in 1937 and paying 5 per cent. A few months ago this was selling under $94 and now in finding a ready sale at $96 to 96½ Still another this years the price was only 91½. This factor should prove an important incentive to purchase (as well as the assured yield of many bonds) as a form of investment. Many of the industrial bonds also are worthier, up to highes invio once the wonemind One of these rose from 82 to 88½ But of them all the highest class investment to day would be the 20 year War bony bond issued in 1917 and so highly is this considered that bond dealers have been unable to fill their orders since the two years issues began to be handled ones issues by the special committee Second on the list should be placed the 15-year bond

In the issue future there will be a cessation of issues by municipalities and possibly one or two Provinces, the former at least of the long term plans In sections should study these carefully especially as to the security behind the persons to pay Bond holders in Canada promise to grow rapidly Now should the purchase of thrift stamps be neglected. These should prove a valuable kindergarten course in investments.

SHALL WE AFFILIATE OURSELVES AGAIN WITH THE WOMEN OF GERMANY?

Will the women of the Allied Nations again hold out to German women the friendly hands of Sisterhood? Can they place confidence again in the word of women whose nation has ruthlessly betrayed every trust? Shall German women be made to pay for their nations crimes of war lust? Or will the women of the Allied Nations remember the German women's reply to the French protest against German air raids and the wanton murder of children and wounded: "We are one with our men in this war"? These are not idle questions—they are vitally important questions facing the women of Canada and the Allies Are you an any you not going to receive German women as equals in the Brotherhood of Nations? Every woman must make up her mind whether she stands for or against German women Lady Aberdeen President of the International Council of Women and Council of National Councils of every country, present is a most timely article "The Women's League of Nations" in the January issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD Study by side with Lady Aberdeen's article the opinion of leading public women are quoted. Mrs. Hoodie President of Toronto Local Council of Women states that she will not sit under a German women office holder Whenn do you stand on this burning question of the day?

THIRTY LEADING FEATURES IN JANUARY ISSUE

My Lady Caprice
Whether you do or not, it is worth a more mans time to read about it.

The Gay Old Dog
By Ethel Parker Gem of the smartest stories not written by this feminine O. Henry

A Pilgrim
Robert Chambers, at his best in a tale of romance eternal.

My Four Years a Prisoner in Belgium
By Jeannette Boland Mathieu daughter of Mrs. D. Boland The first intelligent and sympathetic personal narrative

What is Your Son's Ambition?
Illustrated with a fine sketch of E. W. Beatty President of the Canadian Pacific Railway

The Great Unrecognized
Where have hid and where she found Marcella Craft, the famous American Opera Singer

My Lady of the Orient
Depicting Norma Talmadge but gorgeous gowns and popular self in her latest photoplay "The Forbidden City"

(Confidentially) Do you approve of the powder puff?
Whether you do or not, it is worth a more mans time to read about it.

An Apple a Day
—and how the rest Twenty new and delicious ways to disguise the High Cost of Living.

The Hands of a Lady
An illustrated sketch on the care of the hands

Odds and Ends of a War Riddled Wardrobe
"Hand-me-downs" and last year's styles designed into clever and revivicable wide-some ideas for the busy hostess

The Silver Lining of the Pestilential Petticoat
Five pages of advanced styles for a fashion hungry feminine world

Festive Frocks for Feminine Fancies
Showing newest styles in afternoon and party frocks.

Smart Service Dresses for Home Wear
Attractive and serviceable about-the-house styles

Fashion's Newest Lines for Easily Made Gowns

Personality Sketches
I Join the Chorus
Personality vs Paper
Let Us Solve Your Health Problems.

Have You An Accumulation of Wheat Substitutes?
Recipes that show you how to use them up.

'Tween Ye n and Me—By Jean Blewett

Sleeping Garments for Winter
Hush—a-By Land
Menus for Mid-Winter Days.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

is not only the leading woman's magazine of Canada it is 100 per cent. Canadian, owned edited and published by Canadians for Canadian women Canadian thought, Canadian ambitions, habits and ideals are all faithfully represented EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD stands alone among Canadian magazines as more on the paramount needs of Canadian women EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD believes the best to be none too good, and pains is on object in maintaining a standard, and EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD not only leads but points the advance path of everything feminine Thousands of women buy it, read it and pay for it in advance

With the beginning of a new era heralded by Peace, women are doing things on a scale never before conceived EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is in a position to assist advanced and outlook information on all things feminine.

Read the January issue and you will understand why EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD holds the grip of interest in Canadian homes



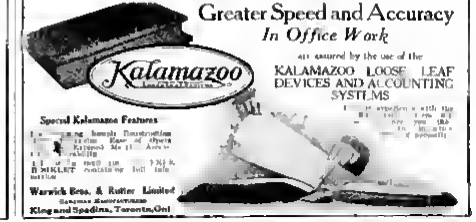
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SOLDIERS HOME THE SALVATION ARMY COMING CAMPAIGN

The War Work
and the After-War Work of the
SALVATION ARMY

"First to Serve --- Last to Appeal"

If one institution in the Empire was prepared for war, it was the Salvation Army. For 53 years, it has been practising the relief of distress wherever and whenever the need arose.

And when the war came, intensifying human suffering and the need for bodily and spiritual help in a thousand ways, the Salvation Army was *ready*.

The entire Salvation Army has always been organized on a military basis—inured to hardship, sacrifice and service. It is always in action, day and night.

And so the twelfth day of the war found the Salvation Army at work behind the lines in Belgium. Since then, it has maintained 197 Huts, 96 Hostels and 40 Rest Rooms, 1,200 uniformed workers and 46 ambulances at the front—in addition to taking care of the problems which arose here in Canada, as a result of the departure of our soldiers.

Hostilities have ceased, leaving vast and complex problems—human problems—that call expressly for the sympathetic and ardent workers trained by and organized into the Salvation Army.

The Salvation Army Million Dollar Fund
January 19th to 25th

The war work of the Salvation Army has been conducted without any general appeal to the public for funds. While it could "carry on" without appealing, it did so. Now a crisis has arisen. The budget has been prepared for essential work during the coming year, and it has been found that a million dollars must be raised to continue the after-the-war activities, including

Hostels for Soldiers.

For our troops "consolidating" the victory in Europe, for soldiers in France or England awaiting transportation, and for returned men landing in Canada, the Salvation Army Hostels provide good food, clean beds, wholesome entertainment at a price the soldier can afford to pay. The service of the Salvation Army, founded on sacrifice, demonstrates the true spirit of the Master and is directed to the extension of the Kingdom of Christ.

Care of the Wives, Widows, Dependents and Orphans of Soldiers.

The Salvation Army operates Emergency Receiving and Maternity Homes for the care of those whom the soldier leaves behind him. The widows and orphans alone present a vast and complex problem that needs the human touch of the Salvation Army.

Visitation of War Families

The misery endured by helpless families of our soldiers by reason of debt, sickness and misfortune is alleviated by the relief work of the Salvation Army workers, who realize that immediate action is necessary to provide for the present need and to prepare for future need.

Demobilization

Through its Hostels maintained throughout Canada the Salvation Army is already assisting vitally in the repatriation of our soldiers, especially those who have returned with no homes to go to, and those who are looking for a new start in civil life. The discharged soldier must not be turned adrift, and the Salvation Army has already proven indispensable in dealing with phases of the situation not provided for by the Government or any other organization.

Your earnest co-operation is needed. For two generations the Salvation Army has stood out and out for God. It approaches practical problems in a practical way and achieves RESULTS

"LET YOUR GRATITUDE FIND EXPRESSION IN SERVICE."

THE SALVATION ARMY MILLION DOLLAR FUND COMMITTEE

Head Quarters, 20 Albert Street, Toronto

Mention MacLean's Magazine—It will identify you.




Great Scot! Do I Look Like That?
Guess I better change some of my habits
among them tea and coffee, and try
INSTANT POSTUM
"There's a Reason"